

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
PROTEUS, &c.

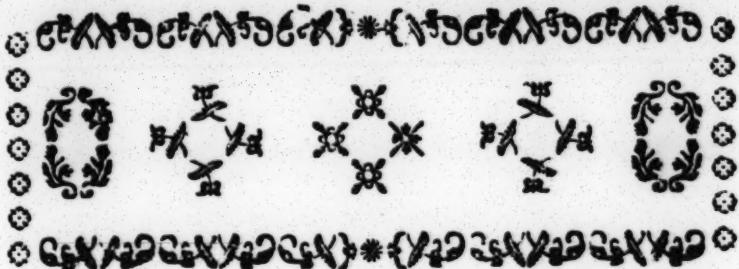
A SET of
NOVELS,

Never before Published.

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THE
GENEROUS
BROTHERS.

Friendly. **D**O you remember, *Proteus*, the Promise you made me?
Proteus. That of giving you an Account of my Travels? I am ready to comply with it whenever your leisure will permit your attention.

Friendly. As you are a Man without business, and I have nothing at present that requires my attendance, I beg you will now begin to gratify my Curiosity; for in ten years travel you must necessarily have met with Adventures worthy the attention of the most curious.

A

Proteus

Proteus. I am ready to obey you ; and promise moreover, that I don't pretend to enforce your belief of all I say ; tho' I am a friend to, and shall strictly follow the truth, in the Thread of my Narrations. You will find some things so uncommonly surprising, so little known to the major part of Mankind, and so unlike my Profession of Truth, that I am satisfied you will think I make use of a Traveller's License : But I shan't take this ill, for I myself was once a Sceptick in a great many things which Experience has since convinc'd me are literally true. I won't trouble you with my Journey to *Paris*, because nothing happened worth Notice ; and when I arrived at that Metropolis of one of the most beautiful Kingdoms of the Earth, I was a considerable while before I made any acquaintance, spending my time in visiting the City and Suburbs, and in perfecting myself in the Language ; of which I wanted only the proper Idioms in Conversation. The Gentleman who taught me, perceiving I industriously avoided all Company, asked me the Reason. I let him know, I avoided the *English* that I might be the sooner Master of the *French* ; and that I shunn'd the *French* because I spoke it so ill, I was ashame'd of the pain I must necessarily give them to understand me. Will you give me leave, Sir, reply'd my Master, to bring a Gentleman to wait on you ? He's of my Acquaintance, and I value myself not a little on the Honour of being known to him : He is a Person much respected on account of his Birth, but much more on that of his Probity and Knowledge. You'll find him engaging in his Conversation, polite in his Behaviour, and endow'd with

with a virtue seldom allow'd us by the Gentlemen of your Nation; which is sincerity in his Professions. He has often seen you when you have permitted me the honour of taking the Air with you, and has desired me to tell you he wou'd be proud of that of your Acquaintance. I told my master that the Conversation of a Gentleman of so uncommon a Character, (he smiled at the word uncommon, thinking I suppose, that I alluded to his Sincerity,) must be very desirable; that I thought myself greatly obliged to him for procuring me so valuable a Friend, and that he could only add to the Obligation by carrying me to wait on him as soon as it might be thought convenient. Sir, replied he, my Friend won't suffer you who are the Stranger, to make the first Visit. Tao' he's a Philosopher, he is no Cynick; and I beg you will believe good Manners and Sincerity are not incompatible. If you will allow him the honour, and it is not inconvenient, he will kiss your Hands to morrow; I shall arrogate to myself that of introducing him. I told him he cou'd not do me a greater pleasure. He accordingly the next day brought with him a Gentleman whose presence struck me; he was tall, well made in his person, his limbs strong, and extremely well proportion'd, and his looks spoke him both grave and humane. He seem'd to be about some fifty five years of age. He had all the Complaisance of the French without their Grimace; extreme easy and polite in his Conversation. Whatever Subject you put him upon, you wou'd have imagined by his Discourse, he had made that only the whole Study of his Life; and tho' a Man of profound Learn-

ing, yet he never made use of any hard Terms, nor in two hours that he did me the pleasure to stay, did one word of *Greek* or *Latin* escape him; tho' he had many Opportunities of introducing the Poets and Historians of both, speaking their own Language, without the reproach of Pedantry. His Cloaths and his way of reasoning perfectly agreed; they were both plain, grave, neat, easy. In a word, there was a perfect harmony in his Words, Actions, Dres; the Man was all of a piece. He invited me to his house, and begg'd I wou'd take part of his Soop the next day. I wou'd have excused my self with a promise of taking another Opportunity when I shou'd be less troublesome; but he would take no excuse. Sir, says he, I promise you to treat you like a Friend, if you'll be so favourable as upon my account to forego a goed for an indifferent Dinner. I am charm'd with your Conversation, and I will endeavour all I can that you may find nothing in mine that shall be tiresome or disgusting. This he said in *English*, which favour'd nothing of the Foreigner. I was surprized at this Compliment in my own Language, and asked him if he was not *English*. He assured me he was not, but that he had seen every Countey in *England*, and had great Obligations to a number of Gentlemen who had entertain'd him at their Country Seats, when his Curiosity led him to be an eye-witness of those Rarities which *Cambden* mentions in his *Britannia*. Not to be tedious, he made me promise to (and I accordingly did) dine with him the next day: He received me with an air of pleasure; our Dinner was well dres'd, every thing was ex-

tremely clean, nothing seem'd either to be wanting or to abound : He had two Servants, who waited at Table, in plain cloaths, and a Man Cook brought in the last Dish. After Dinner, he shew'd me his House, which was neither large nor freighten'd, but had all the Conveniencies that cou'd be imagin'd : His Furniture was plain and neat, and his Paintings were of the most celebrated Masters. What I cou'd not but wonder at, throughout the whole House I did not see a Bed. I ask'd *Mirabel*, for that was the name of my new acquaintance, the meaning of it ? He told me that his Servants lay over his Offices, which were separated from the House by a small Yard flagg'd with Mable ; as for his own Bed, he wou'd shew it me ; then opening a Closet, he took out a Bear Skin and a Quilt. This, Sir, said he, is all the Bed and Bedding I have made use of these forty years. After I had stayed some little time, I intended to take my leave, but he wou'd not suffer me to go till Night, telling me he always had his views in what he did ; the hopes of enjoying so agreeable Conversation for some time, induced him to beg I wou'd take part of his Soop, since good Manners wou'd not suffer him to long to incumber my Apartment. He begg'd of me to lay aside that galling yoke of Ceremony, count his House my own, do him the honour to put him in the list of my Well-wishers, and hoped in time he shou'd deserve the Title of my Friend, which, as he was ambitious to wear, he wou'd endeavour to be thought worthy of. I return'd him the Comp'nt, and pass'd th day with an entire Satisfaction. At night he sent his Bel: in home

home with me. The Ceremony of the first Visits being over, we saw each other frequently, and often took the air together. He one day gave me a friendly invitation to his Country-houſe I told him I cou'd not refuse so advantageous an offer as that he made me, since his Company was not only to the last degree entertaining, but instructive; and indeed I made him no Compliment. In short, the day was fix'd, and we left *Paris* together. I saw nothing in his Seat, which differ'd from his House in Town; I mean it was neat and plain, both in the Building and Furniture. The day after we arrived, a neighbouring Gentleman came to see him, who, as he told me, was his only Companion; and indeed who has one so agreeable, need seek for no other. He had a great deal of Wit, good Humour, Complaisance, Modesty, and good Learning, and I can safely say, I never spent so much time as I staid at this Gentleman's House, with equal pleasure and advantage: For I reap'd no little profit from the Entertainment of these two Gentlemen, who were both Men of Learning and Experience. *Mirabel* was of a gay lively Complexion, but *Bonneville*, the neighbouring Gentleman, seem'd to labour under a Melancholy, which he endeavour'd to conceal as much as possible. When *Mirabel* ask'd my opinion of his Friend, I gave him my Sentiments very freely, and told him what I had remark'd: He answer'd me, that it was not without reason that *Bonneville* appeared melancholy. I'll tell you his Story and leave you to judge whether or no meer Man can bear up with Gaiety against the Losses he has suffer'd.

Bonneville

Bonneville is the Son of the Marquis de *Bonneville*, whose Titles and Estate he now inherits by the loss of his elder Brother Monsieur *de la Forêt*. He was bred up with all the care usually taken of those who are born of great Families, and to inherit great Estates: For tho' I just now said that he had an elder Brother, yet he was educated as an only Child; and look'd upon as such by his Grandfather on his Mother's side, the Count *de Blanchard*, who had the care of his younger years, and spared no cost nor pains to make him a compleat Gentleman. When *Bonneville* had attained to the age of nineteen his Grandfather proposed a match for him with the eldest Daughter of Monsieur *de Centlits*, whose estate is in the neighbourhood. *Centlits* very readily consented to the proposal, looking upon it as very advantageous. *Bonneville* had no great inclination to matrimony, but durst not shew his distaste, for fear of displeasing his Grandfather. He was of a lively gay temper, and *Emilia*, for that was the name of his destined spouse, was as sedate and retired: In short their tempers were very different; and they were equally averse to the match. Her younger Sister *Leonora* was more of *Bonneville*'s complexion; but she was designed for a Convent. *Bonneville* made his Mother his confidant, and begg'd of her to prevail with his Grandfather to put off his design of marrying him till he had travel'd; which he had a violent inclination to. His Mother broke his desire to his Grandfather; who unwilling to cross him in his first request, consented that he should go abroad for three years, if Monsieur *de Centlits* agreed to it. In a word he went into

into *Italy*, and from thence by sea to *England*, which he had a great mind to see. At *London* he often met with a young *French* Gentleman at the *French* Ambassador's Chapel, who had been brought up in *England* from his infancy, and was a stranger to *France*, tho' he spoke his native Language as correctly as if he had never spoken other: He was call'd *Bellefleur*, of an agreeable and complaisant behaviour, but of very few words; his dress which spoke him a man of fortune, tho' it was rich, was far from discovering any thing of the Fop; he kept a chair, and had one footman, who waited on him abroad. As neither *Bonneville* nor he miss'd the Chapel, they began to make an acquaintance, which grew to some intimacy, when *Bonneville* discovered that this Gentleman was a native of *France*. There was little above a year difference in their age; tho' *Bellefleur*'s sedate manner of life, and his application to study, made the difference seem much greater. *Bonneville* one day, as he was at his friend's lodgings, address'd him after this manner: My dear *Bellefleur*, from the first time I had the honour of seeing you at our Ambassador's, I was secretly preposseſſ'd in your favour; before your extraordinary merit claimed any share in my affection, I cou'd not keep my eyes from you; and I was afraid you shou'd perceive them so intent upon you. I was uneasy when you left the Chapel, and thought the next day, in which I hoped the pleasure of seeing you again, an age in coming: I saw you the next, and many days following, without having the confidence to speak to you, tho' I desired nothing in life more than the honour of your acquaintance;

ance; for I certainly felt the romantick pains of a lover in your absence. You did me the honour at length to take notice of me, and in so doing it's impossible for me to give you an idea answerable to the pleasure I received in this first step you made towards that friendship, which is now between us, and which I esteem a greater blessing than either my birth or fortune. I love you, my dear *Belleflœur*, as a Brother, as a Friend, I should say; and I beg you by that friendship, you will not think me impertinent if I ask you what makes you prefer *England* to your own native country, and why you deny our *France* the pleasure of boasting so compleat a Cavalier? My dear *Bonneville*, replied the other, I can give no other reason for my residing in *England* than that of my duty to my Father. I have several times desired to see *France*, but I cou'd never obtain his permission; what his reasons are, as he did not think fit to tell me, I did not think it became me to ask him. We have made the Tour of *Flanders* and *Germany* together; we went thro' *Tirol* to *Venice*; spent two years in *Italy*; and so return'd to *England* again. My Father goes to *France* commonly once a year, and he is now at *Paris*, from whence he lately sent me a large remittance. He lives here, generally esteem'd, in a very handsome manner, and contracts no debts. He stints me to no allowance; and has only told me that he lives very near at the extent of his revenue; and as he makes but one purse with me, prudence and gratitude, as well as my duty, oblige me to be careful what use I make of his confidence. But my dear *Belleflœur*, said my friend, will you excuse, me if I tell you

you from what you have said, and from what I have remark'd, that I suspect your Father goes under a borrow'd name? Your air, your education, and your present manner of life, speak the Gentleman and Man of Fortune; and yet I call to mind no family of the name you are known by, of any distinction in *France*. In excusing my impertinence you'll give me a proof of your friendship; for it is that alone which has occasioned it. If your Father has any affairs in *France* which have obliged him to absent himself, I offer you all my Friends, and I shall esteem them such, in proportion as they shall exert themselves, for your service: I can't, reply'd *Belleflæur*, but be sensibly obliged to your generous offer; but I assure you, if *Belleflæur* is not my real name, I know no other: That I am a Gentleman of no contemptible family, I have heard from my Father, whom I and all his acquaintance esteem a man of great probity: That we have some fortune is evident; but what that is, or in what province, I am entirely ignorant; as I indeed am in all my Father's affairs. *Bonneville* again asked pardon, and told *Belleflæur* he had a mind as he was soon to return home, to make the Tour of *England*; and ask'd him if he wou'd spend the summer with him in such a ramble? *Belleflæur* told him, as he did not expect his Father till the winter, he gladly embraced the opportunity, and wou'd wait on him. They agreed, as *Belleflæur* had three saddle Horses, to make the Tour on horseback. Accordingly they set out on the day agreed upon. *Belleflæur*, with a *Valet de Chambre* and Footman; and *Bonneville* with his Tutor, and two Footmen. They

They visited most of the Counties in *England*, and stay'd near six weeks at *York*, on account of *Bonneville's* Tutor falling ill, who died at the end of five weeks. They were in the City of *York* during the races. Here our *French* Gentlemen made an acquaintance with the Earl of *Salisbury*, who was so charm'd with their Conversation, (for his Lordship, as do most of the *English* Quality, spoke *French* in perfection) that he oblig'd 'em, as they set out of *York* on the same day, to go into his Coach, and give their Horses to their Servants. They wou'd have excused themselves, but my Lord told 'em as he was going to *London*, had but one Gentleman with him, if they wou'd not oblige him with their Company, during the journey, they wou'd be cruel in depriving him of so agreeable Conversation; that to obviate all excuses he would be as few or as many days on the road as they pleased: In short, they accepted the honour, tho' they complained to his Lordship of his generosity in preventing their paying ever for their Servants and Horses all the time of the journey. My Lord carry'd them to his noble seat at *Hatfield*, from whence they sent two Servants to Town, to let *Bellefleur's* House-keeper know the day they wou'd be at home. My Lord entertained them here after a manner becoming his great Quality, and gave 'em all the diversions of the Country, the Corn being in and the sporting Season begun. *Bonneville* cou'd not but admire at the desperate leaps the *English* Gentlemen took, and they on the other hand were as much surprized at his dexterity in shooting flying; which, at that time, was but little practised in *England*. In a word,

after having thanked his Lordship for the great honour done them, they set forward for *London*. On *Finckley Common* they were set upon by a gang of Highwaymen, who resolutely demanded their monev, whch they were as resolute not to part with. A hot engagement was the consequence: In the first fire *Bellefleur's* Valet de Chambre had his right arm broke; and one of the Highwaymen was laid dead. Both fides were animated by their loss, and their pistols being spent, they fell to swords. Our *French* Gentlemen had only rapiers, the Thieves what you call hangers. One of the latter made a stroke at *Bonneville's* head, which cut his sword blade on which he received the blow, quite through, and gave him a slight wound. *Bellefleur* enraged to see his friend hurt, spurr'd up to the Rogue, and tumbled him off his Horse with a thrust through his body; which was revenged by a cut from one of the Villains on the hind part of his head, which threw him on the ground senseless. The Footman was disabled by a stroke cross the face; and the Valet de Chambre's arm being broke, poor *Bonneville* had been left to the mercy of three Rogues, had not some Company appear'd, which oblig'd 'em to take up their dead, for fear of being discovered, and made off. Those who appeared so seasonably to rescue *Bonneville* were a neighbouring Gentleman to the Earl of *Salisbury* in his Coach and three Servants well arm'd on Horseback. He immediately knew *Bonneville* by the Servants, who was embracing and lamenting over the body of his unfortunate *Bellefleur*. This Gentleman was an intimate friend of the Earl's, and had been at *Hatfield* houle several times during

during the short stay these two had made there. He guessing the cause of this disaster, lost no time in asking questions, but dispatch'd a Servant to *Barnet* to get Surgeons, forced *Bonneville* and the two Servants into his Coach with *Bellefleur*, whose wound they bound up as well as they cou'd; and mounting on their Horses, his Servants leading the others, order'd his Coachman to drive with all speed, and turn into the first Inn. Both the Coachman and the Servant who was sent to get a Surgeon, punctually obey'd their Master's orders; for they were at the Town in a few minutes, where two Surgeons were already waiting for them. *Bellefleur* was not yet come to himself; and tho' there were signs of life remaining, yet the Surgeons looked upon his wound mortal. However they did what their art suggested, and after having dress'd and laid him in bed, they set the Valet de Chambie's arm, and took care of *Bonneville*, (who wou'd not be dress'd till his Servants were taken care of) and sew'd up the cut the Footman had receiv'd. The Gentleman in the mean while sent to *London* for an eminent Surgeon of his Acquaintance, and stay'd there till he came, which was in less than four hours. *Bellefleur* in about an hour after he was in the Inn, open'd his Eyes, and spoke, but nothing intelligible. When the Surgeon was come from *London*, he enquired what method the others had taken, and seeing to approve what they had done, he said he wou'd sit up all night with him. The English Gentleman being obliged to be in *London* that night, took *Bellefleur*'s Horse, and left his Coach to remove him to Town, if the Surgeon thought

thought it practicable. The Country was alarm'd; and the news coming to the Earl's ears that night, he sent every way to apprehend the Rogues; and the next morning came himself to make the wounded Gentlemen a Visit. *Bellefleur* was not sensible of the Honour; and the *London* Surgeon doubtless whether or no his ~~right~~ ^{left} arm was fractured, cou'd give them no hopes of his Recovery. The Earl had not been at *Barnet* an hour, when his Lordship's Friend return'd from *London* with a Physician. *Bellefleur* was again dress'd by the three Surgeons, in pretence of the Earl and his Friend, and they then gave hopes of his Recovery if a Fever did not carry him off: For they believed there was no Fracture. In short his Lordship was so good as to leave his Cook, whom he sent for, to serve the wounded Gentlemen; promised the Surgeons his Favour beside their Reward, if they cou'd recover *Bellefleur*; and desired *Bonneville* to assure his Friend that in case the Air was thought conducive to his Recovery, that *Hatfield-House* was at his service as long as he pleas'd to honour him with his Company. Before his Lordship took his leave, he had the pleasure to see the Rogues, who soon after received their Deserts, brought into the Town by his own Tenants. His Lordship's goodness extended so far, as to visit the two Friends every other day while they stay'd at *Barnet*, which was near a Fortnight, before *Bellefleur* cou'd be remov'd. The Gentleman too, whose presence saved their Lives, came three times in that space from *London*, and sent almost every day to enquire after their Welfare. In short, *Bellefleur* was in no danger after

after a few days, but what was apprehended from his Fever. One day as *Bonneville* was feeling his Pulse, and lamenting his Misfortune with Tears, *Bellefleur* asked him if they were alone? And on his answering they were, he began in this manner: ' My dear Friend, the weak condition in which I find myself, gives me no hopes but what are center'd in Future; for I look upon it morally impossible to survive many days: But I fancy it may be in your power before my Death, to give me a Satisfaction for which I wou'd almost part with Life in the enjoyment of a perfect Health. You may remember, you once told me you did believe, (for the reason you then gave) that my Name is not *Bellefleur*; you may also recollect, that I answer'd, if it was not, I knew no other. It is certain, my dear *Bonneville*, that your Suspicion was just; and it is as certain, that I answer'd you truly. My Name is not *Bellefleur*, but what it is I know not; perhaps I may learn from you. The Gentleman whom I believed my Father, before he went this last time to *Paris*, told me that I was not his Son; that he only had the care of me; but that I was descended from an ancient and noble Family, both on my Father's and mother's side; tho' for some reason's he durst not let me farther into the secret of my Birth. I doubted my Legitimacy; but he solemnly assur'd me I had no reason: However, I begg'd he wou'd at least oblige me with the Pictures of my Parents: This he larg. tined sculpted, till I promised him on my honour not to suffer them to be seen while I had hopes of Life; and that it

' was only for my private Satisfaction that I
 ' desired this Indulgence. He promised to
 ' send 'em me over, which he did in little time,
 ' telling me in his Letter that they came with
 ' my Parents Consent and Blessing, if I kept
 ' my word ; but their Curse wou'd follow the
 ' falsifiving my Promise, which he hoped from
 ' the Principles he had instilled, I wou'd not
 ' be guilty of. These Pictures I have, ever
 ' since I received them, carried about me ; and
 ' I hope they will enable you to let your dying
 ' Friend know to whom he owes his Birth,
 ' Education, and generous Support ; I am now
 ' despaired of by the Physicians ; have no hopes
 ' of Life, and may endeavour, by shewing you
 ' these Pictures, to satisfy my curiosity with-
 ' out a breach of Honour and Duty : But first,
 ' my Friend, swear to me by the sacred Bond
 ' of Friendship, that in case you know my
 ' Parents by them, you will disclose the Secret
 ' to none, whether I recover, (which I think
 ' impossible) or leave this world." I swear,
 reply'd *Bonneville*, to keep your Secret, and
 wou'd to Heaven I cou'd as readily give you
 Satisfaction in what you desire, as I will reli-
 giously observe my Oath. *Bellefleur* desired he
 wou'd reach the Breeches he had on when he
 received his Wound. He answer'd, they were
 full of Blood ; but that he had taken every thing
 out of the Pockets ; Did you take my Purse
 said *Bellefleur* ? I did ; but have not open'd it.
 In that Purse, plied the sick Gentleman,
 you'll find a bras small Key, which opens a
 Shagreen Box I have in my Portmanteau
 Trunk ; which Box contains the Pictures : See
 if you know the Originals. *Bonneville* took the
 Key

Key and open'd the Box; but how great was his Surprize when he saw Pictures which bore the resemblance of his own Father and Mother! He thought they cou'd be drawn for no other. He was struck dumb with Admiration; but reflecting on the improbability of *Bellefleur*'s being their Son, he recover'd from his Surprise. *Bellefleur* waited some time before he spoke, but at length *Bonneville*'s silence oblig'd him to ask if he had found the Pictures. He answer'd he had 'em in his Hands, but was scrry he cou'd give him no Satisfaction; he cou'd not deny but he had somewhere seen Faces like those the Pictures were drawn from; but in such a case, without he cou'd speak positively, Conjectures might argue a Vanity he was not prone to, and cou'd be no Satisfaction. However, he again assured him that he wou'd faithfully keep his Secret. *Bellefleur* sigh'd, and said he was very unhappy. *Bonneville* was strangely perplexed at the oddness of this Adventure; and as uneasy to know the meaning of his Parent's Pictures being in his Friend's Possession, with the same Character as he was to know the Names of those they represented. He hid from *Bellefleur* the Surprise this Accident had caused in him, and took all possible care for the Recovery of his Health. Some few days after, his Fever visibly abated, and the Physicians had hopes of his doing well; when the Servant who went into *France* with his supposed Father found him at *Parnet*, as yet in his Bed; and giving him a Letter, told him that his Father ordered him to give it into his own Hands before he died, which was few minutes after he had received his

His Orders to go to *England*. The news of this Gentleman's Death had so great an effect on poor *Bellefleur*, that he relaps'd, and grew light-headed, and was two days before he cou'd read the Letter; which when he had open'd and read, he call'd his Friend and desired him to peruse. *Bonneville* took the Letter, after having condoled with him for his loss, and read as follows.

MY DEAR CHILD,

' A Violent Fever, which has arrested and
 ' hurries me to give an account of my actions
 ' to the eternal and all-seeing Judge, (trusting
 ' to his mercy) does not give me so much ap-
 ' prehension, as uneasiness that I am deprived
 ' of the comfort of blessing you with, and re-
 ' signing my last breath between the Arms of
 ' my *Bellefleur*. You know you are not mine
 ' by Nature, but I have ever lov'd you as my
 ' own: I am satisfied you can't but have a
 ' Tenderness for me, and my Death, I don't
 ' doubt, will be followed by your Tears. I'll
 ' allow you to be sensible of the loss of a sincere
 ' Friend; Nature (for I've been in one respect
 ' a Father) is not to be entirely vanquish'd:
 ' However, my dear Child, when you have
 ' given vent to the first Sallies of our Grief,
 ' call Reason to your assistance, and remember
 ' that you may injure yourself, but can no way
 ' benefit me, (except by your Prayers, which
 ' I think needless to ask you, I am so assured
 ' of your affection.) I trust I charge for the
 ' better; and you wou'd not love me if you
 ' shou'd grieve that I am happy. I renew with
 ' my dying breath, the advice I have ever given
 ' you; Remember you are never out of the
 ' sight

sight of your Creator, and act always and in
 all things as if you were sensible of his immedi-
 ate Presence: By this method, you'll never
 be guilty of an action you need shun in Light;
 you'll be esteem'd in this, and happy in the
 Life to come. I cannot, as I fain wou'd, let
 you know to whom you owe (after God) your
 Being: But this I am allowed to tell you,
 that a treaty of Marriage was on foot between
 your Father and Mother, which was broke
 off by their Parents not agreeing on some
 trifling Point, about which the old People
 on each side were positive; and each Par-
 ty expected to be complied with. Your Fa-
 ther and Mother seeing the obstinacy of their
 Parents, agreed to be married privately, the
 fruit of which was your birth twelve months
 after, when the old Gentlemen not finding
 on either side a more suitable Match for their
 Children, renew'd and concluded the Treaty:
 And your Parents were again publickly mar-
 ried. I, who was then Steward to your
 Grandfather on your Father's side, was en-
 trusted with the Secret of their Marriage, to
 which I was a Witness; and to that of your
 Birth, which was industriously concealed. I
 put you to my Sister, who brought you up
 till you were five years old, and then I car-
 ried you to *England* for fear of a Discovery;
 for shou'd your Mother's prior Marriage be
 known to her Father, who is still alive, it
 might be of ill consequence. You must
 therefore be content to be *Belleflæur* till his
 Death. In the mean while, your Bills drawn
 on Mr. *Martel*, Banker at *Paris*, will be an-
 swer'd if you exceed not eight hundred Pounds
 a year

' a year *English* Money. What little I have
 ' is in the same Banker's Hands: In my Es-
 ' crutore in *London*, you'll find his Accounts:
 ' What ballance is due to me, I have in my
 ' Will given you by the name of *Belleflœur*;
 ' and I have made the said Mr. *Martel* my
 ' Executor. He is a thorough honest Man.
 ' I have nothing to add but my Prayers to the
 ' Almighty, that he will be the Guide and
 ' Protector of your Youth, give you a long
 ' and happy Life in this World, and receive
 ' you to his eternal Bliss hereafter. I am, my
 ' dear Child, your dying loving (allow me still
 ' the dear Title) Father,

B.

The reading of the Letter gave *Bonneville* a strong Suspicion, that *Belleflœur* was his Brother; he no longer wonder'd at the emotions he felt when he first saw him, and attributed part of his Affection to Nature, which he before thought proceeded intirely from the Merit of his Friend. He looked upon the Inheritance he was likely to lose, if his Suspicions proved true, well recompenced by finding him so near a Relation, and resolved never to part with him; tho' he took the Resolution not to discover what he suspected till he was confirmed, and cou'd do it to the Satisfaction of his whole Family. *Belleflœur* was inconsolable for the loss of his dear Father, as he still call'd him; but his Youth, the Care of his Physicians, and the Earl's Humanity, at length got the better of his Illness; tho' he was some months before he cou'd recover his strength. When he was able to get on Horse-back, he and *Bonneville* went

went to *Hatfield*, to return that generous Nobleman thanks, who shew'd a real Joy for their Recovery and gave 'em whil'e they stay'd in *England* a thousand Demonstrations of his Friendship. Soon after *Belleflœur*'s Recovery, the Marquis de *Blanchard* wrote very pressingly for his Grandson's return. He propos'd to *Belleflœur* the accompanying him to *France*, with promise that he wou'd make the Tour of the Kingdom with him ; serve him, and esteem him as a Brother ; he told him, he cou'd not bear the thoughts of their Separation ; and in case he wou'd not give him the satisfaction of his Company, he shou'd leave *England* with a Melancholy, which all the Diversions of *France* wou'd not be able to remove. *Belleflœur* repli'd, that their parting wou'd be equally intollerable to him ; that he had no objection to a Proposal every way so much to his advantage, but that of his Parents knowing, and being displeas'd at his venturing into that Kingdom without their Orders. To this *Bonneville* answer'd, that he was probably unknown to them ; and supposing they had any one in *England* who observ'd his motions, he might conceal his real Journey, by giving out that he took another way, either into the Country, to *Holland*, or wherever he thought fit. And as his Servants were all *Englisb*, he had no reason to suspect any danger on that side : However it was easy to discharge 'em. *Belleflœur*, who was inclined to see *France*, and unwilling to quit his Friend, easily approved his reasoning, and prepar'd for the Journey. He discharg'd his Servants, under pretence of a Voyage to *Holland* ; put off his

house,

house, and handsomely rewarded the Valet de Chambre who had been wounded.

The two Friends arrived without accidents at *Paris*. From whence *Bonneville* wrote to his Relations and Friends to advise them of his Arrival; and that he had an *English* Gentleman with him, to whom he owed his Life, and whom he design'd to bring into the Country with him, if he cou'd persuade him to do him that Honour. *Bellefleur* took the name of *Flower*, and pass'd as ne very well night, for *English*. The answer to *Bonneville's* Letters were full of grateful Acknowledgements to, and Invitations of the *English* Gentleman to their respective Houses. The first went to the Marquis de *Blanchard's*, to whom *Bonneville* presented Mr. *Flower*, in saying, Sir, I can't express the many Favours I received from this Gentleman, during my abode in *England*: I owe to him, not only all the Satisfaction I tafted there, but even my Life, which he saved by exposing his own; and then gave an account of their meeting with the Robbers. The Marquis embraced him with great Tenderness, and accompanied his thanks with Tears of Joy for the return of his Grandson, for which happiness he was more indebted to Mr. *Flower*, than he cou'd ever hope to acknowledge, tho' he and all he had was entirely at his disposal. Mr. *Flower* return'd the Compliment after so graceful a manner, that the Marquis was charm'd with the *English* Gentleman. *Bonneville* ask'd permission of the Marquis to pay his Duty the next day to his Father and Mother. The Marquis told him, notwithstanding his desire was extremely just, and cou'd not be denied, yet he wou'd speak plainly, and own

own, he expected to find his own interest in his compliance; and that he must agree to the following Conditions if he wou'd carry his Suit. *Imprimis*, You must engage Mr. *Flower* to make me amends for your absence, by doing penance with me till your return. *Item*, You shall promise to be back in a week, and then bring your Father and Mother with you. Mr. *Flower* answer'd, that the Marquis did him too much Honour; and that he was entirely at his disposal in whatever he pleas'd to command him. The Marquis very civilly return'd the Compliment, and *Bonneville* promised to obey his Grandfather in what depended on him. But said the old Gentleman, methinks, Son, you are not very Cavalier, to be within two Leagues of your Mistress, and not make her a Visit, after an absence of three years. I can't allow of this want of Complaisance to a Lady, especially to one every way so deserving. No, no, you shall wait on Monsieur *Centlits* to morrow Morning, and from thence proceed on with your Journey; it is not a League out of the way: I'll engage Mr. *Flower* wou'd not on the same occasion shew an equal Indifference. Sir, if you please to accompany your Friend to morrow, (addressing himself to *Flower*) when you have seen this Lady, I am certain you'll tax him with Insensibility, who can see her, and feel no Emotion. It may then (replied *Flower*) be dangerous for me to run the hazard, since I must, by what you say, prove either insensible to the Lady, or unjust to my Friend. No, you run no risque, answer'd the Marquis, Friendship is a Preservative against Love. That, Sir, said *Flower*, has been found too weak: It may keep

us from endeavouring to supplant our Friends; it may give us force enough to conceal our Passion; it may make us generous enough to forego a Mistress, and prefer our Friend's Happiness to our own; but I've heard it is not a Barrier strong enough to keep out the little Tyrant, when once he attacks us with a resolution to conquer. I can't say, but I may prove an Insensible, since I've hitherto escaped the force of Charms I've heard term'd irresistible; but it wou'd be reasoning ill, to say there's no danger in a Storm, because I have often escaped Shipwreck. Nay, Sir, said the Marquis, if you have been proof against the *English* Beauties, we must rank you among the *Insensibles*; and there is no danger to be feared from our *French* Ladies. *Flower* replied, those of our Nation are very much obliged to you for the Compliment; but allowing the *English* Ladies amiable, does not derogate from your *French* Beauties; who (I have been told by some of our Gentlemen) are very dangerous, and of so gay a temper, that whoever wears their Chains, is ever in doubt whether they ridicule or approve his Passion; They take a pleasure in tormenting their Captives; and if they at any time give them hopes, it is only to divert themselves, by making 'em more miserable. To day you'll think 'em sensible of your Sufferings, and that they have some compassion for the Tortures you experience; though to morrow they'll laugh at you for thinking them capable of so great a Weakness. Sir, said the Marquis, our *French* Gentlemen complain as much of the Reservedness of your *English* Ladies, and say you must use as much ceremony and precaution in

in your Approaches, as a General in the siege of a Town. But my Son's Mistress is neither so lively as the generality of your Ladies are, nor quite so reserved as the Character of the *English* speaks 'em. You must oblige me in your opinion of the choice I have made for him. To morrow my Coach shall wait on you; it is some years since my indisposition and age have confined me to my house, or I wou'd do myself that Honour. While he was yet speaking, a Servant came in to let him know Mr. *Centlitz* was come to wait on him. *Bonneville* went to receive him; who at his coming in to the Marquis, told him, it was always with a sensible pleasure that he paid him his Respects; but that none ever equalled that he now found of congratulating Mons. *Bonneville's* return, which he had done him the Honour to acquaint him with. Sir, said the Marquis, I have ever been sensible of your Friendship, and the minute my Son arrived, I sent a Servant to acquaint you with the News, being assured you wou'd partake in your Friend's Satisfaction. We but this minute were talking of you. Time and distance has made no alteration in the Lover; (and no wonder, for *Emilia* has no common Charms) and tho' Nature obliges *Bonneville* to be on the spur to pay his Duty to his Parents, yet he cou'd not think of parting before he had mad a Visit to your Daughter, and assured her of the Power she has still over him. To morrow early he designs to wait on her, and shew his Friend that Shield of Beauty which guarded his Heart from the (otherwise) irresistible Shafts of *English* Eyes.---Then presenting Mr. *Flower*,

he went on, I beg Sir, you will know this Gentleman as a Cavalier, to whom I have the greatest Obligations. Mons. *Centlits* saluted *Flower*, and said, I fear, Sir, you will think the Marquis partial when you see my Girl, and reflect upon the Compliment he has been pleased to make her. Then turning to *Bonneville*, he congratulated his Arrival, and assured him of the continuance of his Affection. *Bonneville*, after having returned his Civilities, and enquir'd after the Welfare of *Emilia* and *Leorora*, told him that it lay in his Breast to compleat his Happiness, since nothing cou'd be wanting to make it so, after finding his dear Grandfather in perfect Health, and hearing the same of his Parents, but that of being honour'd with the title of his Son-in-Law. Mons. *Centlits* told him, that it was an Honour he wish'd to himself, and that he cou'd receive no Satisfaction equal to that of seeing his *Emilia* so advantageously disposed of; that his Consent to the making himself happy cou'd not be doubted; and that he was satisfied his Daughter cou'd not be blind to the Perfections of so accomplish'd a Cavalier, nor ignorant of the Honour done her. Addressing himself to *Flower*, he ask'd him how he lik'd *France*? *Flower* answer'd, that he had been but few days in the Kingdom; that what he had seen of the Country was very fine; that the Gentlemen were extremely well bred, and the Ladies very engaging. By your Tongue, says Mons. *Centlits*, I shou'd have taken you for French, or at least brought up among us from your Infancy. I am surprized at your saying you have been here but few days. Sir, said *Bonneville*, Persons of Distinction

Distinction in *England* do us the Honour to learn our *Language* e're they can well speak their own. *Na*, the better sort of *Citizens* take care to have their *Children* taught *French*; and he is thought to have but an indifferent Education who has not learnt it. It's true, every one does n't arrive at the Perfection Mr. *Flower* has attain'd to; for few of any Nation has his Genius. I thought replied *Flower*, our Friendship had banish'd all Compliments; and that I might have found Sincerity in Monsieur *Bonneville*, if in none other. I dare answer, said Mons. *Centiis*, he does you justice; for as Merit is seldom self-conscious, you perhaps tax him with Insincerity from Prejudice; for I've heard, that the *English* Gentlemen look upon Sincerity as inconsistent with the Character of the *French*, as good manners with that of the *Dutch*. I have, Sir, been taught, replied *Flower*, to think and act without Prejudice; and by this method have avoided falling into many Errors. Who takes up with Report will never attain to the knowledge of Truth, and will pass his Life in continual Darkness. It is hard to fix a national Character, since there are almost as many different ways of thinking as there are Men; and that Characters which are given, proceed from Interest or Passion. The common People never examine to the bottom of things, believe upon the word of their Superiors, and distinguish only as they have heard them. Let a great Man here say, the *English* are of a thoughtless, restless, stiff-necked, changeable, yet slaves Nature: The Mob never examines the reason why they are thus stigmatized, but take those to be

the distinguished Characters of the Nation, and accordingly despise the *English*. Let a Statesman on the other side, give the *French* the Character of fickle and faithless; and it's sufficient for the common People to look upon all *French* as such, and upbraid them as People not to be trusted or relied on. Men of Sense and Education have a different way of judging of Things and Persons and will take nothing for certain, the Truth of which they have not been convinced of. Virtue and Vice are the Growth of every Kingdom; a Man of Honour, with those of his own Character, suffers nothing upon account of the Country he is born in; and the gallant Actions of a *Frenchman* will no way be lessen'd by the report a brave *Englishman* shall make of them. I have found the *French* Gentlemen with whom I have had the Honour to converse, religious Observers of their Word; I have met with some *English*, who wou'd promise any thing, and perform nothing. I have conversed with *Dutch* Gentlemen, who were well bred, good natured, sober and friendly: And I have been in company with some *English* of Distinction, who have been brutal, selfish, sottish and ungrateful. I must not from hence conclude, that the few I have seen are an Epitome of each Country; that all the *English* are unpolish'd; that no *Frenchman* can be guilty of breaking his Word; or that every boor in *Holland* is a well bred Gentleman. What you say, answer'd the Marquis, is very just; yet you must allow me, that every Nation has a particular Genius, from which we may give it's Character: I speak in general. For Example: The *Italian* and *Spaniard* are more amorous

amorous than the *French*; and we are less phlegmatick than the *English*; and you again in *England* are less given to hot Liquors than the People of *Holland*. Mons. le Marquis, replied Mr. *Flower*, I allow the difference of Climate and Food may make a difference in the Temperament of our Bodies. Men born in a hot Country may be more amorous than those who inhabit a more Northern Climate; the great quantity of Meat which the *English* eat, and their heavy Liquors may be the reason they have not the Fire and Activity of the *French*, who have a lighter Diet: The watry situation of *Holland* may make the drinking hot Liquors necessary; and that Custom may become in a manner a second Nature; they may'nt be able to subsist without it. But none of these circumstances can affect the Mind: It's true, the disorder of the Body may have some effect upon it, as we see in Fevers; and our Temperament may draw after it our Inclinations; but that our Temperament can make a wise Man vicious, a Man of Honour falsify his Word, or the human Man lose his Humanity and become cruel, is what I can't give into. It is not then from the Climate, or Diet, that we can give the Character of a faithless People to the *French*, or of a head-strong to the *English*; it is not from the greater part neither that we ought to judge; if so, we ought to allow no Man honest, no Man religious, and deny that there is such a thing as a man of Reason; because the greater part act like Villains, Atheists, and brute Beasts. But Sir, said *Bonneville*, you find that the Temperament of the Body has a very strong effect on the Mind, and the choleric and mild

Man shall have very different ways of thinking on the same Subject. *Epicurus*, who was of a mild Disposition, placed his chief good in Pleasure; and *Zeno*, who was austere, all w'd nothing to bear the name of good but strict Virtue. Mr. *Centlitz* answer'd, that the *English* Gentleman did not deny the Disposition of the Body's having some effect on the Mind, but that it had the power to overcome and surmount it; and infer from thence, no Character ought to be so fix'd on any Nation, as to conclude from it, that the whole Nation is subject to the Vice laid to it's charge: That is, as soon as you see a *Frenchman*, you are not immediately to conclude he's not fit to be trusted, because some other People have given his Nation the Epithet of Faithless: And his reason is, that, which is already said, the virtuous Man, whether of a choleric or phlegmatick Constitution, will be still virtuous, his Reason and Philosophy will correct the vicious habit of his Body. It is, said *Flower*, what I mean; no Man ought to be judg'd of by the Character which has been given of his Country. For example, must I, because the *Liegeois* are said to be a lying People, conclude from that Character, without further examination, that the *Liegeois* who is speaking to me, has not utter'd a word of Truth; and on this rash Conclusion, from a Character of his Country, treat him with Contempt? Indeed, said the Marquis, such a Conclusion wou'd be rash; but yet that general Character of the People might have so much influence on me as to make me very cautious of giving credit to the report of any particular Native of that Country. Characters have always some Foundation.

Very

Very often, Sir, answer'd *Flower*, the Epithet is given by them who deserve it. Were not the *Carthaginians* call'd a faithless People by the *Romans*? And yet those very *Romans* gave more example of Falshood to that City than they cou'd charge the *Carthaginians* with. Notwithstanding *Punick Faith* became a Proverb throughout the World; nay, to this day, it is in use. You are, Sir, answer'd *Monsieur Centlits*, very much in the right; it wou'd be unjust to conclude from the Character of a Nation, on that of a particu'lar Person; and indeed we ought not readily to give into the Character of a Nation in general. If we trace things back to the Fountain-head, we may, it's probable, find nothing more unjust than the Aspersions thrown.

Sir, said the *Marquis*, Experience commonly fixes the Epithet of a People, it is from their Manners that they gain their Character. You may observe that which *Cæsar* gives of our Countrymen, is what may very justly be still given us; that we are at the first heat more than Men; but if the Enemy withstands our Attack, if we are repuls'd, we are less than Women.

This, said *Flower*, is the effect of your Viscosity, and that may depend on your Climate and Nourishment; the same Cause will produce the like Effect. No Extream can last long, and we fall from one Extream to another. You are in your onset all Fire, and prepossess'd that nothing can withstand you; but when you find this expectation fail you, your Spirits exhausted, and that your utmost Efforts have not prevailed, you despair of succeeding.

Come,

Come, Sir, said the Marquis, Supper is brought in very opportunely, to put an end to a Discourse which by my fault might have led us into disagreeable Reflections before we were aware. Sir, said *Flower*, I shou'd be very sorry to have let any thing escape me which might have been so to the Marquis *de Blanchard*. Sir, said the Marquis, I am too well satisfied of your Complaisance, to apprehend any thing like it from your Quarter; it was of myself I was apprehensive: Age abates our Reason, and by a necessary consequence gives strength to our Passions. As we often in Conversation insensibly ramble from our first Subject, and often contradict what we have maintained in the same Breath, so I find I was going to prove by Examples that the French do not easily despond; that they return more than once to the Attack, and will rally to the last; which is foreign from our first Proposition, and directly contrary to what I had advanced. But I know you wou'd have excused a warm old Man's interesting himself for the Honour of his Country. Sir, said *Flower*, it's a Virtue which every Frenchman may boast with great justice. The time of Supper pass'd in a lively and agreeable Conversation: Monsieur *Centlits* stay'd late, and in taking leave invited, as he had before done, *Flower* to do him sometimes the Honour of his Company while he stay'd in those Parts, and begg'd to be reckoned in the number of his Friends. The next Morning *Bonneville* took leave of the Marquis, and in his way to his Father's, together with *Beilefœur* in the Coach, paid a Visit to Monsieur *Centlits*, with a design to go on his Journey after Dinner. The old Gentleman

Gentleman entertained 'em some time before the young Ladies came down from their Chambers. When they came into the Parlour, Monsieur *Centhis* presented the two Gentlemen to his Daughters: They complimented *Bonneville* upon his return, and welcomed the Stranger. I am afraid, Sir, says *Emilia*, if your Curiosit' y led you into these Parts, you will go away dissatisy'd with your Journey, since our Province affords nothing worthy Attention. Madam, said *Bellefœur*, your Province produces nothing but what is worthy of Admiration; your Soil and Situation are excellent; your Gentlemen Examples of good Nature, Complaisance, and Hospitallity; and if your Ladies are but like thole I have the Honour of speaking to, I may say that Beauty and the Graces have made choice of this Province to keep their Court in. My Father, Sir, said *Leonora*, told us you were an *English* Gentleman, but he is either mistaken in your Country, or we have had a wrong Character of your Nation, which, they say, piques itself upon being sincere. And pray *Leonora*, replied *Bonneville*, what has my Friend said, that makes you call the Sincerity of the *English* in question? He said, (answe'd the young Lady) enough to let me know he has breath'd in a Court Air; and I am well enough acquainted with a Court, to know that the Heart and Tongue are there entirely Strangers, and never keep the least Correspondence with each other. The Assent of all Mankind, (replied *Flower*) will, Madam, be a convincing Proof that I only do you Justice. Perhaps, Sir, said *Emilia*, you have been told that the *French* Ladies are p'leas'd with a well-turn'd

well-turn'd piece of Flattery, but I hope when you know us a little better you will be disabus'd, and quit your Error. No, no, Madam, (answer'd *Bonneville*) my Friend does not readily believe any thing to the Disadvantage either of our Sex or your Country; and what he has said in regard to your Ladyships, is what every Man who has the use of his Eyes must agree to. I am of opinion, said Monsieur *Cent-lis*, that *Emilia* will esteem herself too happy, if you think she has some Merit. Sir, I pretend to no other, (replied *Emilia*) than that of doing my Duty in an entire Resignation to whatever you are pleas'd to command me. The old Gentleman then ask'd *Flower* if he wou'd take the trouble to see and give his opinion of his Gardens. I have, said he, Mr. *Bonneville*, made some Alterations, which I believe you'll aprove: I'll shew you the way. *Bonneville* took *Emilia* by the hand, and *Flower* leading *Leonora*, they follow'd the old Gentleman, who after having shew'd *Bonneville* his improvements, told 'em he wou'd leave his Girls to be their Guides, for he had not strength to make the Tour of the Gardens with 'em; and desiring to be excus'd, return'd to the House. They were then near a Fountain, which was the center to several shady Walks; the Statues represented *Aeteon* one one side of it, and *Diana* with some Nymphs bathing in it: Several little Tritons mounted on Dolphins made an Arch of Water over their Heads. While they were looking on the Works, *Flower* said to *Leonora*, you see, Madam, here an Emblem of the Cruelty of your Sex, and how rigorously you punish an involuntary Crime. We must suppose,

(said

(said *Leonora*) that the Goodels punish'd the Presumption of *Aeteon*, or tax her with Injustice; which allowing her a Deity, wou'd be impious. But how do you make this an Emblem of our Sex's Cruelty? How, Madam, said *Flower*, do you punish the unhappy Lover, who, compelled by Charms, which all the Efforts of Reason are too weak to withstand, begs your Compassion? What Pain do you not give him? what Torments don't you make him feel? Do you ever think you can sufficiently torture your Slaves, or find a Punishment which may equal the Crime of loving you? *Leonora* replied, I fear Sir, by what you say, you have been cruelly dealt with by your Mistress: But Sir, if this Love you mention is involuntary, we have no Obligation to the Lover; it is not for our sake, but his own, he pursues us; he loves because he may fancy the Object amiable; and he wou'd possess, because he thinks his Happiness depends on the completion of his Wishes. Can he from this plead any Merit? Or can he blame his Mistress if she makes use of his own own way of reasoning, and prefers her own Satisfaction to that of another's? Pray tell me whose is he most concern'd for, his Mistress's or his own ease? If for that of the former, he wou'd shew it, in desisting from a Suit which he finds disgusts her: But he'll take no denial, he will prosecute and importune; consequently (examine the thing to the bottom) all his Passion only proves that he is fond of himself. In what consists the merit of such a Passion? And why must the Lady be upbraided with the Epithets of ungrateful and cruel, when she has no obligation to engage her Gratitude, and is not

properly speaking severe to her Lover, but kind to herself? Truly, replied *Bonneville*, I think you argue, *Leonora*, very justly; for when all's done, our Passion is commonly spiced with Self-interest. We see an amiable Object, we love and desire it; for whose sake? Why, to be ingenuous, for our own. Would a passionate Lover quit his Mistress to a Rival, purely for her sake; I wou'd say, such-a-one gave proof of a disinterested Esteem; but where do we find any Examples of this nature? Nay, such an action wou'd in the Eyes of the World pass as a certain proof of Indifference. Nay says *Emilia*, the contrary of this is common, and proves my Sister right in saying the Lover has his own, not his Mistress's interest in view; for we often find the Lover unreasonable rough to expect a Mistress shou'd quit a large Fortune to take up with him, and a much less; or refuse an offer'd Equipage to be contented with the Necessaries of life. I think this a Demonstration of my Sister's Assertion. At this rate, Madam, said *Fisher*) even our Devotion may be said to proceed from Self-interest; and we shall fear to practise Virtue, lest we are thought to do it not from a love of Virtue, but from a love of ourselves. If I'm a just Man, it is because I love myself, I shou'd be uneasy were I despised, which I know is the consequence of acting knavishly. This is a wrong and dangerous way of arguing, Ladies, than which Examples prove nothing more false. I may love Virtue for the sake of Virtue, for the sake of the common Society, and for my Duty's sake: Will you say the brave Man who mounts a Breach, whence he foreknows it's impossible

to

to return, does it from a motive of Self-love? Wou'd it not be more just, more generous to allow the real motive, the Love of his Country? To love is to take a pleasure in esteeming, and without you'll call that Pleasure Self-love, I say, that my Love may be as disinterested as my Religion; for as in the latter a Reward is promised, and a Punishment threaten'd to the performance or neglect of our Duty, yet neither the one nor the other is the motive which stirs up a truly devout Man to the complying with his Obligation: So granting our own Happiness may be inseparable from that of the Object we love, yet that is so far from being the motive of our endeavours to please, that we often are forgetful of our selves, (our Mind is so intent upon procuring the Satisfaction of our Mistress) and act visib'y contrary to our Interests, regarding nither the ties of Nature nor the dictates of Reason. Nay, we have had Examples of those who have died to flatter the severity of a Mistress whom they passionately adored; and such a one I hope you will allow had no views of Self-interest. I'll allow you replied *Emilia*, that Love may deprive Men of their Reason, and that many who have found their Mistresses inflexible, have chosen Death as a less evil than that of living without 'em, or of seeing 'em in the possession of another: But this does not prove that their Passion was disinterested, and that their Ladies Happiness was their chief aim. I have heard of a Gentleman who killed himself upon being attacked by a fit of the Gout, another upon the loss of his Estate; why? Because out of a tender Passion to themselves they thought Death more eligible

in their different circumstances, than Life as being the less evil. I acknowledge that a Man who kills himself gives a proof of his Passion, but it is a proof that makes against your Argument: It's a proof of the great Tenderness he has for himself. But tell me, Monsieur Bonneville, (said *Leonor*) to quit an Argument in which I see both Parties obstinate, are the *English* Ladies as handsome as Fame makes 'em? Truly, Madam, replied *Bonneville*, I am too much prejudic'd in favour of the *French*, to answer impartially: Be it so, Madam, the Charms of *Emilia* made me blind to all others. But my Friend there, who is too just to be partial, and has no prepossession, I judge the fittest Man to satisfy your Curiosity. I'll leave him to answer all your Queries, for I fancy from his good taste he has seen you long enough to think you best Company when alone; and taking *Emilia* by the Hand, he ask'd her if she wou'd not shew him the way to the Grotto. I find, said *Leonor*, our Company is a restraint upon you; and you'll sacrifice your Friend to my Imperiousness that you may be alone with my Sister. Well, Sir, said she to *Flower*, you see the Lover will desert the Friend. This other Walk will lead to the same place. Madam, said *Flower*, it is to serve, not desert a Friend, to leave him to so agreeable Conversation: But, pray Sir, will you answer the Question *Bonneville* evaded? Had I not, answer'd *Flower*, seen yourself and *Emilia*, I shou'd have been apt to have asserted no beauty answerable to that of the *English* Ladies; but this Journey, Madam, has convinced me of my Error. Pho, said she, I did not beg a Compliment, but wou'd be satisfied, tho' I find

find I have address'd myself to a wrong Person. In general, Madam, replied he, I think none go before the *English* Ladies, and the *French* are second to none. I find your Justice, said *Leonora*, won't let you prefer the *French*, and your Complaisance won't suffer you to decide in favour of the *English*. Madam, replied *Flower*, were *Paris* (whom *Jove* thought, and whose Sentence proved him a Judge of Beauty) to decide between the two Nations, he wou'd be long puzzled which he ought to prefer; tho' I believe he wou'd incline to the *French*, since the Beauty of a *French* Princess effected greater things than can be boasted by any *English*.

Who do you mean, Sir? said *Leonora*.

I mean the Princess *Katherine*, Queen to *Harry* the 5th of *England*. Her Eyes alone, when the Arms of the whole *French* Nation were not sufficient, put an end to the rapid Conquest of that Son of *Mars*, and gave Peace to her harassed Country. I find, Sir, yours will suffer nothing by you; for while you give the Apple to the *French* Beauty, you present the Laurel to the *English* Warrior. In this Discourse they were met by a Servant, who was sent to acquaint them Dinner was ready. At the end of the Walk they joyn'd *Bonneville* and *Emilia*, with whom they return'd to the House. Mons. *Centlits* ask'd the subject of their Discourse, which *Leonora* giving him an account of, he said, he must take part with Mr. *Flower*, since he himself knew a Gentleman passionately in Love with a Lady, whom for her sake only, not being able to provide for her, according to what he thought she merited, refused to marry her. There, perhaps Sir, said *Leonora*, might be some

private

private reason concealed, while he gave this out for the only one. No, Madam, replied the old Gentleman, there was no other reason; and what made it evident, was, that when by the death of a Relation, this Gentleman was become Master of a plentiful Estate, he then married the Lady; tho' both were at that time in a pretty advanced age: But you Women are too apt to give a sinister interpretation to every thing. I wish you wou'd not indulge *Leonora* what they call being witty upon People; it speaks an ill Nature, and a weak Judgment. Sir, replied *Leonora*, I don't know that I said any thing that-----Yes, said her Father, you said, what might give us an idea disadvantageous to the Lady's Character: I'll suppose you did not mean what you said in an ill sense; but equivocal expressions ought industriously to be avoided; because the hearer may interpret what you say in a manner you may be had no Thoughts of; and that it's natural from the corruption of our Nature to put the worst construction on what we hear. Equivocal Expressions speak a liveliness of Fancy, but it's often attended with ill Consequences; and Wit, tho' entertaining, is frequently an Enemy to those who have not the good sense to be upon their guard against their Vivacity. The pleasure we find in being thought agreeable Company makes us sometimes fall foul on the Characters of our best Friends to divert People, who are, perhaps, little better than our Enemies; And this I take to be the reason, Men of Wit have few Friends, or soon lose those who are deitrous to be so. Sir, said *Bonneville*, *Leonora* has too much good Nature to be satyrical. I hope

hope so, Sir, replied Monsieur *Centlivre*: I hope too she is too good a Christian. What I say, is in general, and not directly levell'd at her. But you, Mr. *Bonneville*, and all good natured Men must own, that the prevailing custom of entertaining one Company at the Expence of another, is what every one, who has the least degree of Humanity, and ever gives himself the trouble of Reflection, ought to pronounce base; and as we are readily induced to follow the common and reigning Customs, which lose the ugliness of their Vice by our being used to 'em, he ought to be the more watchful over himself, least Example leads him to put that in practice which his Reason must condemn, when he comes to make a scrutiny into his Actions. There are indeed a set of Men, who never allow a moment's leisure to look into themselves, are in a continual hurry, and Strangers to Reflection: Such I look upon incorrigible, and but one degree above Brutes: But these do little harm, no-body minds 'em, they talk like Parrots, are pleas'd with sound, and never join ideas to words. I am a warm enemy to any thing that glances at Detraction; and the greater my concern is for a Friend or Relation, the more careful I am to nip this odious Vice in the bud.

Detraction is not only wicked, but has effects directly contrary to those the Slanderer fancies it will produce, who thinks it clears him from the imputation of those Vices he so warmly lashes in another, and thus raises his own Character: Whereas, it speaks a meanness of Soul, which incapable of practising Virtue itself, endeavours to blacken it, when met with in a

third Person ; and because it cannot rise, aims to depress others into it's own level. I never heard a Woman mention the ill conduct of another, either with seeming abhorrence or pity, but I strongly suspected her own Virtue : And when I've heard any one tax another with want of Bravery, I took it for a maxim that the Censurer was a Cow rd. *Flower* answer'd, I am of opinion, Sir, that many run into the Vice you expose, more from a foolish Vanity than from any design of injuring. They are so taken up with the Com. plaisance they have to themselves, that they never look far enough to consider the C. nsequence of what they say. They examine Actions by their success ; and that being familiar to 'em, they think nothing wou'd have been more easy than to have foreseen the issue of an Undertaking : And thus comparing what has been done with what has happen'd, and what they fancy they shou'd have done on the like occasion, they find the advantage of the Comparison on their own side ; and flatter'd with this pleasing idea, they easily condemn another as one of an inferiour conduct. I have heard a Gentleman who never saw a Camp, never saw Powder burnt, say, Marshal -----, was no Soldier ; and that had he commanded the *French* Army, the *English* wou'd not have had the opportunity of boasting a Victory : Tho' it's probable had he been in the Marshal's place, the *English* might have had the fatigue of following, but never have been expos'd to the danger of giving his Army battle. Thus a Lady who is not exposed to the Affiduities, the Vows, the Tears, the Constancy and importuning Passion of a Lover, who is deaf to Denials, and

and with the advantage of an agreeable Person and persuading Wit, prosecutes his point, examining another's Conduct too abstractedly, easily condemns her Facility, and thinking herself proof against all Temptation, from a reflection on her own superior Strength, gives the unhappy Lady who falls under her lash, no quarter. I fancy, said *Emilia*, the want of a cool Reflection may be said to be the ground of all Vice in general. We are pleas'd with an idea, and view it only on the side which is agreeable to, and flatters our Inclination ; we are afraid to examine it to the bottom, lest we should be robb'd of the Pleasure it affords us. A Man in Love is afraid to ask himself if his Mistress has any Imperfections ; it wou'd be uneasy for him to find she is not the Goddess he has made her ; and therefore is willingly blind to the Faults of his Mistress, which the Title of Wife opens his Eyes to. This Precipitation, as it is the occasion of all our Mistakes, so I may venture to say among the rest ; that it is the reason we see so many unhappy Marriages. Said Mons. *Centlits*, there's by the by, Mons. *Bonneville*, a word of Advice directed to you. So far from it, Sir, said *Bonneville*, that the Charms of my Mistress will add to my Character that of Prudencie. *Emilia* blush'd ; and *Leonora* said, she own'd she was one of those who shou'd be timid of too nicely examining the Man she liked. That she fancied it wou'd be giving one's self Pain purely for the sake of Pain ; and that it was better to be blind than to use our Eyes only in the search of Objects which wou'd prove disagreeable. If a Lover had more good than bad Qualities, she thought it was but just to overlook the latter for

for the sake of the former; and since we are told there's nothing which has not some Imperfection, she wou'd expect no Miracles shou'd be wrought on her account; and truly if her Father had not designed her for a monastick Life, which she frankly own'd she was not very fond of, she wou'd not die a Maid, because a Man without fault was not to be met with. Your *English* Ladies, said she to *Bonneville*, are happy, that you have no Religious Prisons, to immure a poor Girl for Life, guilty of no other Crime than that of being a year or two younger than her Sister, or of her Father having got more Children than his Estate will provide for in the World answerable to his Quality. I don't say I have yet seen the Man, to whom I cou'd willingly promise Obedience for Life; but I have been long enough boarded in a Monastery, to know, that one may live altogether as agreeably in the World. *Leonora* hardly durst have taken this Freedom before her Father; but his being just gone into another Room gave her the liberty of declaring her Thoughts with this Frankness. *Bonneville* was going to exclaim against the Cruelty of this Custom, when Dinner was brought in, and the old Gentleman at the Heels of the Servants stop'd his Mouth. The Conversation during their Meal was on different Subjects; on all which *Emilia* spoke with so much Justice, that *Flower* thought her Sense equal to her Beauty, and the Charms of her Person beyond those of her whole Sex. On the other hand, *Bonneville* who had entertained before his Travels, a secret Inclination for *Leonora*, thought her the most sprightly, the most engaging and lovely Woman

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he had ever seen or convers'd with ; but the Sense of his Duty made him endeavour to stifle a Passion, which it was not lawful for him to cherish or own, for any other than *Emilia*.

After Dinner Mons. *Centlits* ordered *Emilia* to touch the Organ ; which in obedience to her Father's Commands, she did, accompanying it with her Voice with so much Skill and so sweet a Pipe, that it was impossible to say whether Art or Nature had the greater share in the Harmony. When she ceas'd playing, *Flower* said, that he readily believed what had been told us of the force of Musick ; for while the fair *Emilia* sung and play'd, his Thoughts were rais'd above the Contemplation of sublunary Objects ; and he was sensible of Emotions so Divine that he wanted Words to express a just idea of his Extasies. Truly Sir, said Mr. *Centlits*, it is so with me ; nothing has so great effect on me as Musick ; nothing stirs up my Devotion like it : Musick will fill my Eyes with Tears which flow from Gratitude to my Creator ; I think when I hear it, that I anticipate the Joys of Heaven, and have a taste of eternal Bliss ; a secret and inexpressible Pleasure swells my Heart, and my Soul seems to exult in the fore-knowledge of that happy blissful State her bounteous Creator has prepared for her Reception, when divested of this load of Mortality. It seems to long for Freedom, and to be delivered from the clogging Chain of Flesh and Blood. I speak of solemn Musick ; tho' I am so far from not approving that which is sprightly, that it has, tho' a different, yet a very great effect upon me ; for a Jigg will make me forget my Age, and be as merry as a Youth of fifteen.

I love Musick, Mr. *Flower*, and for that reason I have taken care to procure the best Masters to instruct my Girls. Don't laugh at what I'm going to tell you; *Emilia* will play me into a Fit of sobbing and crying, and *Leonora* can make me cut a Caper.

Come, my Girl, take your Sister's place, and play us something that's cheerful. She play'd as she was order'd, and the old Man kept time with capering, snapping his Fingers, and humouring the Tune with his Head, and when it was ended, he told *Bonneville* he cou'd not go in the heat of the day, begg'd he and *Flower* wou'd excuse his taking half an hour's Napp according to his Custom, which he durst not break thro', and that he hoped his good Girls wou'd endeavour to entertain them the best they cou'd; so left the Room, singing part of the Tune *Leonora* had just play'd, and beating time to it with his Cane. As soon as Monsieur *Centlits* was gone out, *Bonneville* turning to *Leonora*, said, what pity is it that so much Beauty and so much good Humour shou'd be destined to a Convent! How, my dear *Leonora*, can you bear the thoughts of it? With a Christian Patience, replied *Leonora*; but to be serious in my Answer, I love my Sister so well, that the knowledge of my Confinement being necessary, or at least conducive to her Happiness, will make me quit the World without regret. Indeed Sister, replied *Emilia*, I wish for any other proof of your Affection, which I never doubted, than that of your consenting to the going into a Nunnery: I know your Inclinations are averse to the Life of a Recluse; and I am satisfied if my Father knew 'em as well as I, he wou'd

not

not on any account make your Life miserable by such a Restraint ; but you have ever concealed your aversion to the taking the Veil with Industry from his Knowledge. It's true, said *Leonora*, you have one of my Reasons, the other is, I fear shou'd he find me averse to his Desire, I might disoblige him, which I wou'd not do, tho' I was sure thus to avoid this civil Death. Custom will make this, as it does every thing else, easy. But *Leonora*, said *Bonneville*, what will a Lady of your gay Temper do in a Monastery ? She answer'd, as others do. Rail at the Pleasures are deny'd me ; profess a Satisfaction I'm a Stranger to ; be very censorious, ill-natur'd and devout ; say my Prayers often because I'm forced to it ; and rise at Midnight because I can't help it ; at the Grate reflect on, and despise the Vanities of Lite, and in my Cell bewail the Miseries of my Confinement : Talk emphatically of the Pleasures of another World, and heartily envy those I am deprived of in this. Thus lead a Life of Piety, die a splenetick zealous old Woman, work Miracles after my Death, and be made a Saint for the Honour of my Family. But I don't care to anticipate a Misfortune by always setting it before my Eyes ; it's time enough to think how I shall behave myself when it falls upon upon me : He who foresees Calamities, suffers 'em twice over. If I can be serviceable to the averting this which threatens you, said *Bonneville* you'll procure me an inexpressible Pleasure in employing me. I thank your Friendship, said *Leonora*, but I fear all Attempts of that nature will be in vain. It is an Adventure reserved for some other Knight, if it is at all feasible ;

it must be by some Knight of a Golden Tower, who having no Pre-engagement, and riding by as I am leading to the enchanted Castle, kept by a Band of invincible *Amazons*, shall cast his Eyes upon me; and being dazzled with the Lustre of my Charms, which my Melancholy will heighten; enamour'd with my incomparable Beauty, and pierc'd thro' by the Lightning of my Eyes, generously sets upon and disperses my Guards: Then kneeling before me, begs, in a ward of what he has done for my Deliverance, that I will have Compassion of his Sufferings; and by the persuasick rhetorick of his Tongue and Eyes, which shall be assisted by the Graces of his Person, prevails upon me to mount behind him, carries me off, and after having made himself worthy of my Love, by the killing all the neighbouring Giants, obtains the Consent of the Prince my Father to spouse me without a Portion, which no Knight durst ever yet insisted on. I am of opinion, said *Flower*, a Life of Retirement is the most happy, if it proceeds from a just knowledge of the trifling Pleasures the World affords, and how vastly wide they are from Happiness: If after having well examined all that is desirous in it, and in the ballance of Reason weigh'd our Satisfaction against our Disappointments, our short-lived Pleasure, with the daily Pains, Anxieties, and Inconveniences which are inseparable to our Condition: If, I say, after such a deliberate Reflection, our Judgment forces us to prefer a Life of Contemplation as the only likely means to obtain Tranquillity in this, and secure Happiness in a future State, such a Choice is to be applauded: But

to immure Youth under the pretence of Religion, before they have known enough of the World to be capable of judging, is only to raise their Ideas of its fancied Pleasures, make 'em uneasy under their Restraint; think they are shut up from a solid Good; and curse the Authors of their Misery. No, *Leonora*, said *Bonneville*, that good Humour of yours was never designed to be shut from the Society of Mankind; Heaven is taken only with the Beauty of the Soul, it is regardless of that of the Body, which its Indulgence has given to alleviate the Misfortunes our Life's attended with; to shrowd your Beauty in Veil, wou'd be both acting contrary to the Designs of Heaven, and doing the World an Injury, by robbing 'em of an Example of Virtue, which needs no Walls to secure it, and is to itself a sufficient Guard. You may converse with Heaven in the World, Gaiety, and good Humour, is so far from being inconsistent with Religion, that it's a proof all within's at Peace, and no Crime o'er-clouds the Chearfulness of Temper, which is a Stranger to Guilt, while Moroseness and Austerity speak a Gloominess of the Soul, and shews that Self-conceit and Pride have taken possession of it. It is the Livery of Hypocrisy, and good Nature the Badge of Innocence. The Trials of the World will give an useful Lure to your Virtue, by which Mankind may profit; but to enclose you, wou'd be denying them the benefit of imitating, and you the pleasure of seeing your Example copied. No, *Leonora*, if I or my Friends, if *Emilia* has any Interest with your Father, if half my Fortune can rescue you, never apprehend the ill Nature which reigns in

in Convents. *Emilia* I am satisfied will be content, and I shou'd be overj y'd to pay so cheap a Ransom for the engaging *Leonora*. Your Generosiy heightens (said *Leonora*) the Aversion I have to a monastick Life, since it will deprive me of all hopes of shewing my Gratitude. I am satisfied, said *Emilia*, my Father has so tender an Affection for his Children, that the Knowledge of my Sister's not approving (as she has hitherto seem'd to do) his Design, will be sufficient to make him alter it; for my part I wou'd-----Hold Sister, said *Leonora*, I need no Expressions to assure me of your Affection, which every Action of your Life has convinced me of. You don't consider, that the Agreement made with the Marquis *de Blanchard*, puts it out of my Father's Power to alter his Design. My taking the Veil is to make you more worthy of the generous *Bonneville*; diminish your Fortune by one half, and it's possible his Grandfather may think it's depriving you of all your Charms. No, *Leonora*, replied *Bonneville*, don't be so unjust to the Marquis's good Sense; he knows *Emilia* is a Fortune in herself: He will be no Instrument to deprive you of your Liberty; and I engage he himself shall offer to release your Father from any Obligation which may be prejudicial to your Repose. Double *Emilia*'s Fortune wou'd not make me amends for the loss of *Leonora*'s agreeable Conversation. *Flower* turning to *Bonneville* told him, that their present Subject, he saw, robb'd *Leonora* of her Gaiety, and desired he wou'd act vigorously for her Liberty, but mention no more a Confinement which the thoughts only of its being possible,

must necessarily be attended with Uneasiness. Not with the least, replied *Leonora*, I am of too indolent a Temper to torment myself with what may happen; and I never grieve at a Misfortune which I can't help. Want of Thought in me, has the effect of a laborious Study with others; and I fancy Philosophy and Indolence if not the same, are very near Relations. A Philosopher by strength of Reason makes himself easy in all Circumstances, and the Indolent Man does the same by not reflecting on what they are. I beg pardon, Sister, answer'd *Emilia*, if I don't assent to the Character you give yourself of indolent; and if I think there is a wide difference between want of Reflection, and Philosophy; the one makes us run into Misfortunes which we might avoid, the other teaches us to bear 'em with Resignation and Constancy, when all our Prudence cou'd not prevent their falling upon us. Besides, I can't allow that both Indolence and Philosophy have the same effect; that, by a kind of Insensibility and Self-love, may make us fancy it's in vain to struggle against the Stream, and so never make any Effort to extricate ourselves. This examines into the Source of our Misfortunes, never desponds, and after having tried all possible and honest Methods in vain, resigns to the Will of Providence, and is supported by the Pleasure the thoughts of a future Life, and the short duration of Misery in this administers. It Indolence, which is want of Thought, may bear the Epithet of a Happiness, how much ought we to envy Beasts, since it's certain this way, Heaven has been more indulgent to them than the most thoughtless of Mankind. At this

this Instant a Servant came in, to tell the young Ladies the Countess *Brillante* desired to know if her Visit wou'd not be troublesome; that she was at the great Gate in her Coach. *Emilia* went out to receive her, and *Leonora* told *Flower* the Lady you will see is an Author; *Bonneville* knows her; and the Town is so very fond of her Productions, that five Editions have already been printed of her Works, and they say the sixth is in the Press. Pray Madam, says *Flower* what do they treat of? They are Novels, answer'd *Leonora*. She has the Character of being a Mistress in the Art of painting Nature to the Life, and of moving the Passions. You may judge of her Writings by her Conversation: She talks as romantickly as she writes. By this time *Emilia* was return'd in Company with the Countess. She saluted *Leonora*, and addressing herself to *Bonneville*, told him she was glad to see him return'd; tho' she was ever satisfied that the good Genius of the *French* Nation wou'd be his constant Companion in all his Travels, screen him from Danger, and give him back to his longing Country. *Bonneville* made her a very low Bow; she did not permit him to answer; but turning to *Flower*, Sir, said she, had not this Lady informed me that you are *English*, that envied Complexion peculiar to your happy Isle, that just Proportion, Strength and Symmetry of your Limbs, and the manly Sweetness of your enchanting Air, wou'd have whisper'd the Secret of your Country to all the inquisitive Faculties of my Soul. Madam, said *Flower*, (endeavouring to imitate her Style) the dazzling Lustre of your amazing and Soul-ravishing Form, with the Syren Musick of your Eloquence,

quence, so intoxicate and perplex my aching Senses by the sudden, glorious, unexpected, surprising, and inexpressibly charming Torrent of insupportable Light, that I know not whether they are mortal or angelick Sounds which strike my lill'ning and devouring Ear.. Pardon me, oh ! pardon, lovely Charmer, my Confusion, and it I answer wildly, let the Knowledge of you own Power plead my Excuse. The Countess hearing him speak in this manner, ask'd him if he knew her either personally, or by Reputation ? Know you, Madam, says he, in a seeming Surprize, is there a Corner of the World where Wit and Eloquence, where Justness of Thought and Fertility of Invention are in the least Esteem, that is a Stranger to the Pen of the inimitable *Brillante* ! Oh Madam ! you are accountable to me for the many imaginary Woes you have made me feel on account of the unfortunate persecut'd *Brunella*, and ought to answer for the vainly repreſ'd Floods which distilling from the Fountains of my Eyes lamented the unhappy Fate of the unjustly suspected *Ardelia*. Have then, says the Countess the poor Productions of my uncultivated and barren Genius reach'd the darling Isle of the divine *Apollo*, and of the sacred Nine ? Can the judicious, the learned and penetrating English Nation allow my Works the merit of Inspection ? Madam, what a Question, replies *Bonneville*, what an injurious Question to your all-commanding Will do you make *Flower* ? Can you, whose Pen gives alternate Joy and Grief, alarms all the Faculties of the Soul ; doubt a favourable, nay a fond Reception with that judicious Nation ? It is from the elaborate Works

Works of the moving, the mellifluous Countets *Brillante*, that the English learn to form their Style, and at once to instruct and please the Reader: But no part so much moves their Wonder, as the Justness and Suavity of your Metaphors, and your choice of Epithets. Oh my *Emilia!* my *Leonora!* says the Countess, permit me once to conies the Woman, and indulge my Vanity; a silent oft Tumult seizes on my Soul, a rising Joy o'er spreads my Face, calls the enliven'd Blood to paint my Cheeks, and speak unutterable Satisfaction. To say I cou'd unmoved hear my Works meet with so just an Approbation, feel no Emotion; forbid my sparkling Eyes and glowing Cheeks, my fluttering Heart and dancing Pulse to speak the inward Raptures of my Mind, I shou'd deny my being mortal; and by a Vanity I wou'd hide, be guilty of that of pretending even to Divinity. No, I own, I confess, I write to please, and to instruct; and may be allowed to shew the Pleasure I taste in having attain'd the End I wish'd. Not the most passionate, amorous, tender, soft, fond, burning, raging, impatient Lover, who has worn out time itself, by his repeated Sighs, and longing Wishes to enjoy the Beauty who has posses'd, and rules with despotic Sway his captive Heart, can, from the yielding, melting, kind, indulgent, and complying Fair, know that insufferable Joy, extatick Pleasure, which I experience from what the lovely Stranger has informed me: Inexpressible Delight flows in upon my raptur'd Soul, shoots like Lightning in, and preys on every Part; spreads thro' the wond'rous Mazes of my Veins, and throws a Flood of Happiness o'er

o'er all my Faculties. But I must, oh lovely Stranger, beg for my own, for your Country's, for the general Good; that you will with that Sincerity which must be inseparable to your Solid Judgment, the Vivacity of your Wit, and the Soul-attracting Graces of your matchless Person, answer me a Question, I have a Fondness to propound: Madam, says *Flower*, you are not to question the Obedience of him who is a Slave to your Merit? Tell me then, said the Countess, do your learned Countrymen most approve my tragick or my comic Lucubrations? My reason is, I prefer the *English* Judgment, and I have near finish'd a Novel, which I look upon my Master-piece, and which with very little Alteration I can suit to the Taste of your Nation, and make it a Subject either for their Mirth or Tears. To answer, Madam, for *Flower*, replied *Bonneville*, they think you excel in the tragical way of writing; and can hardly, why do I say hardly, they cannot read your Works without Compassion. I have, said the Countess, part of what I design to give the Publick in my Coach. I'll wait on you in a Moment, I carry my Work about with me; for a happy Thought, an elegant Turn, a beautiful Metaphor, a pleasant Allegory, or a well-adapted Epithet, which presents itself to our Ideas, might otherwise be lost. My Coach is my Itinerant Study, and I have in the Seats, of which I trust the Keys to none, a little Library. If you will oblige me, let me go without Ceremony. Saying this, she flew out of the Room. No sooner was she gone, than *Flower* said to *Emilia* that he feared he shou'd suffer with her in the Opinion of his good Nature,

and

and that he repented he had given into, and sooth'd the Weakness of the poor distracted Lady ; that he had a Remorse for what he said, and-----And what ? says *Leonor*, let no scruples make you uneasy, for she has the Approbation of all *Paris* ; and a Bookseller who prints her Works has made his Fortune. None dare criticize or find fault with what she writes, without he has a mind to pass for a Man of no Taste. Why her Novels are the Standard by which Wit and Delicacy are examined, they are the Touchstones of Eloquence and Invention. It was not long e're the Countess return'd with Papers in her Hand, and addressing herself to *Flower*, she told him she shou'd count this as one of the most happy Days of her Life, if he wou'd have the Patience to hear and the Goodness to oblige her with his Animadversions on her Work. He made her a low Bow, and she perceiving he was about to answer her, imposed him Silence with a Sign of her Hand, and went on this manner : I read your Answer in the Modesty of your Looks ; but a Tongue which utters Eloquence like that you have already charmed my Ear with, must be informed by a Heart which flows with Knowledge. This Novel I intend to call *The Force of Love* ; or, *The Princess turn'd Skullion* : You see the Title is amphibious, and however I alter the Text, which I think to give a tragick turn to, may be allow'd to stand. It begins thus : • While *Hoponotobutus* sway'd the Imperial • Scepter of the wide extended and all-conquer- • ing *Persian* Monarchy, had filled the Impe- • rial Throne of his illustrious Ancestors, whose • unheard of Conquests had left him the glit- • tering

glittering Title of the *King of Kings*, the lovely *Astria*, charm'd by the Virtues of this mighty Monarch, made a second Visit to our sublunary Globe, and chose the shining Court of *Ispahim*, to join her Sisters, Truth and Innocence, who had there fix'd their Residence, and shew the Influence of their radiant Light. Love, the pure, the tender, the chaste, soft, indulging Deity, who by the Imposture Lust, Fiend sprung from the Stygian Lake, had long been driven from the corrupted Earth, now look'd auspicious on our planetary World from which by that raging Fury w^o had usurp'd his Name, and with despotic Rage tyrannized o'er the Hearts of poor th^tight-ed and deluded Mortals, he had been rigg'd to his native Heaven; Love, who is a sincere, just, kind, undefining, grateful, invited by the better Virtues, joined to bles^s and aborn the shining Court of the immortal Hero. What Pen! what Tongue! what Art! can speak the Glories of the Monarch's Palace? Here Gold lost its Power, and own'd the superior Force of an exalted Merit. Envy fled, and generous Emulation took her place. The Miser and-----Just at this part hearing Mr. *Centlits* coming down Stairs, she stopp'd short, hurry'd her Papers into her Pocket, and said, she knew age had spoiled the old Gentleman's Taste for every thing but his Devotions; and it mortified her to read her Productions before one who wou'd either hear 'em with Uneasiness, or without Emotion. The rest of the Company tacitly rejoiced at this Reprieve, and congratulated each other in the Language of their Eyes. The old Gentleman joined the Company

Company in a few Minutes after ; and the Sun beginning (in the Countess's Style) to hasten to the Embraces of his longing, lovely, wat'ry and impatient *Thetis*, to gather from her rosy, dewy, balmy Lips, ten Thousand raptural inexpressive Joys ; the never-failing Recompence which crowns his Toil, while with her borrow'd Light the chaste *Diana* fills her Silver Horns, and faintly, humbly imitates his Glory. I mean, in *English*, the Sun was going down, and obliged *Bonneville* to think of setting-forward on his Journey : Wherefore he and *Flower* took their leave of Monsieur *Centlits* and the Ladies, and about half a League from the House the two Friends parted with mutual Regret. *Bonneville* mounted his Horse, and *Flower* in the Marquis's Coach returned to his Seat. The good Marquis received him with all the Marks of a tender Friendship, and after a while ask'd him what he thought of the young Ladies ? *Flower* answer'd, that *Emilia*, except *Leonora* had no Equal ; and that only *Emilia*'s Beauty cou'd be a Match for *Leonora*'s. Truly, says the Marquis, I don't know which of the Sisters ought to be preferr'd to the other ; my Age wou'd make me decide in favour of *Emilia*, on account of her Sedateness ; and were I younger, I shou'd, charm'd with *Leonora*'s Wit and Vivacity, think her the most agreeable. *Flower*, who found his Heart more interested for *Emilia* than ever he had been for any other of her Sex, was very cautious of giving her any Advantage over her Sister, lest the quick-fighted Marquis shou'd suspect she had made some Impression on him : He therefore, to prevent his being guilty of an Error, turn'd the Discourse, by telling him

him the Countess *Brillante* visited the young Ladies while he was at Monsieur *Centlit's* House, and recounted part of their Conversation. I have read, says the Marquis, part of her Works, I freely own to you what I hah't the Courage to say publickly; I think 'em a Rhapsody of false Metaphors, and ill chosen Epithets. A figurative Discourse can keep no mean, and it speaks the Author either a judicious Man, or a pretending Scribler, who aims at Sublimity, and sinks into Bombast: But the Town applauds her, and if I have not complaisance enough to think as they do, I have the Prudence not to condemn their Approbation. The Ladies especially, are dazled with the glare of her pompous Style; and I have heard one in Raptures read the black Hand of Fate interpos'd, snatch'd away the glorious Prospect and offer'd nothing but a Wild of Woe. An Infinity of Contentment late smiling on her Countenance: Myriads of light'ning Glories darted from his Eyes. These Expressions, these glaring false Metaphors, charm and surprise, they run smoothly off the Tongue, and the Sound pleasing, prevents their being brought to an Examination. It's no wonder, says *Flower*, she is admired, for she must needs please a superficial Reader, consequently the greater part of Mankind must be her Admirers: For very few read with Judgment and for their Improvement, especially your Readers of Romances, Plays and Novels; they read for Amusement, and without Attention: With such, *Tinel* is preferable to pure Gold. And on cool Reflection, I am apt to think the Countess *Brillante* a Woman of Judgment, who condescends

scends to the reigning Taste, knows, and writes to the Weakness of the many. It's very possible that you make right Judgment of the Lady, replies the Marquis, for when she descends (as sometimes she does) from her towering Flights, and is obliging enough to be rational; you will find some of her Reflections very just. Set aside the turgid Style she has taken up since she is become an Author, which is troublesome, but no way hurtful to her Acquaintance, Envy itself can find no fault with her. She is friendly, good natur'd, and charitable. No body is more prudent in the management of her Affairs; her Husband left his Estate in debt, she has clear'd all she ow'd, tho' not obliged to it by the strict Rules of Law; and has notwithstanding, lived very handsomely. She has retrench'd the Count's Profusion, but keeps up his Hospitality. The Marquis grew insensibly fond of *Flower*, and was so much in love with his Company, that he past his usual Hour of going to his Rest, and they did not retire to their Chambers till it was late. *Flower* lay awake the better part of the Night, entertaining his Thoughts with the agreeable Idea of the lovely *Emilia*, began to envy his Friend's Happiness, and project Means of seeing her often, without giving Suspicion that the was the cause of the Visits he shou'd make her Father. While he was agreeably flattering himself with the Pleasure he shou'd taste in *Emilia* Company, a sudden Reflection on the danger of his proving it too great to be consistent with his Honour, was a sudden Damp to him; and he resolved now not only not to seek, but even

to avoid all Opportunities of seeing her. In a Moment after, he'd fall into such like Soliloquies: Is there then no such thing as Friendship between those of different Sex? May I not love *Emilia* as I do her designed Spouse, for her Virtue? Is then Desire inseparable to Esteem? And is a platonic Love impracticable? No, I may see, I may love and admire the beautiful *Emilia*, and yet not even in my Wishes do Injury to my Friend. Why then shou'd I deny myself a Satisfaction so innocent? My Friendship does not exact this Self-denial; and Reason, Justice, Honour, will be too strong to suffer the Value I have for this incomparable Maid to pass the Limits of a just Esteem. Why then shou'd I deprive myself of the Pleasure of an agreeable Conversation? What have I to apprehend? Surely *Bellefleur*, the Pains taken in thy Education was ill bestow'd, if thou hast not Strength to withstand a brutal Passion, that alone is denied thee; thou may'it enjoy the Beauties of her Mind, without infringing the Laws of Friendship; to fear a Wish beyond this, is to be conscious of a Weakness and Injustice not thy Enemies can tax thee with. But then again, said he, is it not vainly presuming on my own Strength, to tempt a Danger which I may, and Prudence counsels me to shun? Esteem is the Harbinger of Love; and perhaps while I vainly flatter myself that I can with the force of Reason, and the knowledge of my Duty, withstand his Power, I am preparing to receive his Chains. Distrust is a necessary Virtue in my present Circumstances; and common Sense tells me I ought not to attempt a Danger in which my future Peace, together with my good

Name, may suffer Shipwreck : especially when no Advantage accrues by the Hazard, but that of a present Satisfaction. In a word, *Bellefleur* pass'd the better part of the Night in these sort of Arguments ; he loved *Emilia*, but wou'd not own it, even to himself ; and whenever he examined his Heart, he wou'd blush, disavow the Weakness, and allow nothing more than Esteem. He was, however, more than ordinary thoughtful the next Day ; and the Marquis taking notice of it, he alledged a little Indisposition. This, and a desire of avoiding Company, grew every day more visible ; and the pleasure of seeing *Bonneville* return which was in few days, had effect on his Melancholy but for the Moment, which return'd with greater Violence, by the Reflection on his Rival's Happiness. He however resolv'd to conceal the true Cause of his Uneasiness, and to act up to his Profession of a Friend and a Man of Honour. He was too well convinced that it must be more than Esteem which cou'd make him look with an Eye of Envy on the Man he tenderly loved. *Bonneville* told the Marquis that his Father was laid up with the Gout, but that as he was on the mending Hand, he hoped to pay his Duty to him in a very short time. The Marquis acquainted his Grandson with *Flower's* Indisposition ; that he complained of a Heaviness at his Heart, had lost his Stomach, and wish'd he cou'd persuade him to have Advice, which he had endeavour'd to do to no purpose. *Bonneville* was sincerely concern'd for his Friend's Illness, and was so pressing with him, that *Flower* was constrained to yield to the tending for a Physician ; who prescribed him some cooling Powders,

ders ; apprehending a Fever ; and advised his taking the Air on Horseback in the cool of the Day. The Morning after *Bonneville's* return, he proposed to *Flower* the paying a Visit to Monsieur *Centlits* and the young Ladies ; but he excus'd himself on account of his Illness. *Bonneville*, in point of Civility, cou'd not avail this Visit, which however he made as short as possible ; for even a few hours Separation from his Friend was very sensible to him. *Flower's* Heart went with him ; and it was not without some Violence that he got the better of his Inclination, and stay'd behind. He withdrew to his Chamber, threw himself on his Bed, and began to reflect on the unfortunate Circumstance of his Birth, and the Misfortune of his hopeless Passion. I shan't follow here the Method of your Novelists, and acquaint you with a just Detail of his Reflections ; it's sufficient that they were such as made him think his Fate extremely hard. *Bonneville* found him buried in Thought at his Return : He told him Monsieur *Centlits* was very much afflicted at the News of his Disorder, wou'd the next day make him a Visit, together with the young Ladies, and bring with him the Chevalier *de Grandris*, in hopes to divert him ; he's a distant Relation of his, and is come to stay with him a Week or ten Days. I won't give you his Character, you'll find it more agreeable to read it in his Actions ; but I can't forbear relating you an Adventure which has happen'd to him, since he has been at his Cousin's, which is no more than three Days. *Leonora* was the unlucky Contriver of his Misfortune.

I don't

I don't know whether or not you took notice of the young Ladies Maids ; they each of 'em have one, whose only busines is to wait on them ; and they are really agreeable, modest young Girls, and Daughters of substantial Farmers, Tenants to Monsieur *Centlits*. The Chevalier, who is of an amorous Constitution, no sooner cast his Eyes on *Emilia's* Maid, whose Name is *Hariote*, but he became deeply in love, and on sight of *Maria, Leonora's* Servant, he was sensible of a most violent Passion for that lovely Person. The Chevalier who is an utter Enemy to Pain, and has an unfeign'd Tenderness for his own Person, watch'd all Opportunities to declare to each the Power they respecti ely had over him : But he was so unhappy as to have none offer'd him the first day of his Arrival. The next Morning Fortune seem'd to take upon her the Management of his Affairs, out of a particular regard to her Minion ; (for by the by, none has greater Pretence to her Ladyship's Favours) and so order'd it, that he met *Hariote* walking in the Grove without her Companion. He woud not lose so fair an Opportunity to inform her of the Violence of his Passion ; he told her that the Moment he saw her, he had put on her Chains ; that he loved her with a Tenderness not to be equalled ; and that if she had not compassion on his Sufferings, he was reslved to extinguish the raging Flame by throwing himself into the Canal ; but if so much Beauty had any Mixture of Pity, she shou'd find him not only the most passionate, but the most constant Lover : That it was a Shame to see a Person of her exalted Merit and resistless Charms, in a servile

servile Condition, when her Beauty might justly challenge the Adoration of the greatest Monarchs; that the thorough Sense he had of her Merit, open'd his Eyes to his good Fortune, in being Master of a plentiful Estate, which he valued no otherwise than as it had enabled him to lay at her Feet a Present which might make her absolute Mistress of her own Actions. The poor Girl was so surprized at this Address, that she knew not what Answer to make him. The Chevalier imagined that this was the Effect of a growing Passion which his Air, Eloquence and Person, had just given Birth to; and clasping her in his Arms, he, slight of Resistance kill'd her very heartily, and begg'd in a very moving Strain, that she wou'd give him Directions to her Chamber, and he wou'd that Night give her Demonstrations of his good Intentions, and the next Day carry her to his Seat, where she shou'd be absolute Mistress both of him and his Estate. The Girl told him she wonder'd he cou'd be so uncivil; that she never was so used in her Life before; and that if he did not let her go, she wou'd cry out and alarm the House. And added, I see the Gardener coming this way, for goodness sake let me begone, or you'll ruin my Reputation. The amorous Chevalier said he cou'd not part with her till she had informed him which Chamber was the Repository of so much Beauty. The frighten'd Girl said she had now no Opportunity for fear of being seen with him; but she wou'd tell him some time that Day. Upon this Promise he set her at Liberty, and did not a little applaud himself for the easy Conquest. *Clarisse* ran into the House, glad she had

had got rid of her troublesome Lover, resolved to inform her Lady of the Fright he had put her into as soon as she was stirring. The Chevalier came in soon after, and going to his Chamber, the happy Planet which presid'd at his Birth, threw *Maria* in his way, as he went thro' the Gallery; she made him a Courtesy, and wou'd have pass'd him, but the Chevalier taking her by the Hand, told her, he cou'd not let her pass till he had acquainted her with the Injury she had done him. *Maria* answer'd, that if she had done him any, it was unknowingly. No, my dear Child, says he, you can't but be sensible of the Power of those piercing Eyes; and you can't be ignorant that to see you and love you, are the Effects of the same Moment. What Torments have I suffer'd since yesterday, that I first fix'd my Sight on your incomparable Beauty! And what are still in store for the wretched *Grandris*, if you have not Compassion equal to your Charms! Tell me, lovely Creature, how shall I engage you to take Pity on my Sufferings? If a sincere, eternal Love, can claim any Merit, none can so justly boast it: And as a Proof of the Violence of my Passion, I here make you an Offer of all that Fortune has bless'd me with. Sir, said *Maria*, I am not allow'd to hear such Discourses from a Gentleman of your Quality. I know too well the distance our Births have set between us to aspire to the Title of your Wife; and my Education has too well instructed me in my Duty, to consent to any other Views you may have. I---- Heaven knows, interrupted *Grandris*, the Violence of my Passion is so great, and my Intentions so pure, that were it not for the delay must attend

attend the Ceremonies of the Church, I wou'd make no Hesitation in my Choice. But it's impossible, my dear, my charming *Maria*, that I can live twenty four Hours without you, since I find Life burthenome while you are absent but a Minute from my longing Sight. No, my Dear, (clasping her in his Arms, and kissing her Neck, for she too well defended her Lips) let me this Night swear upon this soft and snowy Bosom eternal Constancy. Tell me, lovely Charmer, Mistress of my Soul, tell me where I may this Night convince you that as no Beauty can equal yours, so no Passion is comparable to mine; and that the Sun does not see a more ardent and more constant Lover. Oh tell me that you pity me! that you will this Night reward the Tenderness of my Affection, or resolve, cruel, lovely Maid, to see the unhappy *Grandris*, by to morrow's Sun, lock'd in the icy Arms of Death. Well, Sir, said *Maria*, you seem so passionate a Lover, and are such a handsome proper Gentleman, 'twou'd be a thousand Pities to see you die. I'll give you an Answer before Night; I can't now; for I shou'd not be able to look you in the face all the Day after; and that wou'd be robbing me of a Pleasure I blash to own. *Grandris* was charm'd with this favourable Answer, took a Kiss, which she did not greatly endeavour to prevent, and let her go, making her repeat her Promise. The Chevalier, vain of his good Fortune, went in Raptures to his Chamber, to contemplate on his Happiness. *Maria*, as soon as looted from her vigorous Lover, flew to her Lady with the News of her Conquest, which she had no sooner related, than *Leonora*, impatient

impatient to divert her Sister with her Cousin's Amour, ran to her Room, taking *Maria* with her. She found *Emilia* in her Bed, laughing very heartily, and *Hariote* standing by her. Sister, says she, I am glad you are come to share my Mirth. The Chevalier *Grandris* is in Love with my Maid. Oh the Taylor! cries *Maria*; Oh the false Inconstant! Hey day, says *Emilia*, whence these Reproaches, *Maria*? Ah! Sister replies *Leonora*, she has but too just Grounds; for but this Minute he made solemn Protestations of an eternal and most violent Passion to poor *Maria*; and can you wonder at her Surprise to find him false; to find *Hariote* is her Rival? I am not her Rival, Madam, answer'd *Hariote*; and it is I that have reason to reproach his Inconstancy, since he made the first Declaration to me, before that *Maria* was out of her Chamber; it is she who has rival'd me. That's some Comfort, says *Maria*; for since I was the last to whom he own'd a Passion, I have reason to believe him sincere, and that what slight Impression your Beauty might have made, the superior Force of mine has effaced; he has sacrificed *Hariote* to me, and comes with an additional Merit. He only jested may be with you, answer'd *Hariote*, but he swore that if I did not pity him, he'd drown himself in the Canal. No, no, replies *Maria*, there was no jesting in the Matter, and he was so much in Love with me, that he wou'd marry me; only he was afraid the Violence of his Passion wou'd not let him live to expect the Ceremonies of the Church. Come, says *Emilia*, each of you give the History of your Amour, and my Sister and I will determine who has the most right to the Chevalier.

Hariote

Hariote began, and having ended her Account, *Maria* took care to be as particular in her Story and hoped the Court wou'd decide in her favour. Truly, says *Emilia*, this is a very puzzling Cause: *Leonora* was of Opinion that they shou'd both give him a Rendezvous, and she wou'd provide him a Mistress. You know, Sister, continued she, our Farmer sent us word that he had a Sow farrow'd fifteen Pigs, and desired we wou'd come and see 'em, as it was something uncommon to hear of such a Litter. I'll have this Sow and Pigs put into the inner Room at the end of the Gallery, and *Hariote* shall appoint that for the place of meeting. Let the Door be left open all Day, that he may see it's furnish'd, and in the Evening we'll take away the Bed, which is a Camp-bed, and easily removed, and all the Chairs, and prepare the place with clean Straw, for the Reception of the Lady and her fifteen Children. No doubt her's and the Chevalier's meeting will afford us some Diverſion; and we may place ourſelves conveniently to be Ear-witneſſes of their Entertainment. They all agreed to this Propoſal; but *Maria* ſaid, Madam, I fear the Lady may dirty the Chevalier's Linen; wherefore if you please to trust the Coachman and the Gardener in the Secret, I name theſe two because I am ſatisfied they can hold their Tongues, they, by the Contrivance I have in my Head, may hang a large Tub of Water ſo that not a Drop ſhall fall beſide the Chevalier. This too was agreed; and they made themſelves merry with the Thoughts of mortifying the poor Lover, whose Head ran on a quite diſſerent Entertainment. *Hariote* met him coming out of his Chamber, and

and he challeng'd her Promise. She made Signs to be hush, and beckon'd him to follow her. She went to the Chamber-Door, and told him she promised to shew him her Lodging, but she hoped he had more Discretion than to make an ill Use of her Condescension ; and that he wou'd not abuse the good Opinion she had of him. *Maria*, as it was agreed, soon follow'd *Hariote*, who seeing her, went away in a seeming Confusion. She took this Occasion to pretend Jealousy, reproach'd him with Inconstancy, and without giving him leave to make his defence, threaten'd not to speak to him again in two Days. The Chevalier was well enough pleas'd to have this Amour deferr'd, and flatter'd himself that this Jealousy proceeded from the Violence of her Passion. That Day afforded good Diversion to the young Ladies, who watch'd his every Look. When *Hariote* came into the Room, nothing cou'd seem more elate ; and at the sight of *Maria*, he wou'd feign a melancholy downcast Look, seem to plead with his Eyes, and to stifle Sighs which were ready to break his Breast. But when they were present at the same time, as his malicious Cousins had order'd their Comedy, it was the greatest Pleasure imaginable to see the Agitation he was in. Night came on, and every thing was order'd for his Entertainment. He knew every body was hush at eleven o'Clock, when he softly stole from his Chamber, which was not far from that of the Rendezvous ; and having well remarked it in the Day, went directly thither. He had before counted exactly the Number of Steps from the Door, which he had no sooner enter'd, and made four Paces from it,

but

but full of Impatience thinking to launch into the Arms of his charming *Hariste*, he threw himself at full length upon the Sow and her Litter: But, good Heavens! who can describe the Chevalier's Fright, the Sow's Resentment, and the Uproar among her Babies? The Chevalier thought the Devil had placed himself there in Ambuscade, to fly away with him for his Wickedness. What the Sow thought, I won't pretend to say; but her Actions testified her Displeasure; for to the Musick of her's and her Infant's Gruntlings, she and they danced the Hay over the poor Chevalier, who supposed no less than that the great Devil with a Regiment of Imps, were resolved to tread him to Mummy; he, however, was endeavouring to get up and grope his way out of that enchanted Room, when a Tub of Water was discharged by the slacking of a Rope, which fell directly, (being hung over it) upon the Spot where the Sow and Pigs had been placed. The Quantity which fell on his Head, together with the Surprise, was so great, that as soon as he cou'd recover Breath, he began to make as much Noise as the harmonious Family; which, with their Dam, made a horrid Outcry at this new Disturbance. He got up at length, but hardly had he made two Steps, when he tumb'led a second time over some of the Pigs; It's impossible to speak his Perplexity, who is naturally so timorous that the Story of a Spirit will make his Blood run cold. With much ado, he made shift to get out of the Room, but did not get rid of the Company, for the Pigs were dispersed all over the Galiery, and some of 'em sought shelter, in his Chamber; which not

without difficulty, he recover'd; and getting hastily into Bed, he threw himself upon something that in a manner filled the Bed, and was extremely hairy: He gave a horrid Shriek at this fresh Accident, and a Calf which the Gardner had convey'd into his Bed, beginning to low, he concluded that Hell was broke loose to torment him. He jump'd on the Floor, and for an additional Misfortune, as he endeavou'd to gain the Door, he got a terrible Fall, by stumbling over some of the Pigs. He recover'd again his Legs, and running down Stairs, threw open the Hall-door, made all possible Haste to the Stables, and calling to his own Servants, who lay over 'em, bid 'em strike a Light and come to his Assistance, for the House was fill'd with evil Spirits. He bawl'd a considerable time before they answer'd, and when they endeavour'd to obey his Orders, they found it impossible to open the Door, and no wonder for the Servants of the House had fasten'd it on the out-side. I forgot to tell you that *Emilia* fearing her Father shou'd be displeas'd at the Frolick, acquainted him with the Chevalier's double Amour, and their Design, to which the old Gentleman not only consented, but lent a helping Hand in the Execution, by engaging all his Servants. The Chevalier finding he cou'd have no Light by means of his Servants, resolv'd, let what wou'd be the Consequence, to knock up Monsieur *Centlits*, who he knew lay on the Ground Floor, and accordingly went back thro' the Hall to his Room; but how great was his Astonishment when he read in large and fiery Characters these Words upon his Chamber Door; *Repentance threads upon the Heels*

Hells of Sin; which Monsieur *Centlits* himself wrote with Phosphorus, hearing him tell his Servants that he intended to call him up. The Chevalier terrified to the last Degree with the strange and unexpected Adventures of the Night, thought it best to return to the Stables, and pass the rest of it in Discourse with his Servants. This gave the Family an Opportunity to drive together the Sow and Pigs, to convey them and the Calf by another Door to the Farmer's, and to dry up and furnish again the Room, which that they might do without Interruption from *Grandris*, they from time to time set fire to Trains of Gun-powder, which they laid on Boards upon the Windows looking towards the Stable, and kept such a horrid Din with the rattling of Chains, and the beating of Pans and Kettles, that not only the Chevalier, but even his Servants, were in a Panick Fear, and thought all the Furies had taken Possession of the House. Every thing being set in Order, Monsieur *Centlits* and his Family retired to their Beds; but *Grandris* expected the Morning under his Servant's Window, not daring to approach the House. The Coachman stole by him and disenchanted their Door, which at Break of Day they were surprized to find open without Difficulty. They waited on the Chevalier to his Bed, where they stay'd till it was late in the Morning, for he had taken so great a Fright, he durst not, even at broad Day, venture himself alone. No sooner was the Chevalier up and dress'd, but he went to the fatal Room, which finding in the same Order as in the foregoing Day he was struck dumb with Wonder. Monsieur *Centlits* met him in

the Hall when he came down Stairs, and ask'd him if he was ill, that he kept his Chamber so long? The Chevalier told him he had had a very restless Night; that he got up in the Night and was afraid he had disturb'd him. Monsieur *Centlits* assur'd him he had not. He then ask'd if he had not been surprized by an unusual Noise. Monsieur *Centlits* answer'd, that he never had a better Night; and desired to know why he made him these Questions? Because, says the Chevalier, I heard so great a Disturbance in the House, that I was obliged to go to the Stables to get a Light struck, and examine what occasion'd it; but my Servants cou'd not open the Door till it was Day; and I verily believe the Houle is haunted. Melancholy Blood causes uneasy Dreams, replies the old Gentleman; if you have such Whimsies in your Head, Phlebotomy may do you good, Cousin. I wou'd have you, answers the Chevalier, prescribe for my Servants too, for they had their Dreams as well as I, and dreamt as strongly of hearing a diabolical Serenade, and of seeing the House every now and then full of Flames. You are frighted, Cousin, and your Fear infected them, who may be half a sleep fancied they saw and heard what you persuaded 'em (your Imagination being hurt) was real. Well, replies the Chevalier, I won't dispute my being awake now, if all I saw heard and felt last-night, was the pure Effects of a Dream. The young Ladies sending a Servant to tell 'em they stay'd Breakfast, put an End to the Conversation. *Hariote* waited at her Lady's Chair, and affected a Wildness in her Locks, and a Distractedness in her Thoughts, which made her

her incapable of answering justly to any Question, or doing rightly what she was order'd. Her Mistress took notice of it, and chiding her, ask'd if she was in Love, or had lost her Senses? Perhaps, cries Monsieur *Centlits*, *Hariote* is one of the Family of the Dreamers. *Leoutra* desired her Father to explain. Why, says the old Gentleman, my Cousin here dreamt last Night of terrible Noises and Flames of Fire in the House; and, as Servants by a certain Sympathy had the very same Dream. I am sure, says *Hariote*, if it was a Dream, I had the same Sympathy with the Chevalier's Men; for I have been almost frighten'd out of my Wits: I wo'd not suffer such another Night for the univerſal World: But I can't be persuaded that what I saw, and the Disturbance I heard, was in my Dream; it makes my Flesh crawl on my Back only to think on't, so it does, and I'll never lie by myself again, if I was to get ten Thousand Worlds by it. Did I not gues right? answers the old Gentleman. Your Honour may laugh at it if you please, but I saw an Apparition of a great Sow, and the Lord knows how many Pigs, who flew away with me, Bed and all into an open Field. Pray, cries *Emilia*, how did you find your way back? I don't know, replies *Hariote*, but the Fright I believe threw me into a Swoon; for when I came to myself, this Morning, I found I was in my own Bed in my own Room; and that every thing was in the same order I had left it the Night befor. They pretended to be very merry at this Account of *Hariote's*; but the Chevalier look'd very grave, and twore *Moliere*, you are a Pack of inſolents; I myself fell into the Hands of those internal Swine

Swine. I hope, says *Leonora*, they did not transport you to the same place they carried *Hariote*. Well, answer'd *Grandris*, if they did not transport me, they made Sport with me; for having occasion to rise upon a certain Affair, which Decency don't allow me to tell you, they threw me down, and kneaded me with their horny Feet, like a Batch of Dough; and when I got clear and return'd to my Bed, I found a monstrous hairy Devil had taken Possession of it whose Saucer Eyes and horrid Bellowing wou'd have frightened any but the Chevalier *de Grandris*. And to tell you the Truth, tho' I am far from being timorous, I as little care to lie alone since last Night's Revels, as Mrs. *Hariote* does. I think then, cries *Leonora*, the best way is for you two Spiritmongers to make but one Bed. Hey Morbleu, Coulin, replies the Chevalier, with all my Heart. *Hariote* blush'd, and said she was provided of a Bedfellow in *Maria*.

I came in, continued *Bonneville*, at this Instant, and seeing 'em very merry, desired to know the Subject of their Mirth. Ah Sir, answer'd *Granaris*, it is your unfortunate humble Servant whose Sufferings make the Diversion of these Infidels. *Leonora* told me her Cousin had an Amour with a Succubus. No, no, Madam, replies he, a Succubus wou'd have an Amour with your Cousin; you and I will take a Walk when these incredulous Ladies retire to dress, and I'll tell you my Adventure; I know your Discretion, and dare trust you. I shall be glad, says Monsieur *Centlits*, to hear the whole. May be so, answers the Chevalier, but I am too well acquainted with your ribble Faculty, to satisfy your Curiosity. The ladies soon after

went

went to their Chambers, and the old Gentleman said he wou'd take a Walk to the Curate's, and bring him to Dinner, since his Cousin refused him the Satisfaction he desired. *Grandris* ask'd me to follow him into the Garden, and seating ourselves in an Arbour, he began to unbosom himself, and told me with what Success he had declared his Passion for the two Chambermaids ; but when he came to that part of the Story which enters upon his Misfortunes, he counted it with such a Face of Horror, that it was with the greatest Difficulty in the World that I refrain'd laughing. I endeavour'd to confirm him in his Opinion of the House being haunted, having myself heard something of that nature whisper'd ; tho' I was satisfied this was some Trick of *Leonora's* Contrivance. I don't value, continued the Chevalier, what I suffer'd, but I apprehend the poor Girl's Fright, which is still to be read in her Countenance, may make her change the Sentiments she had in my favour. Well, let 'em say what they please of the Devil, I stand to it he's none of the wlest, in acting thus against his own Interest. What a delicious Amour has he spoiled by frightening a Girl into Chastity, who was willing to become his Votary ! 'I was foolishly done for one of his Age and Experience. His Business was to lull her with Ideas of raptural Pleasures, give her some Taste in her Dreams of what she might expect in the tender Conflict ; possess her with warm Desires, and make her sigh and grow impatient for the untasted Bliss ; which he ought to heighten by Imagination, strong enough to make her Cheeks glow, her Eyes swim, her Breath grow short, tremble in every

every Vein, and curse the lazy Minutes which interposed between her and the expected Happiness. This, *Bonneville*, had been acting like a Devil of Prudence ; but to think that he cou'd find his Account in frightening the longing Maid, with the yelling of Devils, and Flames of Fire, is, between Friends, a damn'd foolish way of proceeding, without he has farther Views, which I can't penetrate. I agreed to all the Chevalier said, and ask'd him if he had that Day spoke to *Hariote*? he answer'd he had no Opportunity ; beside, till she was a little recover'd of her Fright, he did not think it proper ; and therefore wou'd wait a Day or two with Patience. Monsieur *Centlits*'s Servants, when they cou'd not persuade the Chevalier's that they only fancied what they reported, gave into it, that one Wing of the House had been troubled ; but advised 'em to keep the Secret, for their Master might punish their giving such a Character of his House, tho' he took no Notice of what his Cousin might say. So that when the Chevalier called 'em for Vouchers neither of 'em durst be positive, which procured 'em a Drubbing from their angry Master. The young Ladies came to us in the Garden, and as they were at the end of the Alley, I begg'd *Grandis* to give me an Opportunity of entertaining *Emilia*, which he did by taking *Leonora* into another Walk. I ask'd her if she had any Hand in the Plot against the Chevalier, and she gave me the Particulars of the whole, just as I have now recounted 'em. *Bellefleur* imil'd at the Adventure, and his hopes of seeing *Emilia* next Day, made him more cheerful than he had been for several palt. The Marquis

quis, to whom his Grandson had given a detail of *Grandris's* Misfortune, was heartily diverted with the Story. In the Evening, one of the Chevalier's Men brought *Bonneville* a Letter, which he said required an Answer; he ask'd leave to open it, and read as follows.

Dear Bonneville,

“ You know we all design to wait on the Marquis to morrow, and to take part of your Soup. The young Ladies were saying to Day at Dinner, that they had had no Heath-powts this year. I know of some Broods on the adjoining Moors, which are Round-tails; and if you'll meet me at six o'Clock to morrow Morning, and bring the *English* Gentleman with you, you'll find me at the little Guzzling Shop under the Hill, which is half way between us, and near our Game: I'll bring with me my Stop-dogs; don't fail, and we shall have a double Satisfaction, that of the Diversion, and that of obliging the Ladies. Adieu.

“ Your hearty Friend,

The Chevalier *De Grandris*.

Flower consenting to accompany him, *Bonneville* bid the Servant tell his Master they woud be sure to meet him as he desired. The next Morning they found *Grandris* at the little Tavern; the Countryman who kept it was call'd *Chordon*, and his Daughter was one of the handsomest Girls of the Neighbourhoōd. Never Heart was so susceptible of a tender Passion as was

was that of the Chevalier ; and he no sooner set Eyes on the pretty *Caton*, but he gave up his Liberty to the Charms of this Country *Venus* ; tho' her Beauty deserved that Name, yet her Modesty might give her that of a *Diana*. *Grandris*, before the Arrival of *Bonneville* and *Flower*, while her Father was shewing his Servants the Stable, and cutting Hay from the Stack for his Horses, had already said a Number of soft things to the amiable *Caton*, and by the offer of a Purse of Gold, had made an Attempt upon her Virtue. The Girl thank'd him for his Love, but durst not be guilty of so great a Sin, if he wou'd give her all he had. *Grandris*, was proving that she lay under a great Mistake, to fancy that following the Dictates of Nature cou'd be criminal ; when his Friend and Companion interrupted him. They went together upon the Moors and no sooner had they left the House, but the Girl told her Father that *Grandris* had offer'd her a large Purse of Gold. *Chardon*, who is poor, and loves Money, told her she was a Fcol for refusing it ; and that if he shou'd make her the Offer again, to take it, and promise him a meeting when it was dark. What, cries the Girl, wou'd you make a Whore of me for Money ? No, says the Father, I don't intend that, let me alone to manage-----I only intend to get the Purse. The Girl was too easily induced to follow her Father's Directions, to the Chevalier's great Misfortune, tho' *Chardon* got nothing by his plotting. The Gentlemen return'd from the Moors before eleven. *Caton* smiled on the Chevalier, and made some Pretence to go out. *Grandris*, who is so complaisant to himself as to interpret every thing in

in the most favourable Sense to his Affairs, imagined that the Girl had been convinced by what he had said of her Error, in believing it a Sin to extend her Charity to the Relief of a dying Lover: Full of this Thought, he follow'd her out, and in the Barn attack'd her so vigorously, that tho' she durst not venture to give him the present Satisfaction he desired, yet if he wou'd meet her when it was dark, she promised to crown his Wishes: Not, says she, that I wou'd have you think I do it on account of your Gold; tho' I won't refuse your Generosity, because I shall by this means have it in my power to leave my Father, if ever he by Misfortune comes to the Knowledge of our Commerce. *Grandris* was ravish'd with this Condescension of the Girl's, and told her he wou'd not fail meeting her, and bringing the Purse with him as soon as it was dark. They went to the Marquis's House, where Monsieur *Centlits* and the Ladies were arrived the Minute before 'em. *Grandris*, whose Head was employ'd on Ways and Means to get rid of his Company and Servants, appeared very thoughtful all Day, which was attributed to the Misfortunes of the Night past. On the other Hand, *Flower*, by *Emilia*'s Presence, seem'd to have acquir'd new Life, and have shaken off his Melancholy; which *Bonneville* taking notice of, guss'd at the Cause of his Illness. The Company stay'd till it was dusk of the Evening, and when they were just going, the Chevalier call'd for another Bottle, order'd his Servants to go with the Coach, and told Monsieur *Centlits* he wou'd soon overtake 'em: As he lov'd his bottle this was nothing new to his Cousins, who desired him however to

to retain one of his Servants; but he told 'em it was not necessary; that he wou'd stay no longer than the drinking that one Flask, and wou'd be with 'em before they got half a league from the House. On this Promise, Monsieur *Centlits* and his Daughters set forward, and in half an Hour after *Grandris* took leave of his Company, to rifle the Charms of his adorable *Caton*. He made no great Haste, fearing he might be descry'd; and when it was dark, tying his Horse to a Hedge, a couple of Fields distant from the House, he went to the appointed Barn: At the Door he met the punctual *Caton*, and going to embrace her with the Ardent of a passionate Lover, found the Nymph extremely cold. He is quick of Apprehension, and recollect'd that the impatience of his Love had made him forget his Offering; he therefore clapping the Purse into her Hand, clasp'd her round the Wast, and told his Charmer, that Delays might prove dangerous, and that he fear'd nothing more than the Disappointment of a Discovery. She answer'd, that she had provided against it; that it was impossible to gratify him in that Place, because her Father wou'd immediately come out to lock the Barn and Stables, after which he secured the House and went to Bed; that at the Corner of the Stable next the Horse-pond, he wou'd find a Ladder, by which, when all was hush'd, he might get into her Chamber; and that she wou'd let him know when the House was quiet, by setting a Candle at her Window, which was at the gable End. She had hardly made an End of speaking, when the Father appear'd, and the Chevalier hid himself. He had not concealed

concealed himself long, before he heard the Doors lock'd, and then venturing out into the Yard, he waited the Signal, which was soon after given. He found and reared the Ladder, but when he had mounted to almost the top-most Round that, he stood on, with the other which he held by, gave way together, and the poor Chevalier came Neck and Shoulders into a Parcel of Briars, which the malicious *Chardon*, who had cut these Rounds half through to disgrace the unfortunate Chevalier had placed to receive him in his Fall. *Caton*, who was upon the Watch at the Window, the Moment he heard the Rounds crack, threw the Ladder after the Chevalier, which fell against a Wall rais'd with loose Stones, almost at the same Instant the unhappy Lover found the Ground, and beating it down, frighten'd him so much, that he verily thought the Fall of the Houie had occasion'd his Misfortune. The Father of *Caton* pretended to be alarm'd at this Noise, and running out in his Shirt, with a Lanthorn in one Hand, and a Cutlass in t'other, came to the place where *Grandis* lay, who coiled himself up in as little Compacts as possible; and tho' the Briars scratch'd him intolerably, he thought himself happy they were there to shelter him. *Chardon* got a top of the Chevalier, and called out to the Hostler, crying I'chieves, every now and then stamping on the Chevalier's Shoulders, through Impatience, at his Servant's staying so long. He at length came, and they went together to visit the Yard and Outhouses, swearing to give no Quarter to the Rogues, cou'd he light on 'em. The poor Lover durst hardly breathe, during the time of ther Search, but

hearing *Chardon* say, Let's go in, we'll sit up all Night for fear of another Attempt, and perceiving the Door was shut, he got up with all imaginable Precaution, and under a terrible Apprehension to be mistaken for a Thief, stole away to his Horse, cursing his ill Fortune, which had rabb'd him of so favourable an Opportunity, and which he was satisfied was irretrievably lost, by the Trick he had p'ay'd *Laton* as little suspecting foul Play as did the Chevalier, who imputed all his Misfortune to his ill Fate. You must know, none was ever more liberal of his Promises, or more saving of his Money, than *Grandris*, for which Reason, knowing his own amorous Constitution, out of a Principle of Economy, he always carried a Purse of gilt Counters to pay his mercenary Beautys; and tho' he shew'd 'em real Gold, he took care to put the change upon 'em; and in case they refused him future Favours, or mentioned the Deceit, he wou'd threaten to expose 'em, and publish what had pass'd. But this Night Fortune seeni'd resolv'd to take Revenge on him for all his Treacheries; a Couple of Foot-pads seeing his Horse, which had very rich Furniture, concluded the Owner might prove a good Booty, and that he cou'd not be far off; wherefore they hid themselves at a little Distance from the Hedge, expecting his Arrival. *Grandris* had untied the Bridle, and was going to mount, when one of the Rogues demanded his Purse, holding one of his own Pistols to his Breast. No sooner had the first made his reasonable Demand, but the other modestly desired he wou'd uncease. The poor Chevalier was in the utmost Confusion at this unexpected Adventure, and answer'd

answer'd by his Obedience only. He deliver'd his Purse, pull'd off his Coat and Waistcoat, and begg'd they wou'd not attempt his life, for he was the best natur'd and most inoffensive ~~Minister, especially to the Queen, you~~ are the fitter for another World; dead Men tell no Tales. That's true, adds the other, save a Thief from the Gallows and he'll cut your Throat; the Proverb changed is as true; Spare the Throat of an honest Man, and he'll bring you to the Gallows. Gentlemen, says *Grandris*, I beg you will take what I have, and let the Consideration of my being incapable to pursue you, if you won't trust my Honour, save my Life: It is now both late and dark; I am a Stranger to the Country, my Horte, which I offer you with all my Soul, is strong enough to carry you both out of the Apprehension of a Pursuit before Morning; and you may bind me here till then. My Death can do no more than secure you from being pursued; and it's possible it may have a contrary Effect, and make the Enquiry after you much more severe, when the Chevalier *de Grandris* is found murder'd. Are you, says one of them, the Chevalier *de Grandris*? Indeed, Gentlemen, I am, replied the agonizing Knight. I have some Obligation to your Family, answer'd he, who made the Question, and for that reason will save your Life; but you must strip with all possible Expedition. The Chevalier made all imaginable Haste to undress, fearing the charitable Thief might change his Mind. Finding him in his Buff, for they had the Conscience to take even his Shirt, they bound him,

led him somewhat farther from the Road, and tying his Legs, laid him in a dry Ditch; then mounting his Horse, (which some Days after was found in a Wood eight Leagues from the best of their way. The Chevalier not coming home that Night, alarm'd Monsieur Centlits's Family, and his own Servants, one of which by break of Day came to enquire after him at the Marquis's. Bonneville, inform'd of his being miss'd, got up and sent Servants several ways, but cou'd hear no Tidings, till by good Luck one of the Marquis's Men, having a Setter with him, as he cross'd, the Dog beat over the Field where the unfortunate amorous Adventurer was bound and gagg'd, stopp'd, and bay'd at the Ditch-side. The Servant seeing the Dog wou'd not come off with whistling, went up to see what it was he bark'd at, and thus about nine, the Morning after his Intrigue had led him into the Danger of having his Neck broke, and his Throat cut to his great Joy, the Chevalier was discovered. He was carried into Chardon's House, and while a Servant went to Monsieur Centlits's for Cloaths, another to acquaint Bonneville of his being found; a third stay'd, rubb'd with Brandy, and put him to Bed, where he slept very heartily till three o' Clock. Chardon fearing this Robbery might by means of the Purse, with which he endeavour'd to betray his Daughter, be laid at his Door, took it, with the Counters, and went directly to Monsieur Centlits's, and before his Daughters, recounted every Particular of the Chevalier's Adventure, to his slinking out of his Yard; and then shewing the Purse, he added,

added, Look ye, Sir, your Cousin not only design'd to debauch my Girl, but also to cheat her out of the Price of her Ruin. These Counters he pass'd upon her for so many Louis. I thought it proper to give you this Account, and to bring you the Purse, lest it being found in my Possession, and known for his, I might hereafter be question'd for a Robbery, of which I am altogether innocent. The Chevalier sending his Servants with the Coach, and his Stay, were now no Mystery; and the Countryman's Account afforded no small Diversion to Monsieur *Centlits* and the young Ladies. *Emilia* took a Couple of Louis out of her Purse, and bid *Chardon* tell his Daughter she sent her good Coin in Reward for her Virtue; and that she ought to look upon the Chevalier's Counters she took for Gold, as an Emblem of the Falshood of guilty Pleasures, which constantly deceived those who pursued 'em by mistaking their true Interest. Monsieur *Centlits* applauded his Daughter's Generosity, and made the Sum five Louis. *Lenora* gave a Louis, but charged the Countryman to keep this Adventure a Secret, for a Reason she had. *Chardon* went away extremely satisfied, and promis'd to say nothing, and to oblige his Daughter to Silence. *Lenora* immediately wrote the whole Story to the Countess *Brillante*, begg'd she wou'd give it the Dies of a Novel, use fictitious Names, do her the Honour of dining with her the next Day, and hoped the Marquis, *Bonneville*, and the English Gentleman, of whom she intended to beg the same Honour, wou'd not refuse her; that they might divert themselves by the Assistance of her inimitable Pen, at the Chevalier's Con-

Bonneville

Bonneville and *Flower* hearing *Grandris's* Mis-
fortune, went to *Chardon's* to condole with him ;
but finding he slept, and unwilling to wake
him, left their Compliments, and return'd home.
They had not been long there, before a pressing
Letter came from Monsieur *Centlits* to the Mar-
quis, to invite him to Dinner the next Day,
with the two Gentlemen. *Leonora* having
shew'd her Father the Contents of that she
wrote to the Countess, made him very instant
with the Marquis, not to refuse him the Ho-
nour. The Marquis answer'd his Letter very
civilly, and promised to wait on him. The
Countess over-joy'd at the Knowledge of the
Chevalier's unfortunate Amour, set about the
execution of what her Friend had desired ; and
was resolv'd to make it the Subject of the Play
she designed to write at more Leisure. *Grandris*
went home to his Cousin's, but his Face was
so miserably scratch'd with the Briars, that he
was oblig'd to appear next Day with a great
many Patches. The Countess, the Marquis,
Bonneville, and *Flower*, were all arrived before
Grandris left his Chamber, and they severally
made him their Compliments of Condolance.
He return'd 'em with a great deal of seeming
good Humour ; tho' he was heartily vex'd both
at his Disappointment and Loss. At Dinner,
one of the Company desir'd to know the Par-
ticulars of his Misfortune : He told 'em that his
Horse's Reins were unexpectedly seiz'd by a
Fellow, and himself knock'd off his Back, be-
fore he had time to lay hand to his Pistols ; that
being runn'd with the Blow, he had no Op-
portunity of making the least Resistance, and
went on very punctually with the Particulars,
and

and the reason one of the Rogues gave for not cutting his Throat. He had before told these to the Servant who came for his Cloaths ; so that the Countess was already acquainted with 'em ; but not believing he was attack'd in the Manner he said, and thinking the real Manner of his being set on, was most probable, by good Fortune guess'd the Truth. When *Grandris* had made an end ; it's very odd, said she, that this Adventure of the Chevalier's should in several Circumstances agree with a Novel I have just finish'd ; and that Fiction shou'd have so great Resemblance to matter of Fact. What wou'd I give, cries *Leonora*, for the Pleasure of seeing that Novel ! I have it in my Pocket, replied the Countess, and as I am of Opinion, if I may lay it without Vanity, it may divert the Company, honour me with your Attention ; I will read it, when we are in the Drawing-Room. This occasion'd some Compliments and Demonstrations of a great Desire to hear it. Dinner being over, and the Company withdrawn to the inner Room, Monsieur *Centlits* presl'd the Countess to the Performance of her Promise. I am ready, answer'd she, to obey you, but you must excuse the Roughness of my Style ; it is but an unpolish'd Piece, which requires a great many Corrections. I have laid the Scene of Action in *England*, and have therefore been oblig'd to make use of *English* Names and Characters. Perceiving every body silent, she began thus :

‘ Scarce ha: *Aurora* spread her golden Tresses
 ‘ o'er the ruddy East, and usher'd in the Rosy
 ‘ Morn ; scarce had the little Choristers of the
 ‘ Woods paid their mellifluous Adoration to
 ‘ the

' the coming Day, and fill'd the Groves with
 ' the harmonious Warblings of their swelling
 ' Threats; when Sir *Thomas Courtall*, quitting
 ' the lazy Down, flew from elevating Ease,
 ' took his Gun, mounted his stately Courser,
 ' and sought the Diversions which the heathy
 ' and expanded Moors yield to the unwearied
 ' and Death-giving Sportman.' In this Strain
 she went thro' the Chevalier's whole Adven-
 ture; only having an Inclination to Tragedy,
 she augmented the Number of Robbers, and in-
 troduced two Gentlemen, who passing by the
 Chevalier soon after the Robbery, found him
 in the Ditch, took him up, and mounting him
 on one of their Servant's Horses, pursued after
 and over-took the Rogues; a fierce and obsti-
 nate Battle ensued, in which the Gentlemen
 got the better; the one of them was kill'd on
 the Spot; and Sir *Thomas Courtall* died of his
 Wounds before he cou'd reach his House. The
 Chevalier, who found his Amour with *Caton*
 was not likely to be a Secret, since the Countess
 knew it, cri'd out, Madam, Madam, don't pre-
 tend this is your Invention; I know that Sir
Thomas Courtall intimately well; and tho' your
 Information has been very particilar, yet you
 are quite out in the Cloie of your Story; for
 thank God, Sir *Thomas* is not only alive, but as
 well as ever I was in Life. Pray, Monsieur
Grandris, says the Marquis, where did you make
 Acquaintance with that *English* Gentleman;
 for I believe you never was out of *France*?
 Monsieur *le Marquis*, replied the Chevalier, I
 know him from his Childhood; and that none
 can tax him with other Faults than that of
 being too susceptible of tendernets for the Fair
 Sex.

Sex. We have all cur Foibles, Sir, but I believe none are so severely punish'd as those of this poor Gentleman; and yet methinks his *Planct*; for I don't know that ever I ~~attempted~~ ^{of his} any above the Degree of a Chamber-maid, and yet, as if the Devil was resolved to make a Saint of me in spight of my Teeth, he's ever at Hand to over-set Laddeis, or play me some damn'd ill-natur'd Trick or other. The whole Company burst into a Fit of Laughter, at the Chevalier's Reply; at which he was a little dash'd. I find then, says the Marquis, you and Sir *Thomas Courtall* are one and the same Gentleman. Well, well, cries the Chevalier, you may laugh on, all of you; I may as well publish my Weakness as not, for since the Countess *Brillante* is so well inform'd of what has happen'd; I am satisfied all *Paris* will ring on't by the time the *Poit* gets thither; and it's well if she don't send an Express on purpose. Hark ye, *Grandris*, answer'd the Countess, somewhat nettled, your Adventure ought to be publish'd for the common Good, as a Warning to all young Men to avoid such vicious Courses. I fancy it wou'd make an excellent Ballad, under the Title of

The Disappointed Lover; or The Unfortunate Chevalier: and sung to the moving Air of The Children in the Wood.

*Attend, ye Youngsters, and give ear,
Who follow lewd Desires,
A doleful Story you shall hear,
Of Grandris in the Briars.*

The

The Chevalier redd'n'd with Anger, and his Complaisance had much ado to get the better of his Resentment; and seeing his two Cousins whisper ^{laugh} the Countess, and all three begin a ^{laugh} Mask to their Envy; and that had e're a one of the three been in *Caton's* Place, he had not may be, run the Risque of his Neck, and might have avoided falling into the Hands of Robbers. Morbleu, continued he, I believe you Ladies have a greater Aversion to the handsome *Caton*, than to the unfortunate Chevalier. Why truly Cousin, replies *Leonora*, it is somewhat shocking to see a handsome Gentleman neglect us for a plain Country Girl; and not a little mortifying to have a Man of Quality become the Jest of Clowns by his ill Judgment. Hey, says the Chevalier, I see, and will correct my Error; I am convinced my Modesty and Misfortunes proceed from what you say is an ill Judgment. I am of Opinion, the Name of Virtue only is known at Court, while the Practice is left to the Country; and the Lady is by her Condescension obliged to make up for what she wants of her Maid's Beauty. Hold, hold, says the Marquis, I find War's going to be declared, for I see the Countess prepares for the Battle. I beg I may obtain a Cessation of Repartee, and that Peace may ensue. Ah, my dear Marquis cries the Chevalier, I thank you with all my Soul; for a poor Man had better fall into a Nest of Hornets, than give these Giglers an Opportunity to laugh at him. I make an humble Confession of my Folly, and promise to make a more judicious Choice for the future: What can a Man say more? You see, said the Countess,

tess, while you, Sir, endeavour to make Peace, the Chevalier sounds a Charge. I doubt there was some Amour in the Bottom, which occasion'd his Night-ramble not long since, when Lucifer sent a Serenade to divert him. I doubt, answer the Chevalier, that you have Correspondence with that Prince, you have so good Intelligence. Imagine all you please, my Innocency is above your Calumny; your whole Sex is made up of Invective and Deceit; and O my Conscience! had I an Intrigue with an Empress, who ought to stand upon her Honour, I shou'd expect fine Treachery. Saying this, he left the Room, and told the Gentlemen they might find him in the Arbour at the End of the Canal, where he wou'd order the Butler to bring a Flask of Burgundy, and wou'd drown the Remembrance that he was even born of a Woman. The whole Company, after some little time, join'd the Chevalier in the Garden; who seeing them come towards him, cried out, Woman, thou Bottom and irreconcilable Enemy to the Repose of unhappy Man, I defy thee and all thy Works; and from this time forward renounce all Commerce with the deluding Daughters of the inciting Eve. Ay aunt, approach me not, continual cause of all our Woes, who like the Devil, the Gallant of your first Mother, draws us into, and then punishes our Sin. Source of Plagues, Instrument of Torments, whose mischievous Eyes cut out Work for your pernicious Wit, and find Employment for your restless Tongues, leave me to your conquering Rival, the sparkling Glass; sole Antidote against your insinuating Poison: You shall no more ensnare the happy *Grandris*, who with

with these Arms bids Defiance to your Power, then (shewing a Bottle, and cutting a Caper) he went on, I'm free as Air, have now thrown off the galling Shackles of your treacherous Beauty, and know how dangerous it is to listen to your *Syren's Voice*. *Bacchus* possess my Head, and *Venus* fly my Heart; if before the joily God I chance to fall, it's only to adore his Bounty! I am not lured to climb the Ladder's steep Ascent and headlong whirl'd to find a thorny Bed. Since we perceive, said the Countess, that we have to do with an Enemy of your Resolution, we are willing to come to an Accommodation. I don't care, answer'd *Granaris*, to have any thing at all to say to you; for I am taught by Experience, that Mischief treads upon the Heels of Woman; and who converses with one, is sure to be pursued by the Other. Don't come to disturb my Quiet; go to your Tea-table, burst with Envy at some Lady's Equipage, and see if you can't find a Flaw in her Carriage, to ruin her Reputation, who makes a greater Figure than you do: Go rail at one another, expose your Wiles, and may your Revenge and Envy teach Mankind to know and avoid you; and may the Consequence of this, be the breaking your Hearts, and the restoring generous Man to the Freedom he enjoyed before the Rib from his Side was changed to a fretting Thorn in it. To shew you, replies *Leonora*, that we come with a true Desire of Peace, we won't retort the Injuries you load us with: Not but we cou'd prove it's you deserve the Epithets you give our Sex of false and deluding. I cou'd tell a Story wou'd humble this Pride, and stripp'd of your *Va-*

nity, shew you to your self, whose only study is to betray poor, fond, believing Woman. *Ilarie's* Fright, and *Maria's* Jealousy, have open'd such a Scene of ----- Nay, hold Cousin, said *Grandris*, if, as you say, you have a Mind to put an End to this War, I'm willing to retract part of what I said, and from your last Words a knowledge Woman is a very silly Creature, since she can't keep her own Secrets; and I was mistaken in the Character of Wiley. Tho' all the Company knew the Story, yet they pretending Ignorance, press'd *Lesnora* to tell it 'em: But she answer'd, her Cousin was too dangerous an Enemy to provoke; and since he agreed to a Reconciliation, she wou'd bury the Secret in her Breast. They pass'd the rest of the Day in the Garden, in an entertaining Conversation; and in the cool of the Even, the Marquis, with his Grandson and *Flower*, return'd home, as did the Countess *Brillante*. The Marquis found a Servant of his Daughter's, who brought him Advice that she hoped in a Couple of Days to pay her Duty to him. When *Flower* retir'd to his Chamber, *Bonneville* follow'd him, and seating himself near his Bed, on which he was stretch'd, Pardon me, dear *Bellefleur*, said he, if I break in upon your Thoughts, and attribute it to my Friendship, if you think me too curious in what concerns you. My Affection for you is too great not to be sensibly afflicted at seeing you thus given up to Melancholy, and not endeavour to procure a Remedy. But alas! that Physician can hope for small Credit, who undertakes a Distemper, being ignorant of the true Cause; Chance may relieve, but only Judgment can

eradicate the Ill. I have therefore endeavoured to discover the Source of your Melancholy ; and I flatter myself I have not only succeeded in my Endeavours, but may also find the Means to restore you to your former Tranquillity and agreeable Temper. Ah ! *Bonneville*, replied the melancholy *Bellefœur*, I can make no doubt of the Sincerity of your Friendship, but Time only can remedy my Mistortune : Tho' I am far from envying your Happiness, yet you can't but think while I see you in the Arms of a tender Parent, the Reflection on my own unhappy Condition must be vastly mortifying. You now know the Cause of that Melancholy, which I gladly wou'd, and endeavour to overcome, that I may not be troublesome, where I have so many Obligations : But how does this Knowledge affect the Cure ? *Bellefœur*, replies his Friend, does not think me fit to be trusted with his Secret ; and has not that Opinion of me my Friendship pretends to merit. Your Tongue conceals the real Cause, or more justly speaking, you think your Honour engaged not to reveal what Spight of your Endeavours your Eyes betray. You love *Emilia*, *Bellefœur*.----How, interrupted he, can you think me guilty of--- I think you guilty of, interrupted *Bonneville*, a Breach of Friendship, in taking a Course by your Silence to rob me of yourself. I own I think *Emilia* merits every thing ; nay, she merits *Bellefœur* ; and I shou'd not have that Esteem for her if profess, and my Affection to you wou'd want much of what it is, did I not use my utmost Endeavours to make her happy in the best of Men, and give you the Possession of one of most valuable of her Sex. I can live without *Emilia*,

Emilia, but I own I cannot survive the Loss of *Bellefleur*. I'll have no Reply; your Honour and Friendship will only contest my Happiness, which depends entire on yours. Let us only consider on the Means to engage the Consent of Monsieur *Centlitz*, and of the Marquis. At these Words he rose hastily from his Chair, and leaving the Room, added no more than to morrow we'll consult. *Bellefleur* received an inexpressible Satisfaction in this uncommon Proof of *Bonneville's* Friendship, and was resolved, th' it cost him his Life, not to be behind-hand with him in point of Generosity. He hoped this Action of his Friend's wou'd be an Auxiliary to his Reason, and enable him to get the Mastery of his Passion. The next Morning *Bonneville* w^s with him before he was up, and ask'd him if he had thought on any Expedient to gain the old Gentleman's Consent. Such a Thought, replies he, never came into my Head; for beside that I don't care to perplex myself with Impossibilities, I am not capable of even wishing my own Happiness at my Friend's Expence. I own to you, that you have discover'd my Weakness, in yielding to a Passion which Reason, Honour and Gratitude condemn; but alas! they are all too weak to resist the Charms of the adorable *Emilia*: I saw and loved, but what cou'd not guard my Heart from the Power of her Eyes, shut out all Avenues to Hope; and had you not made the Discovery, the Secret shou'd have been bury'd with me. I thought this Passion the most unhappy Accident of my Life; and I am satisfied I need not use Arguments to persuade you that I employ'd the strongest against it: But I view it in another

Light, since by your generous Offer it has shew'd me the inestimable Value of the Man I love. Your Example, my dear Friend, has taught me to overcome my Passions; and tho' I may find a greater Struggle, yet shall my Resolves be as fixt. *Bonneville* said he cou'd not deny he had a very great Value for *Emilia*, and thought once he might be happy in the Possession of her, but that Esteem cou'd not properly bear the Name of a tender Passion; and the Discovery of his for that deserving Maid, had put a Bar to his possible Happiness. He added, that I may also put an End to the present Contest, I swear to you *Bellefleur*, by all my Hopes, that *Emilia* never shall be my Wite.-----Ah my Friend, replied *Bellefleur*, recall the rash Oath; consider your depriving yourself of a Blessing will be no Relief to what I suffer. Depend, says *Bonneville*, I will not rest till I procure you all you wish; at least I'll not think of other Happiness than that of sharing your Grief, shou'd I fail in what I propose, as I hope I shall not. *Bellefleur* embracing him, adjured him to leave him to his Destiny, and not make him more miserable, by seeing him involved in his Misfortunes. *Bonneville* saying he was obliged to wait on the Marquis, they parted. *Bellefleur* set about dressing himself, and the other went directly to his Grandfather's Chamber. The old Gentleman was as yet in his Bed, and no body being in the Room, he shut the Door after him, and throwing himself on his Knees by the Bedside, I come Sir, says he, to beg you will have Compassion on what I suffer, and preserve that Life which mediately I derive from you. The Marquis, surprized with his

his Actions, and the Vehemence with which he utter'd these Words, started up in his Bed, crying Heavens bless my Child, what Accident has happen'd to end nger a Life more precious to me than my own! Or what can be the Nature of your Request, that you can apprehend my making the least Hesitation in consenting to it? Oh Sir, replies *Bonneville*, I never doubted a Tenderness, of which from my Infancy I have had hourly Proofs. It is that Tenderness which I apprehend will prove the greatest Obstacle to your indulging me in what I ask, and which, I adjure you, by your known Goodness and Humanity, not to refuse me; my Happiness depending entirely on your Consent, as a miserable Life must be the Consequence of your Denial. If e'er the Innocence of my Infant State did delight you, or the strict Duty, tender Affection, and Observance of my adult Years, merit your daily Blessing, let 'em now plead for me, and engage you not to hazard a Life which for so many Years has taken up your Care. The Marquis interrupting him, desired he wou'd not keep him in Suspence. You know too well, said he, my Affection to doubt my contributing all in my Power to compleat your Wishes; and I tain't I know you too well to believe you capable of asking what wou'd blemish my Honour in consenting. I need no Adjurations, speak boldly, and you shall find in me the same Readiness and Affection to gratify you, you have hitherto experienc'd. Sit you here by my Bed-side, I can't bear to see you in a Posture which my Surpize did not allow me to take notice of. *Bonnetville* proceeded, I have, Sir, already told you how much I am

induced

indebted to the Bravery of that generous Friend, whom you have entertained as an *English Gentleman*, under the name of *Flower*, and for whom I have heard you often express a very particular Esteem. My Professions, answer'd the Marquis, were very sincere, as he justly merits every thing I can do to serve him, both on account of the Obligation I have to him for your Preservation, and on that of his own Merit; for I never yet met with a Gentleman of better Sense, more Politeness, and for his age, of greater Penetration and Knowledge of the World. I admire his Candour, and am charmed with his Humanity: But you seem to intimate that he is not an *Englishman*. No, Sir, replies *Bonneville*, he drew his first Breath in *France*. There is something so odd in his Story, that I believe you won't think it loss of Time to give me your Attention. Here he related what he had learnt from *Beliefleur*, reserving what regarded the Pictures; which he kept secret. Then added, this gallant Man, this Pattern of disinterested Friendship, has, you are sensible, been for some Days seized with a deep Melancholy, which your generous Temper cou'd not see without a visible Concern. The cause of this sudden Change, as none knew, so he, from a Principle of Honour, endeavour'd none shou'd discover the Cause of. But his refusing to visit Monsieur *Centüts*, under Pretext of Indisposition, and his having never been there during my Absence, gave me Suspicions which made me watch him so narrowly, that I discover'd yesterday, a Passion for *Emilia*, he endeavour'd to conceal, was the secret Fire that prey'd upon his Vitalis. I tax'd him with it,

and

and as he is not capable of an Untruth, he own'd that he found his Reason too weak to resist the Power of *Emilia*'s united Charms; but his Friendship was too great to envy my Happiness, and that nothing shou'd have made him reveal the fatal Secret. I have that Esteem for *Emilia*, which her Merit exacts from all who have the Honour of conversing with her; but I own to you, Sir, I had rather part with the adorable Maid, than lose the matchless *Bellegaer*. What I then beg of you, my dear Grandpapa, as the greatest Mark of your Indulgence, is, that you will consent to my giving up my Pretensions to that Miracle of her Sex, and use your Endeavours to convince Monsieur *Centlitz* of the real Advantages of this Change. The Marquis was confounded with what his Grandson had recounted, and so amazed at this unexpected Request, that he was some time before he answer'd. He had not lost a Word of *Bellegaer*'s Story, which recalling to his Mind, his Steward's Name, his sudden vanishing, and never after appearing; the Twelve-months Delay of his Daughter's Marriage, the Circumstance of the Mother's Father being still alive, his own Inclination for *Bellegaer*, some Resemblance (he had often remarked) of his Daughter's Features, and the reciprocal Affection between him and *Bonneville*, which the one shew'd in exposing his Lie, the other in resigning his Millions for his Friend, threw him into a Labyrinth of Thought, to which none cou'd give a Clue but his Daughter, whom he expected (with Impatience) the following Day, *Bonneville* remarking his Thoughtfulness, and continued Silence, was about to reiterate his Intreaties, when the old

old Gentleman spoke in this or the like Manner: ' My dear Child, I am so far from condemning the preferring your Friend, to your love and Interest, that I want Words to applaud the generous Action, and Tears of Joy will better speak that which I feel in seeing the Greatness of your Soul, than even the most Energick. The Sentiments I have of this uncommon Demonstration of your Affection, are too vast for Utterance: But you know it is not in my Power to dispoise of *Emilia*; and Monsieur *Centlits* may not perhaps look on *Bellefleur* with our Eyes; besides, Virtue alone will hardly recompence the Ignorance of his Birth, and the Uncertainty of a Fortune. I'll allow Monsieur *Centlits* a Man of Honour, but his Prudence will oblige him to provide another-guise Settlement for his Daughter than bare Merit. For my own part, your Demand is of such a Nature, that you cannot expect me to give you a positive Answer: Be satisfied, it does not displease me, and in two Days you shal have my Resolutions.'

Bonneville made him a low Bow, and bending his Knee, left his Chamber. This Discourse of his Grandson's, caused several Reflections to the Marquis, and the more he thought upon this Affair, the more he was convinced that *Elwær* cou'd be no other than his Grandson, and he cou'd even wish, so great was the Esteem he had for him, that his Daughter's Arrival might confirm his Suspicion, were it not that it must necessarily prove detrimental to his beloved *Bonneville's* Fortune. He endeavour'd to call back every Circumstance of the time between the first and second Treaty of her Marriage, and remember'd

remember'd that she was not many Months before the publick Consummation of it, too ill to stay in *Paris*, and retired to his Sister's in the Country, under the Pretext of the Benefit of Air: He hoped however, from the Ingenuity of his Son in Law, the Marquis de *Bonneville*, and from that of his Daughter, to put an End to the Uneasiness which these Doubts were accompanied with. *Bellefleur*, as soon as he was being told that his Friend was in his Grand-father's Room, got on Horseback to take the Air, as he did every Morning. He rode along the Banks of the River *Durance*, which was but a small League from the Houie, and lighting off his Horse, he lay down under the Shade of a Thicket of Trees, which was contiguous to a little Grove adjoining to the River; here in a melancholy Pensive he was ruminating on his Misfortunes, and his Friend's unparalleled Generosity. Have I n't, says he, an Example in that generous Man sufficient to shame me into Reason? Does he not love *Emilia*? What a fond Question! Is it possible to know her, and not be sensible of her Power? He loves her, doats on her, and yet for me, uncommon Friendship! wou'd forego so vast a Treasure; cannot the same Motive, strengthen'd by Reason and Gratitude, make me triumph o'er this unruly Passion? Must I still love, when so many unsurmountable Obstacles deny even the least Glimpse of Hopes? But say, were there no other Bar than that of Honour, that, that alone's sufficient to make the left, unhappy *Bellefleur*, despair of all the Happiness this life can yield him. Exert thyself, and let those Obstacles which oppose, give thee Strength to o'ercome

o'ercome this hopeless Passion, Bane to thy Ease and Honour. Fly far from the beauteous Object; Time and Absence may assist thy Reason, and abate that Flame which the daily Sight of *Emilia*, like Oil, augments and strengthens. In the mean time, that beautiful Maid suffer'd no less Anxiety on his Account, and with equal Anguish dreading the Arrival of the Marquis *de Bonneville*, whose indisposition had been the only Reason that her Marriage was defer'd, which she was satisfied wou'd be concluded as soon as he reach'd the Marquis *de Blanchard's* Seat. She cou'd not hide her Uneasiness from her Sister, but made her the Confidant of what she suffer'd. *Leonora* as frankly own'd to her that she found herself inclined to have a Tenderness for her design'd Husband; but that she endeavour'd to stifle these Sentiments in their Birth, since they were contrary to her Duty, her Sister's Happiness, and her own Quiet; and that she hoped the Life she was design'd for, wou'd make her entirely get the better of her growing Passion, or change it into a sisterly Affection. She advised her to take her Resolution, of suffering that with Patience, which she cou'd not prevent; that Time, the Knowledge of *Bonneville's* Merits, and the Fondness of a Husband, wou'd recompence her complying with her Duty, and efface the Impressions she had received from *Bellefleur*. *Emilia* made her Answer with a Sigh, that she was happy, her Reason was stronger than her Inclinations; for her part, tho' she knew the Impossibility of her avoiding the Match her Father had made, and was ignorant of the Sentiments of *Bellefleur* might have for her; yet she cou'd not gain so much

much upon herself as not to think her Obedience to her Father wou'd make the rest of her Life miserable. But to return to *Bellefleur*; he took the Resolution of leaving the Marquis *de Blanchard's* House, and that his Friend might not prevent this Design, he determined not to return. He immediately mounted his Horse, and without other View than that of getting out of the way of being met with in case of search made after him, went over the River at *Cifletz*, and without taking any Road, cross'd the Country Eastward, (*Cifletz*, which is on the River *Durance*, is three Leagues distant from the Marq; is *de Blanchard's* House) and came the same Night to *Senas*, ten Leagues from that Town. Let us here leave him, to return to *Bonneville*, who seeing the Hour of Dinner draw nigh, and his Friend not return'd, ask'd if he went out alone; and being inform'd he did, and none knowing the Road he took, began to suspect the truth, and told his Grandfather he was afraid *Emilia* had deprived him of his Friend, and express'd the greatest Uneasiness imaginable; all the Reasons the old Gentleman cou'd alledge to make him abandon this Thought, availed little. He desired the Marquis not to expect him till Night, without he met sooner with his Friend; and mounting his Horse, with two Servants, they took different Roads in his search. In the Evening, before his Return, the Marquis *de Bonneville* and his Lady arrived, and were tenderly receiv'd by the old Gentleman. They enquired for *Bonneville*, and seem'd to wonder at his being from home the Day he ought to expect their Arrival. The Marquis told 'em they wou'd agree he was excusable, when they knew

knew the Cause; since it was no less than his Friend's being missing, who he feared had met with some unhappy Accident. Madam *de Bonneville* said she shou'd be extremely concern'd, shou'd any happen to him, for her Son had given a very advantageous Character of him. I am certain, replied the Marquis, he has not (because it's impossible) done him Justice. None can have a just Idea of the Value of that young Gentleman, but who have the Honour to know him: I therefore will not attempt it, tho' til your Son comes, I will entertain you with his History, which is very extraordinary. He here told 'em in what Manner, and upon what Occasion he had learnt it from his Grandson, and gave 'em the Particular in the same Order *Bonneville* had recounted it, with the Reasons which he had made use of to induce him to visit *France*. While the Marquis made this Relation, he observed the Emotions it caus'd both in his Daughter and her Husband. The former hearing her Father lavish in the Praises of *Bellefleur*, hoped it might be a favourable Minute to obtain a Pardon for marrying without his Consent, and keeping the Secret so long from him; wherefore throwing herself at his Feet, she with a Flood of Tears, which for some time denied her Utterance, tenderly embrac'd his Knees, and cried, Oh! Sir, can you forgive my Disobedience? You see here imploring your Pardon, the happy or miserable Mother of that *Bellefleur*, whose Merit you say has gained your Esteem: It is you, Sir, who must determine which of these Epithets belong to me; for without Nature can work that Esteem into Affection, and you can forget I once, and only once

once disobey'd you ; how wretched must my Fault make me, and how little will *Bellefleur's* Merit avail him ! Oh let not this Fault which your after Consent in some Measure extenuated, put an end to that Fondness I have experienc'd from my Infancy. Pity your Daughter, who cannot support the Thoughts of even a momentary Relentment from her tender, her dearly beloved Father. Have Compassion on the Mother of your *Bonneville's* Friend ; remember my Crime has been the cause that you still enjoy that loved Grandson, and look upon *Bellefleur* if not as such, yet as the Preserver of your Child's Life. Here a Flood of Tears prevent'd her proceeding. The Marquis *de Bonneville* had thrown himself on his Knees to second his Wife, but the old Gentleman's Tenderness did not give him leave to speak, and prevented his giving other Proofs of his Forgiveness (for some time) than that of his Actions. He claspt her in his Arms, join'd his Cheeks to hers, and mingled his Tears, which gave some Ease to a Heart o'er swoln with Love and Compassion for a suppliant Child, with those which the different Passions of Joy for her Son's Arrival, and Apprehension of her Father's Frowns. flow'd in abundance from her lovely Eyes. For Madam *Bonneville* was but sixteen Years elder than her Son. At length, when these first Transports gave way to Speech, he told her, that he thank'd Heaven for the unexpected Blessing of having found a second Prop to his old Age, and look'd upon her having made a Step which he shou'd at the time very probably have condemn'd to be by the Impulsion of an o'er-ruling Providence, which had thus provided for the Safety

of the one by the Bravery of the other Brother: That it was too late to desire he wou'd love *Belleflœur*; for either the Secret Springs of Nature, or his uncommon Merit, had from the first Day given him a Share in his Affections, which she might believe this Discovery wou'd not diminish. In a word, he told 'em *France* cou'd not shew a Parent so bless'd in a Pair of Sons; he congratulated both the *Marquis* and his Daughter, upon the Virtues of *Belleflœur*, and extoll'd the Fidelity, Care, and Justice of the deceas'd Steward, to whom he was entrust'd. And then added, don't believe, however, that the Shining Qualities of *Belleflœur* do in the least eclipse those of his Brother, or that his sharing my Heart has taken any part of it from *Bonneville*. If I am just to the one, I am not unjust to the other; and if the elder deserves my Affection, the younger has as good a Claim to my Tenderness: But let me tell you that I am more obliged to Chance than you, for this Satisfaction, and I ought to chide you both, who have endeavour'd to conceal this Treasure from me. Sir, answer'd Madam *Bonneville*, I have ever held your Affection so dear, that I durst not hazard the Loss of it, by the Discovery of my Disobedience; and I much rather chose to be deprived of my Son. The *Marquis* her Husband made the same Excuse, and both return'd unfeign'd Thanks for his Goodness in forgiving a Fault, which, said the *Marquis*, was committed thro' an Excess of Love. And if he wou'd consider the Virtue, Beauty and engaging Temper of his Daughter, he cou'd not blame him if he apprehended her Loss; and to compleat his own Happiness, he enticed her

to risque his Anger, which he hoped his Tenderness wou'd not suffer to be of any long Continuance. In the Interim, the Servants who went out with *Bonneville*, came home soon after one another, without any News of *Bellefleur*; but their Master did not return till Night hinder'd his farther Enquiry. He enter'd the Room where the Marquis and his Father and Mother were, but with Looks so wild, with a Countenance so dejected, that they all apprehended some fatal Accident; and none had the Courage to ask him what was become of *Bellefleur*. After he had saluted and begg'd the Beding of his Parents, he said to the Marquis, I can hear nothing of my Friend.----He had no sooner utter'd these Words, than Madam *Bonneville* fell into a Swoon. He us'd the common Means to bring her to herself; and while her Husband and Father were busied about her, they were very near wanting themselves the same Assistance. The former said only, there is no Joy which has not an Alloy of Grief. This sudden Syncope of his Mother's, and what his Father said, was to surprizing to *Bonneville*, that he knew not what to think. As soon as Madam *Bonneville* had recovered from her Swoon, they placed her in an Easy Chair, where she sat without speaking a Word; and she seem'd not thoroughly to have recover'd her Senses. At last a Shower of Tears usher'd in her Complaints. Oh! Sir, said she, tho' you forgive, Heaven will punish my Disobedience, and has only taught me the Value of my Son, that I might be the more sensible of his Loss.----These Words awaken'd *Bonneville's* Reflection, and it's hard to say whether his Joy to find *Bellefleur* his

Brother, or his Grief for his sudden Departure, was the greatest. The Marquis his Father acquainted him with the Relation between him and his Friend, while the old Gentleman endeavour'd to comfort his Daughter. He however used all his Efforts to hide his Concern, and to give his Mother Hopes of hearing soon from his Brother, whom only Excess of Friendship had deprived him of. Servants were immediately again sent to every Village round, in Hopes he might have been seen to pass thro' some one of them. And at twelve at Night one return'd with the good News of the Person he describ'd having pass'd the Bridge of *Cifleton*; for at the Inn near the River being faint with Heat, he drank a Glass of Water with a little Brandy in it. This a little pacified the afflicted Family, and they concluded upon renewing their Search early the next Morning. But let us leave 'em, to return to *Belleflæur*, who arrived at *Senes* as fatigued in Mind as Body, and irresolute which way he shou'd take; one while he thought of passing the *Alps*, and going into *Italy*, for *Provence* on the East is bounded by those stupendous Mountains. Then again he form'd the Design of going to some Sea-port of the *Mediterran. in*, and of returning by Sea to *England*; which last he fix'd upon. He went to Bed with this Resolution, which he intended to put in practice early the next Morning. The Master of the Inn took Notice of his Guest's Melancholy, and asked him the Cause. *Belleflæur* answer'd him, he mistook an Indisposition for Melancholy, and desired he wou'd let his Supper and Bed be got ready as soon as possible, in which he was punctually obey'd;

obey'd ; tho' in the Interim his Landlord made him uneasy with many impertinent Questions about his Illness, whence he came, and whither he was going. He answer'd, that he was too much tired and out of order to satisfy so many Questions, and desired nothing more than to be in Bed. The Reason of the Inn-keeper's asking so many, was, that near *Roguemauire* in *Langue-doc*, a Gentleman was robb'd and murder'd, and a Description of the Murderer's was privately sent to all the Inns in the adjacent Provinces ; now the Inn-keeper took it into his Head that *Belleflœur* answer'd that of one of these Highwaymen, which Suspicion grew stronger, by the visible Melancholy in his Face, and the Reservedness of his Carriage. He however, upon the Answer he received, put an End to the Impertinence of his Questions, but resolv'd to secure his Guest ; and tho' it was late when *Belleflœur* arrived, yet he that Night, after having consulted his Wife, went to the Officers of Justice, and told 'em what he suspected, but that they need not trouble themselves till Morning, because he wou'd take care to secure both Man and Horse. The next Morning, by Break of Day, *Belleflœur* was up, but cou'd neither get any body to answer him, nor open his Door, till about six o' Clock, when the Landlord came up with the Officers. They told him their Errand, which when *Belleflœur* had heard, he shew'd Signs of Discontent, and before he was aware, in a sort of Passion, turning from the Company, said, Unlucky Accident ! The Officer told him he must prepare to follow 'em, and give an Account of himself before a Magistrate ; that as they took him on Suspicion only,

he

he need apprehend no ill Treatment. Use me as you please, replied *Belleflœur*, I am too wretched to care what becomes of me. The Serjeants, when he was dress'd, brought him down Stairs, and after they had got a good Breakfast, which they charg'd to the Prisoner's Account, carried him to the Goaler's House, where they put him in one of the best Rooms, which was vile enough, and kept him Company till about eleven when they went with him to the Magistrate's; but he being engaged, put 'em off till three in the Afternoon, when, and not before, he shou'd have Leisure to examine him. In the mean while, *Bonneville* at two o'Clock, the Moon being up, rais'd the Servants, and took the way towards *Cifleton*, knock'd up the People where *Belleflœur* had stopp'd, but got no farther Intelligence: by good Luck a Traveller who lay there that Night, had the Curiosity to rise sooner than he desighned, to know what cou'd bring so many Horsemen at that early Hour to the Inn, for *Bonneville* had four Servants with him, to disperse several Ways. This Man hearing the Enquiry, ask'd what sort of Gentleman they look'd after, and on the Description, said, that the Day before he had met such a one on the Road of *Senes*, about four o'Clock. On this News he sent back one of his Servants to acquaint his Parents; and after having thank'd the Traveller, post'd towards this Town, and arrived just as the Serjeants were returning with their Prisoner to the Goaler's. No sooner had he set Eyes on his dear *Belleflœur*, but he threw himself off his Horse, made way thro' the Press, and catching him in his Arms, he cried, Blessed be Heaven which

which has so happily directed my Road, as to make me find, and prevent my dear Brother's flying from what alone can crown all his Wishes and make his Happiness compleat. Ah *Bonneville!* replied he, forget a Wretch unworthy your minutest Care; one who seems to have been made only to be miserable. The Serjeants and the Crowd about 'em were not a little surprised, to see a Gentleman in *Bonneville's* Figure caress so tenderly the supposed Murderer, and to hear him call him Brother. He answer'd *Belleflaeur*, he ought to reverse those Sentiments, since he knew none who might not envy his Happiness: And that when he had heard what he had to acquaint him with, he was satisfied he wou'd be so much of his Mind, that he wou'd think no Words nor Actions sufficient to acknowledge the Indulgence of the all-ruling Power. They were near the Goal when *Bonneville* first saw him, who was soon informed of the Reason of his being thus guarded; he went into the Room with him, and desiring to be left alone, which the Serjeants (who fancied by this, that the Inn-keeper's Suspicions were groundless) very civilly agreed to. No sooner was the Door shut, than *Bonneville* tenderly embracing his Brother, told him every Particular of the Discovery. It is much more easy to imagine, than to represent what *Belleflaeur* felt on the Relation of so unexpected and happy a Turn of Fortune. He return'd his Brother's Caresses, and express'd himself in Terms of the most tender Affection. He told him the Motive of his abrupt Departure, and added, that this fatal Passion was a great Alloy to his present Happiness- *Bonneville* desired he wou'd endeavour to make

make himself easy as to *Emilia*, whom he now look'd upon as a Sister ; that he ever esteemed her, but never had a Tenderness for her, which wou'd have given him much Uneasiness, had Monsieur *Centlits* disposed of her to any other than his dear Brother. But, says he, I delay too long sharing my Satisfaction of having found you, with our common Parents, whom on account of your Absence I left almost inconsolable. And opening the Door, he call'd one of the Serjeants, and ask'd if he cou'd not procure him a diligent Man, and a good Horse, who cou'd go that Afternoon thirteen Leagues. The Serjeant told him there was an *Irishman* in the Town, who often went on Expresses, and had been a Running-Footman, who at *Bonneville's* Desire was sent for. This Fellow undertook to carry his Letter in five Hours, and said he knew the *Marquis de Blanchard's* House. When he was dispatch'd, *Bonneville* calling the Serjeants, told 'em they were grossly mistaken ; but however, they were not to blame in the Performance of their Duty ; That since they cou'd not see the Magistrate till three o' Clock, he desired they wou'd suffer the Prisoner to go to an Inn, where something might be order'd for Dinner, and they might have a better Room. They who had learnt his Quality from his Servants, consented, but begg'd he wou'd excuse 'em if they desired to be in the Room wh le they stay'd at the Inn. This appearing reasonable they went all of them to the Inn where *Bellefleur* lodg'd. The Master of it feared he nad been too forward, and had made a wrong Step, which he might suffer for, and began to excuse himself, when *Bonneville* interrupting, said, he had

had done both him and the Prisoner the greatest Pleasure imaginable ; that he attributed what he had done to a Love of Justice, and was so far from blaming him, that he wou'd reward him for it ; bid him cover two Tables, one for himself and *Bellefleur*, the other for the six Serjeants, and provide a handsome Dinner as soon as possible. After this, he sent a Letter to the Magistrate by one of his Servants, who was accompanied by a Serjeant to shew him the House. That Gentleman no sooner knew it was the Marquis *de Blanchard*'s Son, than he left what Business had made him defer *Bellefleur*'s Examination, and came to wait on him at the Inn ; (for you must know the Marquis was a Lieutenant General, and had been Governor of *Provence*.) The first Compliments being pass'd, and *Bonneville* having told him the Improbability of that Gentleman's being the Murderer, the Serjeants were discharg'd, and *Bellefleur* had his Sword return'd him. But the Brothers kept them to Dinner, tho' in another Room, and when they came to take their Leaves, gave 'em five Louis, and bid 'em reward the Goaler for his Room. The Magistrate kept 'em Company till it was bed-time ; and the next Morning the two Brothers set out at Break of Day. In the mean while, Monsieur *de Centlits* and his Daughters waited on the Marquis and Madam *de Bonneville*, and were acquainted with *Bellefleur*'s Story. The Marquis *de Blanchard* told Monsieur *Centlits* that instead of his breaking off the intended Alliance of their two Families, it might, if he pleased, make it yet more strong and lasting. I have already, says he, acquainted you with the Passion of the elder Brother for

Emilia,

Emilia, and the uncommon Proof of the Friendship which the younger has given, in offering to resign his Pretensions to that young Lady, which were founded upon your Indulgence and her Obedience. Madam, continued he, addressing himself to *Emilia*, I beg you won't believe he is not truly sensible how dearly he pays to save his Friends, now his declared Brother's Life ; he knows your Value, and thinks he gives a Proof of the most tender Affection, in resigning his Hopes to one whose superior Merit may more justly claim the Possession of so inestimable a Treasure. Then turning to Monsieur *Centlits*, he went on, *Bonneville* is no Stranger to your *Leonora*'s Merit, and if you will consent to make my Family compleatly happy, and the young Ladies are not averse, I shall have nothing to wish but their future Ease, which I can't doubt of if you consent to this double Match. I am satisfied you will find my *English* Son as ready to share his Fortune with his Brother, as *Bonneville* was to give up a Mistress preferable to the most ample. Monsieur *Centlits* replied, that he had no Objection if Monsieur *Flower* answer'd the Marquis's Expectations, (for by Articles of Marriage the Estate was settled upon the eldest Son;) and if his Daughters consented, for he never wou'd force their Inclinations : then asking *Emilia* if she cou'd approve of this Change, she answer'd she should always obey him in whatever he thought proper ; that she had received Monsieur *Bonneville*'s Addresses, because he had commanded her to look on him as her deligned Husband ; that she had all the Regard for him his

his Merit claimed, and tho' she was a Stranger to what is called Love, yet she wou'd have made it her Study to have given him no Reason of Complaint, had she been his Wife; that her Heart was entirely free, and if her Father so pleas'd, she shou'd look on Monsieur *Flower* with the same Complaisance she had had for his younger Brother. *Leonora's* Consent being ask'd, she said, if she might be allow'd to speak ingenuously, she cou'd not but prefer Monsieur *Bonneville's* Merit to the Austerity of a Convent. The Express arriving with News of *Flower*, heighten'd their mutual Satisfaction. Monsieur *Centlits* and his Daughters were prevailed on to stay that Night, and the next Day by Noon the two Brothers arrived. It is impossible for Words to give a just Idea of the Joy this Family was in; it is inexpressible. After the first Embraces and Congratulations were over, the Marquis *de Bonneville* told *Bellefleur*, whom we must now call *la Forêt*, that by the Articles of Marriage, his Wite's Father had settled his Estate, as well as his own, on the eldest Son; and that the Discovery of his Birth, tho' *Bonneville* had found a Brother whom he tenderly lov'd, yet it reduced him from the Prospect of two fair Estates, to the depending on 5000*l.* all the Fortune destined to the younger Children. That as for his part, who was not ignorant that *Bonneville* must either fall from his Hopes, or he be kept still in Ignorance of his Birth,

which was for *Bonneville's* Sake his Resolution, without he wou'd renounce his Right,) he had lived with such Oeconomy, he had yearly laid by the one Half of his Revenues to provide for him in *England*, an Estate which might make

amends

amends for what he parted with in *France*, and keep up a Port equal to his Birth ; and this he was the better able to do, by an Uncle's Death, who left him a considerable Sum of ready Money. I need not tell you, said he, the Obligations you have to your Brother ; they are----- Oh Sir, replied *la Forêt*, don't, I beg of you, injure me so much as to imagine I can forget what I owe him ; or that Words can express the Sente I have of your Tenderness, which obliged your limiting your Expences. If any thing can be an Alloy to the Joy I have, in finding myself descended from such worthy Parents, and Brother to so generous a Cavalier, it is, that he suffers by it. But there is a Remedy for this, if Monsieur *Centlits*, who has consented to make me happy, will also consent to your first Resolution, and the fair *Emilia* can be content with what your Indulgence has laid by for my Provision : For if I have any Desire of Riches, it is only to give me some Merit with this beautiful Lady. No, says *Bonneville*, I'll never consent my Brother shall lose-----I'll put an end, interrupted Monsieur *de Blanchard*, to this generous Dispute. Share what your Father and I have between you, at our Deaths, in the Interim divide our ready Money, which I find is not inconsiderable. I have another House but five Leagues off, to which I'll retire, (and give up this to *la Forêt*,) where, Monsieur *Centlits*, if you approve it, we'll live together. No, said *Centlits*, I'll quit mine to *Leonora* and her Husband, and live with 'em ; do you follow my Example, and stay with *la Forêt* and his Wife. In short, every thing was thus agreed, and as soon as the Writings cou'd be got ready,

the

the double Match was consummated, to the unutterable Joy of all Parties. The Weddings were kept at Monsieur *de Blanchard's* : But we must not look for an unalloy'd Happiness in this World. The sudden Death of the Marquis *de Bonneville*, who was seized with the Gout in the Stomach, which carried him off about ten Days after the Weddings, changed their Mirth into Grief, and the Wedding-Cloaths to Mourning. Madam, his Widow, was inconsolable for his Loss, and nothing could dissuade her entering into Religion. Death who had begun to disturb the Peace and Happiness of this Family, was not content with having ravish'd from it the Marquis, for in less than seven Months the good Monsieur *de Blanchard*, worn out with Age, chearfully paid the Debt of Nature ; and was not long after follow'd by his Friend *Cent-lis*, leaving their Estates to be divided equally betwixt the two Brothers. Time and Reason put an End to the Grief the Family was in for the Loss of four tender Parents ; for Madam *de Bonneville* was in a Manner dead to the World, by her having taken the Veil in the Monastery of poor *Clares*. The Tears of the Children had scarce been dry'd a Twelve-month, which Time was pass'd in perfect Happiness, when *la Forêt* was oblig'd to go to *Paris* on account of a Law-Suit, descended to him from his Grandfather, and left *Emilia* big with Child. By the Carelessness of a Servant, few Days after his Departure, the House was set on Fire, and burnt to the Ground. *Emilia* escaped the Flames, and got into a neighbouring Farmer's, where the Fright brought upon her Labour Pains, and she was deliver'd of a Boy ; the Terror

for she had been in had made so great an Impression on her, that she fell into swooning Fits so often, she was at length concluded dead, giving no longer the least Signs of Life. *Leonora*, at the News of her Sister's House being fired, tho' very near her Time, made all possible Haste to her Assistance, and came time enough to be Witness to her Agonies, and see her (as all believed) expire. The Affliction the poor *Leonora* was in for the Loss of her dear Sister, cost her's and her Infant's Life; for she immediately miscarried, and died before any Help cou'd be brought her. A Detail of these Misfortunes was sent express to the then wretched, tho' late happy *la Forêt*; he had need of all his Constancy to bear up against a Misfortune, which was by so much the more piercing, as it was sudden and unexpected. After he had a little recover'd himself, he wrote to *Bonneville* in the following Terms:

DEAR BROTHER,

• It has pleased the Almighty to try my
 • Resignation, by the double Loss of my dear
 • *Emilia* and *Leonora*. You who lie under the
 • same Trial, need not be told my Affliction,
 • my Loss sufficiently speaks it. As I am my-
 • self, Spight of Reason and Religion, incapa-
 • ble of any Consolation, I am unfit to offer
 • you any Comfort in your present truly deplo-
 • rable Circumstances. I beg you will take upon
 • you the Care of my poor Infant, shou'd it live,
 • for the sake of it's unhappy Parents. As for
 • my Affairs, I have now none worth my Care.
 • I leave every thing to your Disposal, resolved

to

to retire from the World, and in some Place where the wretched *Bellefleur* ne'er was heard of, endeavour to make myself worthy of being admitted to that blissful Seat which now possessest the happy Sisters, our dear, but to us alas! lost Wives, and there receive again my chaste *Emilia*, freed from the Apprehension of a future Separation. Continue to love and pray for me, and assure yourself my daily Prayers shall be for the Happiness of my dear and tenderly beloved Brother.

‘ Aieu,

Bellefleur.

He sent the Servant with this Letter, who had been the Messenger of his Misfortune, and leaving *Paris*, has not been heard of since, tho' the strictest Enquiry has been made after him; and he has been gone ten Years. But to return to *Emilia*: She lay eight and forty Hours as dead, and Preparations were making for the Funeral of the two Sisters, when, at the End of that Space, a Servant who waited on her in her Life, and cou'd not be persuaded to quit the Body of her dear Mistris, as she was bewailing her Loss, and bedewing it with her Tears, fancied her Lady breath'd, and pressing her Lips to *Emilia's*, was strengthen'd in her Opinion: She call'd up some other Servants, who putting a Glass to her Face, were convinced to their unspeakable Joy, that she was not Dead. She was immediately clapp'd into a warm Bed, and proper Methods being taken, was in a little time brought to herself. The Death of her

Sister, and her Husband's Departure, were industriously concealed from her till she was thoroughly recover'd, tho' even then it had so great an Effect upon her, that *Bonneville* fear'd for her Life. The Child died before its Mother was recover'd from the Fit, which held her so many Hours. In a word, spight of all Persuasions, she retired to the same Convent her Mother in Law had chosen, where she is still a Pensioner; for the Uncertainty of her Husband's Death is a Bar to her taking the Veil, tho' the Law on his long Absence gives the Estate and Title to his Brother. Judge you, said Monsieur *Mirabel*, if it is without Cause *Bonneville* appears with that Melancholy you took notice of. I ask'd 'Mirabel what was become of the Chevalier and the Countess?

Poor *Grandris* was with *la Forêt*, (whom he loved as a Brother) when the melancholy News was brought him of his Loss, and he wrote Word to his Friends, from *London*, that he had prevailed upon that Gentleman to allow him for a Companion, and was resolved to follow his Fortune till Time had abated his Grief, and made him capable of some Consolation. So that we can give no Account of him. The Countess, who has embellish'd her Works with the Story I have just told, is at her Seat some four Leagues from hence. If you are to be acquainted with her, whenever you please we'll make her a Visit. I gladly accepted the Proposal, and the very next Day we waited on her. She received us very handsomely, and when Monsieur *Mirabel* presented me to her as an *English* Gentleman, she told me with a very obliging Air, that she was always proud of entertaining

taining those Gentlemen of my Country who wou'd honour her with their Visits, since that famous Isle brought forth nothing common; that *Athens* must yield to *London* in point of Literature; and were the Court of *Augustus* still flourishing, it wou'd be eclips'd by the Polite-ness of the *English* Man of Quality. I have, Sir, said she, the Happiness of knowing several, and when at *Paris*, few arrived who do not honour my House with their Pretence: I have studied your Language for some Years, and have an *English* Servant with whom I constantly converse in it, which is expressive, sweet and manly. I return'd her Compliment, but told her that the *English* were not imprudent enough to contest the Bays with the *French* Nation, where even the fair Sex might read us Lectures, of which Truth your Ladyship is a sufficient instance; for who can be acquainted with your Works, and not be at once charm'd and edifi'd? I protest, Sir, answer'd the Countess, you flatter me very agreeably; the Compliment breaks the Efforts of Reason, and gives me up a Prey to Vanity. Nothing can equal the Pleasure I feel when my poor Productions meet with applause from those of your refined Taste. Monsieur *Mirabel* ask'd the Countess if she had nothing new to entertain her Admirers with the ensu.ng Winter. I have wrote, says she, the Life and Adventures of the Chevalier *de Gracis*, to the time of our losing him; tho' I don't yet intend to publish it, in Hopes he may again be heard of. However, if you'll do me the favour of your Annadvertisings, which were I not too much a Stranger, I shou'd also beg of your Friend; I will give you the Manuscript home

with you. I have also by me the Life of my Woman, who, as I said, is *English*; this I design immediately for the Press, as part is already gone, I can't have the Pleasure of your Corrections. We made her a Compliment suitable to the Occasion, dined with her, passed the Day in agreeable Conversation, and return'd in the Evening with her Manuscript, which I was so impatient to read, that I sat up the better part of the Night. I have it by me, for I took a Copy, and it runs thus :

The Unfortunate Chevalier.

‘ *Syl* was hastening to the Embraces of the
 ‘ lovely *Thetis*, when six Horsemen enter’d the
 ‘ Gates of the once famous, but now desolate
 ‘ City of *Tengres*; two were Servants, the other
 ‘ four young Gentlemen. They took into the
 ‘ best Inn, and their Servants said they came
 ‘ from *Paris* for no other Reason than that of
 ‘ drinking the Waters of *Tongre*, which have
 ‘ been so famous that *Livy* takes Notice of them.
 ‘ They bespoke a very noble Supper, but had
 ‘ only two Beds besides those for the Servants,
 ‘ notwithstanding there were many in the Inn.
 ‘ The Day following they went towards the
 ‘ Fountain, which is but an easy little Walk
 ‘ from the Gates of the Town; but the Pav-
 ‘ ement of the Streets, which is extremely bad,
 ‘ throwing one of the Gentlemen down, he re-
 ‘ turn’d, leaning on his Friend’s Arm, and com-
 ‘ plaining that he had strained his Ankle. A
 ‘ Surgeon was sent for, who advitised his lying
 ‘ down, and not to hazard walking for some
 ‘ time, for the Skin was dangerous. After

having applied what he thought fit, he took
 his leave, promising to return in the Evening.
 When he was got down, he call'd the Land-
 lord aside, and ask'd him who these Strangers
 were? The Inn-keeper told him he knew no-
 thing of them. I'll tell you then, replies the
 other, the seeming young Gentleman who
 has strainer his Uncle, is a Woman, Daugh-
 ter to a rich Inn-keeper at *Dunkirk*, and her
 Companion is the Chevalier *de Grandris*; I
 was in that Town when he stole her away,
 and at the same time his Companion carried
 off her Maid, who was so very handsome,
 that hardly cou'd you see her without falling
 in Love. I'll warrant you, says the In-keep-
 er, that's the other Couple who are at the
 Fountain. Very likely, answer'd the Sur-
 geon; I dress'd a Valet of this Gentleman's
 who was hurt, and he told me the Story,
 with all the Circumstances. I dearly love
 Stories, cries the Host, I beg of you let me
 hear it. But first let me know, may I ven-
 ture to trust 'em, for they live at a great
 Rate; they'd a Supper last Night fit for a
 Prince, and they have bespoke a Dinner to
 Day, bless my Soul; the Prince of *Liege*, or
 Burgher Master of *Brussels*, has not better.
 You are in no Danger, let 'em bespeak what
 they will, they'll pay well; there's no want of
 Money. Nay then, says the Host, let 'em
 eat what they will, do what they will, drinck
 what they will, they shan't want good At-
 tendance and civil Usage: But pray tell me
 the Story. I'll tell it in the Evening, replied
 the Surgeon, I have not time now. *Horatio*,
 for that was the Name of *Grandris*'s Compa-
 nion,

' nion, and *Catalina*, who were at the Foun-
 ' tain, the latter passing under the Name of
 ' *Junius*, return'd to the Inn, when they were
 ' informed *Marcello*'s Uncle was very much
 ' strained. They dined in the Chevalier's
 ' Chamber, and there pass'd the Day. In the
 ' Evening the Surgeon having visited his Pa-
 ' tient, sat him down with his Landlord, re-
 ' membering the Promise he had made, and be-
 ' gan to acquit himself in the following Man-
 ' ner: The Chevalier *de Grandris* is of a very
 ' ancient Family of *Languedoc*, and his Estate,
 ' which is considerable, lies near *St. Andre*,
 ' in the same County. He was brought up by
 ' his Mother, who thought no other Accom-
 ' plishments necessary for the making a fine
 ' Gentleman, than Dancing, Fencing, Riding,
 ' and some little Knowledge of Musick. Study
 ' she thought altogether useless for a Man of
 ' Fortune. He was taught these Sciences, and
 ' to tyrannize over the Servants, beat and in-
 ' sult the Tenants, and being arrived to the
 ' Age of fifteen, he profess'd himself a Votary
 ' to *Venus*, and reign'd in his Manor like the
 ' Grand *Turk* in his Seraglio. His Mother's
 ' Maids, and Tenant's Daughters, made daily
 ' Complaints to her of Master's Rudeness;
 ' which she, good Lady, only laugh'd at; and
 ' by this Means encouraged him in his licen-
 ' tious Humour. When he was about seven-
 ' teen, he was sent to *Angiers* to perfect his Ex-
 ' ercises, where he grew as famous for his In-
 ' trigues, as he had been at his own Village.
 ' I shall give you a short Account of one.
 ' The Chevalier's Eloquence consisted chiefly
 ' in this: You are a clever Girl; I never saw

one

' one I liked so well: I'll give you so much----
 ' What say you, will you or no?----It's a
 ' great deal of Money, and Women are mere
 ' Drugs; there's Choice enough; and if I did
 ' not love you, I wou'dn't offer you half so
 ' much. *Venus* was not propitious, and the
 ' greater part of those on whom he employ'd his
 ' Rhetorick, proved very *Danaes*. But either
 ' the Sea-born Goddess slept, or was careless
 ' of his Affairs, or he had neglected to implore
 ' the Assistance of her Deity, when he cast his
 ' Eyes on the lovely *Petroneila*, Wife to a Shoe-
 maker. She had beed married but few Months,
 ' was not above eighteen, of a fine Com-
 plement, her Eyes and Hairs were of a jet
 ' Black, her Cheeks were the Field of Battle,
 ' in which, with equal Forces, the Rose and
 ' Li'lly contended for Superiority; her Teeth
 ' were Ivory, her Lips Coral, her Breath sweeter
 ' than the Jonquille, her Shape clean, her Car-
 ' riage easy, and her Voice enchanting. No
 ' wonder if the Chevalier fell a Victim to these
 ' united Charms; he, who had found many in
 ' Threescore, and had attempted the Virtue
 ' of a Bed-maker, whose Mouth old Time had
 ' depopulated while he was hanging at his
 ' Nurse's Breast. He saw, loved, at least de-
 ' sired this Charming Object, and thought of
 ' nothing but the gratifying his Passion by En-
 ' joyment. He went to *Morenne's* to bespeak
 ' Shoes and Boots, and every Day called to see
 ' what Readines they were in, wou'd sit down
 ' in the Shop, talk familiarly with the Husband,
 ' and often send for Wine to treat him; ten
 ' Days pals'd thus without his having an Op-
 ' portunity of speaking to *Petroneila*; he there-
 ' fore

fore resolved to tell her what he suffered, by
 Letter, which he might convey privately :
 And accordingly wrote this.

Adorable Petronella,

What a Pity it is that a Hog-grubbing
 dirty Rogue of a Shoemaker shou'd keep such
 a pretty Wife to himself ; and how cruel it
 is for you to be deprived of the Satisfaction
 you wou'd find in Variety, and the being be-
 loved by a Gentleman. If you will consent
 I'll let you see the Difference there is between
 going to Bed to a sweaty, black, stinking
 Workman, who smells of Wax and Leather
 enough to poyson the Devil, and lying with
 a Gentleman, who wears clean Linen, and
 can't bear any Dirt about him. I am des-
 perately in love with you, or you may be sure
 if I was not, I shou'd not choose to sit in a
 little dirty Shop, two or three Hours together,
 and drink with a nasty slovenly Shoemaker.
 But it's no wonder that Love has the power
 to make me keep Company with a Scoun-
 drel Mechanick, when it made a Town-Buil-
 of Jupiter. If you are mercenary, name your
 Price, and you shall be convinced of my Passi-
 on by my Compliance, who am your Adorer,

The Chevalier de Grandis.

The Letter is none of the most passionate,
 nor does it speak the least Politeness in the
 Writer ; but he had no Education, and was not
 eighteen Years old. His Conversation since
 has in some measure supplied his want of Let-
 ters.

' ters. He went to *Morenne's*, and found an
 ' Opportunity to slip this Letter into his Wife's
 ' Hand unseen, and made but a short Stay.
 ' *Petronelia* having read the Epistle, went into
 ' her Chamber, and calling her Husband, here,
 ' said she, see what a poor Opinion that young
 ' Gentleman has of me; what has he ever seen
 ' in my Carriage, or heard to the Disadvantage
 ' of my Honour, that he dares offer me such
 ' an Affront? Does he imagine there's no Vir-
 ' tue but among the Nobility, and that a mean
 ' Birth must necessarily produce a meaner Soul?
 ' But I'll be revenged, if possible, of him. Here
 ' she burst into Tears. The Husband read the
 ' Letter, and swore like a mad Man. His first
 ' Transport over, it came into his Head, that
 ' the only way to revenge himself was to dissem-
 ' ble the Injury, and agreed with his Wife to
 ' give her an Opportunity of speaking to *Gran-*
 ' *aris*, and see if he cou'd take a double Re-
 ' venge, one on his Purse, the other on his Per-
 ' son. The Chevalier came the next Day,
 ' and the Husband, who saw him at some Dis-
 ' tance, went out, giving him an Opportunity
 ' he had long wish'd for. As soon as he came
 ' into the Shop where *Petronella* stood, and was
 ' alone, he ask'd her if she had read his Letter?
 ' She look'd down, and blushing said, her Hus-
 ' band was as jealous as a *Spaniard*, and she was
 ' too much afraid of him to follow her Inclina-
 ' tions; tho' he keeping her short even of Ne-
 ' cessaries, gave her the Courage to run some
 ' Hazard to supply her Wants, which twenty
 ' Pistoles wou'd do. This was a Stroke of
 ' Thunder to the Chevalier: Twenty Pistoles!
 ' says he, do you know what a Sum you talk of?

• If

' If you love your Money better than me, replies *Petronella*, your Passion is not so great as
 ' you endeavour'd to make me believe. Not
 ' so fast, answer'd he, I love you better than all
 ' the World beside; let me know when and
 ' where you will have me bring the Money.
 ' Somebody coming, who wanted and wou'd
 ' stay for the Husband, the Chevalier went
 ' away very melancholy at the Price his Mis-
 ' tress had set on her Favours. As soon as he
 ' was got Home, he resolved to see her no more;
 ' but soon changed his Mind and was contriving
 ' how he shou'd both enjoy *Petronella*, and save
 ' his Money; and at last came to this Resolu-
 ' tion, if he paid the twenty Pistoles, after
 ' Possession he wou'd threaten to expose her if
 ' she did not return 'em. The next Day he
 ' went again to *Morenne's*, and finding his Wife
 ' alone, shew'd her the Gold. She told him
 ' her Husband wou'd in a few Days be obliged
 ' to go into the Country to carry home some
 ' Work, which was almost finish'd, and then
 ' he might come, when the Servants were in
 ' Bed, and she wou'd let him in; that if he
 ' wou'd call as usual in the mean while, she
 ' wou'd let him know the Day and Hour he
 ' might come at. In short, when every thing
 ' was disposed for his Reception, she gave him
 ' the Rendezvous. The Husband had made a
 ' Trap-door, (by the Bed-side) which was
 ' over the Cellar, where he and two Journey-
 ' men waited for his Arrival and Descension.
 ' The amorous Chevalier was punctual, and
 ' the lovely *Petronella* kept her Word by letting
 ' him in. He gave her a Kiss and the Purse,
 ' and press'd her going to Bed. She desired
 ' him

' him to undress till she had fasten'd the Doors
 ' and taken in the Keys, and that she wou'd
 ' be in Bed as soon as he. The unsuspecting
 ' *Grandris* was stripp'd in a Minute, and run-
 ' ing to the Bed-side, the Trap gave way, and
 ' he tumbled headlong into the Cellar, where
 ' the Master and his Men received him with
 ' their Leather Stirrups; and having reveng'd
 ' the Affront he design'd the Fraternity of St.
 ' *Crispin*, they bonnd his Hands behind him,
 ' rubb'd him over with Tar, roll'd him in a
 ' Tub of Feathers, and turn'd him into the
 ' Streets. The poor rib-roasted Chevalier
 ' went to his Lodgings ready to sink under
 ' the Weight of his Misfortunes; he knock'd
 ' at the Door, which the Maid of the House
 ' open'd, but seeing so dismal and frightful a
 ' Figure, gave a Shriek, and threw it with such
 ' Violence in his Face, that she struck him
 ' backwards. Her Out-cry alarm'd the Family,
 ' and several young Gentlemen who boarded in
 ' the House, came down to see what was the
 ' Matter. The Wench said the Devil was at
 ' the Door. One of 'em open'd it just as the
 ' Chevalier was on all Four, endeavouring to
 ' rise. The Posture he was in, the hideous
 ' Colour he was of, and the vast Quantity of
 ' Feathers which cover'd, and made him a
 ' monstrous Sight, was as terrible to those who
 ' saw him as to the Maid. They as hattily shut
 ' the Door upon him as she had done, and made
 ' no les Noise. The Watch hearing this
 ' Uproar, ran to the Place from whence it pro-
 ' ceeded, and seeing the miserable Chevalier,
 ' who was rapping as hard as possible at the
 ' Door, they imagined it was some Inhabitant

' of the infernal Shades, who had given *Cerberus*
 ' the slip, and had no great Inclination to come
 ' near him. At length one of 'em in a tremb-
 ' ling Voice pluck'd up so much Courage as to
 ' speak, and ask him what World he belonged
 ' to? Why, says the Chevalier, I belong to
 ' this, but I am very lately arrived from Hell,
 ' and I think St. *Crispin* has made a meer Devil
 ' of me. I'll warrant, says one of the Watch,
 ' it's some poor Soul come from Purgatory to
 . beg Masses for his Deliverance. No, no, says
 ' the Chevalier, I want no Masses, I'm come
 ' sure enough out of the Devil's Clutches, but
 ' I desire nothing more than to get into my
 ' Lodgings. Why are you alive says the Com-
 ' mander of the Watch. Zounds, answer'd
 ' *Grandris*, what a Question do you make me;
 ' how, in the Name of *Belzebub*, shou'd I talk
 ' to you if I was dead? Pray Sir, order the
 ' Door to be open'd: I have been stripp'd, beat
 ' and abus'd, and to mend the Matter, they are
 ' resolv'd to starve me with Cold before I am
 ' let in here. The Shoemaker and his Men,
 ' who were at his Heels, and within hearing,
 ' stepp'd in, and told the Officer of the Night
 ' that he had been robb'd, and that was the
 ' Thief who was so disguised with Feathers to
 ' frighten his Family, and plunder his House,
 ' therefore he charged him to take care of him.
 ' They immediately seiz'd and hawld the poor
 ' Lover to the Goal, where they iron'd and
 ' threw him into a Dungeon for that Night.
 ' The next Day with a prodigious Mob to wat
 ' on him he was carried in his Feather Coat before
 ' a Magistrate, who being acquainted with the
 ' story by *Morenne*, took Compassion on him,
 ' had

had him clean'd, order'd *Morenne* to give him
 his Cloaths, and with a Word of Ad. ice sent
 him to his Quarters; but he was so laugh'd
 at, and had so many Nicknames given him,
 as Knight of the Feathers, *Icarus*, Knight of
 the Tar-Barrel, St. *Crispin's* Rival Do: *Quix-*
otte Redivivus, &c. that he was oblig'd to quit
 the Academy. He went to *Paris*, and long'd
 at his Aunt's the Counteis *de Bourdon's* Herc,
 spite of his late Misadventure, the amorous
 Fit again attacked him, and he fell in love
 with the Wife of a Coope, whose Name was
Marie Jeanne, his *Francois Gribaut*. They
 lived oppotite to the Chevalier's Aunt. To
 begin an Acquaintance here, and have an Op-
 portunity of seeing *Marie Jeanne*, he bought
 a Hundred weight of Snot, and a Porter car-
 rying it after him, he enter'd *Gribaut's* Shop,
 and desired he wou'd make him a small Calk
 to hold that Quantity, for it was to be sent
 into the Country. The Cooper promised he
 shou'd have it the next Day. Neighbour says
 the Chevalier, I have taken Notice that you
 are a very industrious Man, and your Wife
 seems to be as pains-taking a Woman, for I
 have ever, when I went out or in, observed
 you at your Busines, and her at her Knitting.
 And please your Honour, answer'd *Gribaut*,
 Times are very hard, and we must either take
 Pains or starve; without we wou'd follow,
 ill Courses to get our Bread, and that I thank
 Heaven neither of us has any Tendency to
 for my Wife is as virtuous a Woman as any
 in *Paris*, Monsieur *Surant* knows it to his
 Cost. What's that you say of Monsieur *Sur-*
rant? cries *Grandris*. Sir, answer'd the Coop-

'er, that Gentleman fell in Love with my lit-
 'tie Won an, who, to do her Justice, is as
 'pretty as any of her Neighbours; poor or
 'rich, high or low, gentle or simple; and so
 'Sir, he made some body watch her when she
 'went out, and dog her about till he had learnt
 'all her Haunts, which are the Church only,
 'and the Market, and her Mother's and her
 'Sister's. And that's all the Places she goes
 'to, except my Neighbour *Rabot*'s and my Cous-
 'sin *Livah's*, and honest *Pierrot Babot*'s the
 'Weaver, to see his Wife, *Janote*'s the Laun-
 'dret's, and *Turcy*'s the Shoemaker's; and
 'let me see, I don't just now remember any
 'more Places she frequents, and I am sure there
 'are not above three or four more in all, and
 'perhaps I shall think of 'em before I have
 'done my Story. So, as I was a saying Sir,
 'Monsieur *Surant* set his Spies upon her, and
 'thought 'faith, because he was a Gentleman, it
 'was no more than up and ride: But it is not
 'all Gold that glisters; and who counts with-
 'out his Host, makes two Reckonings. A Man
 'ought to look before he leaps, you know Sir;
 'but Monsieur *Surant* made none of these Re-
 'flections, not he, truly; he thought only of
 'making poor *Gribaut* a Cuckold, and so with
 'this Design in his Head, away goes my Gen-
 'tleman to my Friend *Janote*'s the Laundret,
 'and agrees with her to wash for him, and so,
 'after some little Chaffering backwards and
 'forwards, tho' he did not haggle much, be-
 'cause the Price is pretty near the same all over
 'Paris, he gave her some Linen, and she wash'd
 'it, and brought it home, and he made her sit
 'down, and bid his Man give *Janote* a Glass

of *Frontignac*; and so afterwards he began to ask her a great many Questions: As how she pass'd her Time when she was not busy; and if ever she went a walking on Sundays; and who was her Companions; and abundance of other Questions: To all which *Janote* made Answers, and told him she often went to the Ginguets, because she loved to be merry, and no body cou'd censure her because she was old, and because she went always in Company; that sometimes on a Holiday she'd go and see *Francis Gribut* the Cooper, and his Wife, and *Marget Soutain*, and *Marie Jupon*, who quilt Petticoats for the Shops; and *Cuton Aubade*, who cuts Hair, and so she went on; and told him the Names of all her Acquaintance, as I might tell you innocently, without thinking the least Harm. Well, says Monsieur *Sarant*, and sometimes I suppose they come to see you. Yes Sir, answers *Janote*, they come sometimes, and then we play at Cards, and are as merry as we can be; for we who are forced to work for our Bread, are glad to clear our Spirits a little when we have a Sunday or Holiday. Well *Janote*, says he, if ever I meet you and your Company in your Walks, I'll give you a Treat, for you look like a good honest Woman, and I like the washing of my Linen very well; and look ye there's your Money. To morrow you may take what Linen I have foul. So *Janote* made him a Curtesy, and thanked his Honour, and went down Stairs, and there *l'Esperance*, his Footman and Pimp, took *Janote* into a Room, and ask'd her if she wou'd Breakfast with him: She thanked him for his Civility

and Kindness, and said she was afraid to be
 troublesome ; so he took her by the Hand and
 pull'd her in, and said she must not make Com-
 pliments. And so she sat down, and *l' Esper-
 ance* laid a Napkin, and set down a forced
 Meat Pye before her, and fetch'd some cold
 Suasages and a Gammon of Bacon, and some
 Bread, and a Bottle of small Wine, and then
 he sat down by her, and she eat very heartily,
 and *l' Esperance* bid her not spare, for his Ma-
 ster was the best man in the World, and the
 most charitable, and did not value a little
 Victuals and Drink ; and she was welcome
 whenever she came ; and that if she pleased his
 Master in her Washing, she might make a
 Friend of him, and he wou'd help her out at
 a Pinch, if at any time she was hard put to it
 for a Hundred or two of Livres. Poor *Ja-
 note* thought herself in the Suburbs of Paradise.
 And so when she had eat and drank as much
 as she cared for, she got up and took her leave
 of *Monsieur Esperance*, and so went home and
 came the next Day for the Linen ; and *Mon-
 sieur Esperance* invited her again to Breakfast,
 and gave her half a Capon home with her,
 and a Bottle of Wine, and said, *Janote*, if
 you'll give me leave I'll come and be merry
 with you to morrow Even. You know its
 St. *Nicholas*, (and so it was I remember very
 well, it was last St. *Nicholas* was a Twelve-
 month) I'll bring something with me that's
 good, and if you'll come to night with a Buf-
 ket, I'll put in half a Dozen Bottles of Wine,
 and some *English* Beer, and do you invite some
 of your best Friends, and we'll be as jovial a
Greeks. I've ask'd my Master Leave. So *Ja-
 note*

note went at Night, and he gave her twelve
 Bottles of Wine and Beer, and three lovely
 Fowls as ever these Eyes beheld, and two
 Neats Tongues, and Half a Dozen Loaves of
 fine Bread, and put in a Table-cloth Nap-
 kins, and Knives and Forks for eight People,
 and bid her again invite some of her Acquain-
 tance; and so *Fanste* came and invited me
 and my Wife, and then she invited *Ber-*
nard the Stocking-weaver and his Wife, and
Barbot the Weaver and his Wife, to sup with
 her on St. *Nicholas* his Night. And so we all
 went, and found Monsieur *Esperance* there,
 and he was, to say the Truth, pale Company,
 and we were all pure and merry; and when
 all our Liquor was out, he went and fetch'd
 more, and so we drunk, and sung and danced,
 and told Stories, till it was almost Morning,
 and then we broke up; and indeed we were
 all hugely pleas'd with our new Acquaintance.
 The next Day Monsieur *Esperance* went by
 our Door as by Accident, and I seeing him,
 called him in and gave him a Glass of Wine
 and a Crust of Bread, and made him promise
 to come and see me, and so he did, in a Night
 or two, and brought with him in a little Bat-
 ket some cold Partridges, and some Sweetmeat
 Tarts, and four Bottles of *Burgundy*, and told
 me he had taken the Liberty of Bringing with
 him a Fellow Servant, who wou'd be glad of
 the Honour of my Acquaintance, and so
 brought his Master, whom he called *Violet*.
 I little thought who he was, but we went all
 to Supper, and Monsieur *Violet* seemed to be a
 mighty modest pretty Gentleman, as well as
 Monsieur *Esperance*; and I was very proud of

my

my Acquaintance. And after this they came
 three or four Times that Week, and Monsieur
Esperance asked me the last time, if I wou'd
 take a Ride out with him next Sunday to St.
Denis, and he wou'd lend me one of his Mas-
 ter's Horses. I agreed; for I love riding dear-
 ly well; and if ever I can spare a Penny, I
 lay it out in Horse-Hire, and ride to *Versailes*
 or St. *Germain*, or one Place or another; for
 you know Sir, we Tradesmen han't much Di-
 version. And so on Sunday Morning Mon-
 sieur *Esperance* came with Monsieur *Violet*,
 both en Horseback, and Monsieur *Violet* alight-
 ed to give me the Horse. I asked him if we
 shou'd not have the Honour of his Company;
 but he said he must be with his Master, but
 Monsieur *Esperance* had got Leave for himself
 and the Horses. So I ask'd him if he wou'd
 not go in and Drink; and he said he cou'd
 not stay. And so I got on Horseback on a
 charming fine prancing Horse; and I had sil-
 ver Fringe to the Furnitur; and I never
 was pleas'd and looked so fine in all my Life
 before; and Monsieur *Esperance* and I rode
 off. My Wite ask'd Monsieur *Violet* if he
 wou'd not go it, and she prevailed with him,
 and he sent for a Bottle of *Frontignac* for her,
 and they eat a Toast, and drunk together;
 and then he began to be very sweet on *Marie*
Jeanne, and told her he was very much in Love
 with her; and she desired he wou'd be civil;
 and because he began to be a little rude, she
 thrust him away, and threaten'd to make a
 Noise, and call to our Lodgers: And so upon
 this he fell upon his Knees, and talk'd strange-
 ly to her of his Passion, and his dying, and
 ' *Charrins*,

' Charms, and of some Flame in his Breast,
 ' and I don't know what, for *Marie Jeanne*
 ' cou'd not tell me all on't: And then he told
 ' who he was, and offer'd a great deal of Gold,
 ' and because she wou'dn't take any, he catch'd
 ' her round the Waist and threw her upon the
 ' Bed before she was aware, and she bawl'd
 ' out, and he tried to stop her Mouth, and she
 ' scratch'd his Face, and still bawl'd as loud as
 ' she cou'd; but all that wou'd have signified
 ' nothing, if a Ledger had not come in to her
 ' Assistance, and she open'd the Window and
 ' cried Murder, and so the People came in, and
 ' the Officers, and so they took Monsieur *Sur-*
 ' *rant*. And when I came back, he was got
 ' on the inside the Goal; and so he sent for me,
 ' and begg'd pardon, and I gave me thirtie Louis
 ' d' Ors to stop my Wife's Mouth; and so when
 ' we had nothing to say against him because he
 ' had pay'd for our Silence, he was discharged,
 ' and I have never seen him nor Monsieur *Es-*
 ' *perance* since.

' The Chevalier, whether he thought *Surant*
 ' had taken wrong Measures, or believed his
 ' Person and Eloquence were more prevailing,
 ' or that lastly his great Courage made him
 ' over-look all Difficulties, was not by this Ac-
 ' count of *Marie Jeanne's* Crastity, in the least
 ' deterr'd from his Design of triumphing over it.
 ' Fortune favours the Brave; a faint Heart ne'er
 ' won a fine Lady, said he to himself; and the
 ' greater the Danger, the more the Honour. Be-
 ' side, I've heard Women for their Fickleness
 ' compared to the Wind, and it's possible she
 ' might withstand *Surant* either for that she did
 ' not like him, or was then in a Fit of Devo-
 ' tion;

' tion ; or may be he did not think herself safe
 ' in trusting him with her Reputation, wh^o
 ' must of Necessity trust his Servant. Anima-
 ' ted by these and such like Reflections, he re-
 ' solved to scrape Acquaintance with the Coop-
 ' and told him he had got a very *Heien* of a Wife
 ' and that if *Lucretia* had been as chaste, *Ju-*
lius Cæsar won'd never have begun the Trojan
 ' War. That for his part he was a great Ad-
 ' mirer of virtuous Women, and had still a very
 ' great Esteem for *Messalina* on that Account,
 ' tho' she had been dead above an Hundred and
 ' fifty Years. Pray Sir, said the Cooper, who
 ' was that same *Messalina*? She was a *Roman*
 ' Lady, answer'd the Cnevalier, who because
 ' she cou'd not escape the lewd Designs of *Nero*,
 ' eat burning Coals, not being able to get at a
 ' Knife to cut her Throat, nor a Rope to hang
 ' herself. I'll warrant, answer'd *Gribaut*, she
 ' died of it, if she was no *Muscovite* Lady ; and
 ' if so, she was a Self-murderer, and the Church
 ' wou'dn't allow her Christian Burial. Faith,
 ' says *Grandris*, whether she had Absolution or
 ' no before her Death. I can't tell ; for you
 ' know if she confess'd and was truly penitent,
 ' her Confessor cou'd not deny her Absolution ;
 ' and then dying in the Bosom of the Church,
 ' they cou'd not deny her Christian Burial.
 ' That's true, rejoined the Cooper. I see, Sir,
 ' you are a Man of Learning, and have read a
 ' great deal, tho' you have ne'er a Hair on your
 ' Face. But it's not the Habit makes the
 Monk, and a Man's Learning now-a-Days
 ' is not to be measured by the Length of his
 Beard ; if it was, the Capuchins wou'd go be-
 fore all the rest of the World, and I'll warrant
 ' there's

' there's Hundreds of them never so much as
 ' heard of *Lucretia*, and that other Fire-eating
 ' Lady, I've forgot her Name. I find Neigh-
 ' bour, answer'd the Chevalier, you are a Man
 ' of Discernment, we must drink a Bottle toge-
 ' ther, here's Money, if you'll get us one of
 ' Champaign. With all my Heart says the
 ' Cooper; and when we have taken a Glass,
 ' I'll shew you that I have my Eyes about me,
 ' and can see as far into a Mill-stone, as some
 ' who have studied for it. He sent the Boy
 ' for the Wine, and presenting the Chevalier
 ' with a Runlet, he sat him down on the Head
 ' of another, and placed the Bottle and Glasses
 ' on a third, which he set between 'em. Then
 ' resuming his Discourse, you must know says
 ' he, under the Rose, tha: we have not a Swine
 ' in all *France* who has so good a Nose for a
 ' Pignut, as our Religious have for a pretty
 ' Woman; and since I have been married to
 ' *Marie Jeanne*, I have so many Friends at the
 ' *Jesu ts College*, at the *Carmes*, and *Dominicans*,
 ' that it's a Miracle to see my Shop without a
 ' Pair of one of these Orders who come to see
 ' me, have a great Concern for my Soul, and as
 ' much Tenderness for my Wife's Body. Now
 ' Sir, tho' I see the Drift of these brawny
 ' Thieves, I am not uneasy, because I am sa-
 ' tisfied in my Wife's Virtue, and there are so
 ' many of these devout Friends of mine who
 ' come to ask after my Welfare, that were she
 ' as wicked as they wish her Inclinations, yet
 ' their Number and Jealousy wou'd secure me.
 ' Beside, they every now and then send a good
 ' Collation; they beg Money of their Penitents,
 ' under pretence of relieving distrel'sd Families,
 ' and

' and that makes *Gribaut's* Pot gallop, his Spit
 ' turn, and the Glass go round merrily: And
 ' if I shou'd fall out with any of 'em, or shew
 ' the least Jealousy, I shou'd not only lose these
 ' Advantages, but may be they'd swear me a
 ' Heretick; and you know the Consequence
 ' of that. So I shew 'em a Power of Respect,
 ' and if now and then I happen to spy a Mutton
 ' Fist tipping my Lambkin's Neck, I make as
 ' if I did not see it; for you know Sir, that's not
 ' the Soil to plant Horns; and they make use
 ' of more dangerous Weapons when they wou'd
 ' stab the Honour of a poor Husband. Nay,
 ' says the Chevalier, you had better trust your
 ' Wife with twenty such as I am, who carry no
 ' Outside of Religion, than with a Couple of
 ' those Cormorants, who wou'd confess her by
 ' Turns. While one looks out at the Win-
 ' dow to see that some Acquaintance they ex-
 ' pect to pass that way, don't escape 'em, the
 ' other will turn her Conscience inside out, and
 ' then changing Posts with his Companion,
 ' pretend he has Scruples, the other is better
 ' able to resolve. Well, replies *Gribaut*, I
 ' know what I know in point of Confessions,
 ' but little said's soon amended; *Tace* is *Latin*
 ' for a Candle, and there are more old Monks
 ' than gelt Priests. And so Sir my Service to
 ' you. The King might raise a fine Army if
 ' he wou'd but preis the Monks into his Ser-
 ' vice. But you know Sir, I must not meddle
 ' with Church and State Affairs; so I'll say
 ' no more. You talk so well says *Grandris*,
 ' and seem to be so thoroughly acquainted wth
 ' both, that I shall be glad of being better known
 ' to you; and drinking *Marie Jeanne's* Health,

he took his Leave, hugging himself that he had so successfully enter'd upon this new Adventure. To make short, he had several Opportunities after this, of declaring his Passion to M^s. *Gribaut*, whom he found inexorable; but he growing extremely importunate, the good *Marie Jeanne* told the Countess his Aunt that she cou'd not go to her Devotions for her Nephew's interrupting Sollicitation, who had no Respect either for the Church, or her Reputation. She promised to, and accordingly did reprimand him, but finding by the reiterated Complaints of *Marie* that it produced no Alteration in his Behaviour towards her, and that the poor Woman was resolv'd to acquaint her Husband, she advised her to do it, and if they wou'd follow her Advice, she hoped to reclaim her Nephew. The honest Cooper was sent for, and when he had heard from the Countess that the Chevalier was in Love with his Wife, he immediately with a malicious Satisfaction came into her Measures, and order'd his Wife to make him an Appointment. She did so, and hardly had he enter'd the House, when the Husband, who was said to be gone to a Merry-making at *Versailles*, knock'd at the Door in great Haste. The Wife convey'd *Grandris* into a large Cask, planted on purpose for him. As soon as he came in, Wife, says he, I met Monsieur *Berland* the Merchant, who wants a dry Cask for Goods; I have one will just do his Busines, that has a Cover and Lid with a Padlock: He has sent a Cart with me to fetch it away. Laud Husband, said she, I telle that Tub I've fill'd it full of Sand. Come, come, says *Gribaut*,

' *baut.* take out your Sand; I've agreed for it,
 ' and it must go. But I shan't stay to empty
 ' a Pennyworth of Sand, and lose twenty or
 ' thirty Pence in a Bargain; so Caiman we'll
 ' take it Sand and all; where's the Key Wife?
 ' I don't know, replied the good Woman; pray
 ' look it, says he, while we load in the Cask.
 ' Accordingly he and another threw it down,
 ' and rolling it thro' the Shep, put the poor
 ' *Grändris* into a Cart, and jumbling him some
 ' time thro' the Street, set him down and rowld
 ' him into a Houte, where he heard *Grilant*
 ' say, he had brought the Cask, and a Man
 ' answer, that he had stay'd so long, he was
 ' forced to get another. However, since it was
 ' brought, he might rowl it into the Ware-
 ' house among the empty Chests, he might one
 ' Day want it. The poor Chevalier thought
 ' of nothing now but being starved to Death;
 ' and was contriving what method he shou'd
 ' take to be set at Liberty, without undergoing
 ' the Bastinade, which he thought less terrible
 ' however than the Death he had before his
 ' Eyes. He heard the Doors lock'd upon him,
 ' and the Silence he was lett in brought a
 ' Thousand melancholy Thoughts into his
 ' Head. While he was cursing his Fate, and
 ' promising a thorough Repentance if he got off
 ' safe from the present Danger, he saw a Light
 ' in the Room through soine Holes which were
 ' bor'd in the Cask to give him Air, and soon
 ' by their Discourse concluded them Rogues
 ' broke into the House. They laid down the
 ' Chevalier very gently, and rowld him into
 ' the Streets, and put him again into a Cart,
 ' which drove a considerable time; when he
 ' heard

heard one of 'em say, drive towards the Town,
 ' for we are pursued, and if the Goods are taken
 ' with us, there's no Escape; let's throw 'em
 ' all into the River. The Chevalier hearing
 this, roared out, for Heaven's Sake take Pity
 ' on an unfortunate Gentleman. Hey day!
 ' cries one of the suppos'd Rogues, have we got
 ' the Devil instead of a Cask of Brocade Silks?
 ' Let's see the Hammer; and striking on the
 ' Padlock, the poor batter'd *Grandis* crawl'd
 ' out of the melancholy Prison, which had con-
 fined him near six Hours. One of the Com-
 ' pany said, rot him, this Villain has made us
 ' lose all our Hopes; knock him on the Head,
 ' for if he gets from us, we shall be all hanged
 ' for so wretched a Booty. How came you in
 ' that Cask? cries a third. Speak Villain;
 ' what Amends can you make us for the Dis-
 appointment? Poor *Grandis* was struck mute
 ' with Fear; but it being Day-break, he per-
 ceived an Open among 'em, which they had
 ' purposely made for his Escape, and leaping
 ' out of the Cart, he betook him to his Heels,
 ' without looking behind to see if he was pur-
 sued. The Guet seeing him run, took him
 ' up, and carried him to Goal, which was the
 ' second time his unfortunate Amours had
 ' brought him to so homely a Lodging. One
 ' of the personating Thieves who followed him
 ' at some Distance, seeing the Guard go off with
 ' him, went and acquainted his Aunt with the
 ' Success of her Plot. She got up, early as it
 ' was, and went to the Officer, and telling him
 ' the whole Story, desired his Assistance to give
 ' him farther Apprehensions. They who acted
 ' the House-breakers came with her, and desir-

ed, he wou'd send up for the Chevalier, treat
 them as Prisoners, and examine them before
 him. He knew, and was willing to oblige
 the Countess. The Chevalier was brought
 up Hand-cuff'd, but not fetter'd, for which the
 Officer chid the Goaler, and order'd him to
 clap on a Pair of Shairs. The Countess was
 withdrawn, and poor *Grandris* surprized at
 this Treatment, ask'd what he had done, that
 he order'd his being used like a Felon? Like a
 Felon, replies the Officer, prifee what art
 thou les? Can't deny the Fact, when thy
 Accomplices are here before thee, who being
 taken with the Goods, are too modest to deny
 their Characters. Then turning to one of the
 Actors, he asked if that young Spark was not
 one of the Gang? He, holding down his Head,
 answer'd that it was he who advised 'em to rob
 Mr. *Berland's* Houte, and undertook to let 'em
 in at Night; for said he, I have debauch'd his
 Maid; and it wou'd not be amiss to cut her
 Throat; since she may discover our intrigue
 by her being with Child; and I shal then be
 suspected to be concern'd in the Robbery.
 And farther told us, that there were Brocades
 in the Warehouse, to the Value of several
 Thousand Livres. This Evidence so con-
 founded poor *Grandris*, that any Stranger to
 the Affair wou'd from his Locks have conclud-
 ed him guilty. He protest'd his Innocence,
 but the Officer cut him short in his Justifica-
 tion, saying, he was not his Judge, his Busi-
 ness was to secure and bring to Justice those
 whom he had reason to suspect Enemies to the
 King's Peace; that his running through the
 Streets at so early an Hour, and the Confus-
 on

on he shew'd in his Face, gave him Reason
 to secure him ; and the Evidence of his Com-
 panions confirm'd and made evident his being
 (what he thought him,) a common Robber,
 that his Judges wou'd next Day decide in his
 Affair, and he might offer them what he had
 to say in his Defence, tho' he advised him to
 make an ingenuous Confession, rather than
 endure the Rack. So calling to the Goaler,
 he bid him bring Irons for the other Malefact-
 ors, take away and secure the Chevalier. The
 poor unfortunate Gentleman was carried down
 to a Dungeon, where his Tears and Sighs
 gained so much on the Goaler, as to give him
 fresh Straw. The Countess who was resolved
 to let him suffer, in hopes of reclaiming him,
 thank'd the Officer for so well acting his
 Part, made him and the Goaler a Present,
 and taking her Leave, begg'd they wou'd ter-
 rify him as much as possible. About Noon
 the Goaler came to him with an allowance of
 Bread and Water ; but he had no Stomach
 to eat, had he brought him Oretians. He
 sat down by him on a Log of Wood, which
 served for a Pillow to the Wretches whose
 Crime had brought 'em into that Place of
 Horror, and began thus : I am heartily sorry
 to see a young Man of your promising Men
 and who seems to be something above the
 common sort, fallen into so great a Misfor-
 tune ; doubtless you have been inveigled by
 keeping ill Company, which is the Bane of
 Youth, to commit an Action will bring you
 not only to the most shameful, but to the most
 miserable Death ; for there's nothing more
 certain than your being broke, your Compa-
 nions

' ons all agreeing in their Witness. Oh Hea-
 ' vens ! cries the Chevalier, I am entirely in-
 ' nocent, and those Villains conspire my Death,
 ' because I was unhappily the Cause of their
 ' Disappointment, as I will convince you if you'll
 ' have the Patience to hear me. I shall wil-
 ' lingly hear your Story, replied the Keeper,
 ' and am inclined to wish I cou'd be serviceable
 ' to you ; but the only Service in my Power to
 ' render you, is my advice not obstinately to de-
 ' ny a Fact will be fell proved ; for you will
 ' only enhance your Punishment by suffering
 ' those Tortures it is in your Power to prevent,
 ' by an open and unreserved Confession. Un-
 ' happy Wretch that I am ! cries the Chevalier,
 ' what has my Folly brought me to ? What Mis-
 ' try has my Irregularities led me into ? And how
 ' dearly do I suffer for my vicious Inclinations !
 ' I am glad, says the Gaoler, to find you in this
 ' Temper ; and that you may improve it, for
 ' the good of your Soul, I will send you a
 ' ghostly Father, which is all my Charity can
 ' do for you in your miserable Circumstances.
 ' Alas ! alas ! answer'd the mournful Cheva-
 ' lier, don't judge so hardly of me, as to believe
 ' me guilty of the Crime laid to my Charge ;
 ' pray hear me before you censure me ; I thank
 ' your Charity for what you design, and own
 ' I am a very wicked Sinner ; but as to what
 ' has now loaded me with Irons, I am entirely
 ' free from all Guilt. I am the Chevalier *de*
 ' *Grandris*, whose Estate is near St. *Andre* in
 ' *Lauguedoc*.-----How, says the Gaoler, what's
 ' that-----the Chevalier *de Grandris* ! Take
 ' Care, young Man, how you scandalize that
 ' noble Family, by taking the Name. The
 ' late

late Chevalier's Sister is now in *Paris*, and
 she----alas ! my Father's Sister, the Coun-
 tress *de Bourdon*, is in *Paris*, sure enough, an-
 swer'd *Grandis*, and it adds to my Misfor-
 tune that I can't clear mytelf from the Suspi-
 cion of this foul Crime without making her
 acquainted with my Folly which led me into
 my prent Trouble. Nay, since it's so, cies
 the Keeper, I'll go to her this Instant, and
 acquaint her with your Condition ; for if you
 are brought before the Judges, you'll be con-
 demn'd and executed before the can stir in
 your Busines. He get up and left the Che-
 valier, and about two Hours after he return'd,
 and told him the Countess was so affliction'd
 for her Nephew's disappearing and not any where
 to be found, that none of her Servants durst
 go near her to let her know in what Condition
 you are, which wou'd only add to her Affliction,
 and they fear the News wou'd break her
 Heart. I have, however, brought her Coach-
 man with me, because what's to be done for
 your Service, must be done immediately ;
 your Judges will sit to-morrow early. The
 Coachman coming in, as soon as he saw his
 Lady's Nephew, pretended to burst into Tears,
 and clapping his Handkerchief to his Eyes,
 Oh ! Sir, said he, that I shou'd live to see you
 in this Condition ! what wicked Company
 cou'd bring you into such sad Courses ; you
 who don't want Money, and are a Gentle-
 man of Family ! Oh my poor Lady ! this
 News will be her Death ; and we must en-
 deavour to conceal both your wicked Actions
 and your cruel Execution from her Know-
 ledge, or we shall surely see her give up the
 Ghost.

' Ghost. Dear Sir, since you have been guilty
 ' of Thieving, make some Amends to your
 ' Family, and have Compassion on your
 ' poor Aunt, my good Lady, by changing your
 ' Name ; you are but little known in *Paris*,
 ' and you may be broke without disgracing all
 ' your Kindred, if you won't own who you are.
 ' The honest Goaler he e, I am sure, will keep
 ' your Counsel, if you will agice to it. I have
 ' a great Respect for the Family, says the Keep-
 ' er, and will not only keep the Secret, but dis-
 ' guise him so that none shall know him when
 ' he's on the Scaffold. I fird, says the Cheva-
 ' lier, you don't think how to lave me, but -----
 ' Oh ! Sir, answers the Goaler, there's no hopes
 ' of that-----don't flatter yourself with Life-----
 ' the Evidence is too home-----prepare yourself
 ' for another World, and do as this honest Ser-
 ' vant of your Aunt's advises. Dear Keeper,
 ' replies the Cavalier, if you will but have the
 ' Compassion to hear me, I am sure you will be
 ' convinced I am not guilty ; and I can bring a
 ' Witness that will clear me before the Judges.
 ' Oh Sir, says the Coachman, don't think of
 ' that ; it is better to be broke alive under ano-
 ' ther Name, than be clear'd by your own:
 ' Consider what a Scandal it will be to your
 ' Family, that you are tried for a House-break-
 ' er, tho' you are proved innocent. No Sir, I
 ' can never consent you shou'd so dishonour
 ' your noble Housle. Wherfore reslve Sir to
 ' change your Name, confess the Fact, and die
 ' patiently. Marbleu, says the Chevalier, wou'd
 ' you have me br ke alive innocently, rather
 ' than one of my Family shou'd be known sus-
 ' pected of a Crime ? Any thing is better than
 ' to suffer such a Scandal to your Name. As

' to dying Sir, you won't be above half an Hour
 ' about it, may be not so long ; but an age won't
 ' wipe out the Scandal. Therefore, dear Sir,
 ' change your Name, and reslve to be broke
 ' patiently. Indeed, says the Chevalier, I won't
 ' follow your Advice----That's pleasant in-
 ' deed. I shan't be Half an Hour dying ; but
 ' how long shall I be dead ? Well, Sir, since
 ' you won't be advised, take your own Course,
 ' and see what Good it will do you. The Fa-
 ' mily will prevent my Lady's being told any
 ' thing, and we will all deny you are the Che-
 ' valier ; nay, we'll swear that you murder'd
 ' him, since we can swear to the Cloaths on
 ' your Back. Having said this, he wou'd not
 ' stay for an Answer, but turned his Back and
 ' went out in a Passion. Truly, says the Che-
 ' valier, looking on the Keeper, you have
 ' brought me one of Job's Comforters. All the
 ' Hopes I have now, is from you ; when you
 ' have heard my Story, I am satisfied you will
 ' find me so innocent, that you'll do what I
 ' shall desire you for my Service. He then told
 ' him his Intrigue and all the Consequences,
 ' and desired he wou'd go to *Gribaut's* Wife,
 ' to appear a Witnets of this Truth. The
 ' Goaler went away, with a Promise to do as
 ' he desired ; and in the Evening he came to
 ' him again, and said he had delivered his Com-
 ' mission. Well, and she'll come I suppose.
 ' Come, says the Goaler, ay, to see your Exe-
 ' cution. She bid me tell you that you are a
 ' slanderous vile Fellow, to bring such a Scan-
 ' dal upon her ; that you deserve to die, were it
 ' only for your impudent Lies ; and that were it
 ' true what you say, had you a Grain of Ho-
 ' nour,

' now, you wou'd sooner lose your Life than
 ' blemish her Reputation. In short, she don't
 ' know you. Oh Heavens ! cried the poor
 ' Gentleman, sure designed Adultery never was
 ' so severely punish'd : Must then the Chevalier
 ' *de Grandis*, deserted and ditown'd by his
 ' Friends, falsely accused by Cut-throats, who
 ' are Strangers to him, be made a Spectacle to
 ' the Mob, and suffer like a Murderer and
 ' House-breaker, by the Hands of an infamous
 ' Hangman, for Crimes he was never capable
 ' of even imagining ! You see Sir, says the
 ' Gaoler, how heinous your designed Sin is in
 ' the Eyes of Heaven, when the Punishment is
 ' so very severe and so unlock'd for. How
 ' many unforeseen Accidents concur to make
 ' an Example of you for all incontinent and
 ' vicious young Gentlemen ; and tho' you suffer
 ' for a Crime of which I am satisfied you are
 ' innocent, yet you must acknowledge the Jus-
 ' tice of Heaven, which has thus overtaken you,
 ' and that your Wickedness is equal to that of
 ' which you are accused. For consider Sir,
 ' you are first guilty of Perjury, I mean of that
 ' which you induce the Wife to, in breaking
 ' thro' the sacramental Oath she has made of
 ' Chastity. Secondly, you invade another Man's
 ' Right, and do him an irreparable Injury.
 ' Thirdly, it, as it's probable you may, you in-
 ' troduce a spurious Life, you rob those Chil-
 ' dren who are lawfully begotten, of whatever
 ' is laid out on those you have introduced into
 ' the poor Man's Family, who must labour to
 ' maintain yours, and perhaps stint his own to
 ' that end. Then you act immediately against
 ' the express Commandment of God ; and your
 ' Misfortune

' Misfortune you see verifies what the Apostle
 ' has told us, *Whoremongers and Adulterers God
 ' will judge.* You are deserted by all, accus'd
 ' of an infamous Action, and must die as in-
 ' famous a Death; don't imagine that the Sin
 ' of Adultery, as it is not punish'd by the secular
 ' Power, and is alas! too lightly consider'd
 ' from the Frequency of the Practice, is there-
 ' fore less infamous than that for which you are
 ' to suffer. I have shewn yours, tho' not per-
 ' petrated, is more abominable; for it was not
 ' your Fault you did not commit it. I there-
 ' fore look upon you as guilty as if you had.
 ' Who robs a House, takes Goods, the Loss
 ' of which may be retrieved; or at least a Man
 ' may live perhaps without 'em, for it's rare
 ' that one's whole Substance is carried off; but
 ' who debauches his Neighbour's Wife, robs
 ' him of his Honour, the Character of his Fa-
 ' mily suffers; he robs him of his Peace, of the
 ' Comfort he had in his House; deprives him
 ' of all Quiet, and makes ever an unhappy
 ' Doubt as to his Children, consequently lessens
 ' his paternal Affection and Care towards them,
 ' and makes his Name opprobrious, and very
 ' often is the Cause of many Murders. I must
 ' now tell you, Sir, I am not what I appear
 ' to be, the Goaler of this Prison, I am his Bro-
 ' ther, and a Priest, and being taken with your
 ' good Mien, I came in Charity to fit you for
 ' another World; I did not know but you
 ' might be obstinate, and refuse to open your-
 ' self to me, if in a clerical Habit, or I thought
 ' Shame might prevent your unbosoming your-
 ' self; therefore I personated my Brother. If
 ' you will make your Confession, and do some

‘ Act

' Act of Penance, I am ready to hear and assist
 ' you. Ah ! Father, answer'd the Chevalier,
 ' why did not some good Friend shew me the
 ' Heinousness of my Crime, which I never
 ' look'd upon as such while I had yet some
 ' Hopes of Life, and cou'd shew my Penitence
 ' by my Amendment. Alas ! my approaching
 ' Death strikes me with such Terror, that I am
 ' not capable of recollecting myself, and con-
 ' fessing as I ought. Oh befriend me so far
 ' as to endeavour to save my Life ; I am cer-
 ' tain my Aunt, if she knew my Circumstances,
 ' wou'd soon get me clear'd. I think of dying,
 ' who do but begin to live, without an unspeak-
 ' able Horror. Death is in it self terrible, but
 ' much more so when accompanied with In-
 ' famy. Alas ! Father, I have not lived as I
 ' ought, and find I cannot die as I shou'd ; sure
 ' never Man of my Birth was ever so unhappy.
 ' There are many as wicked, nay, more so, and
 ' yet they meet with no Misfortunes while I am
 ' loaded with the most Cruel. Oh pity my
 ' Youth and little Experience ; let my former
 ' want of Knowledge, and my present Repen-
 ' tance, move you to Compassion. Oh ! save
 ' me, that I may have time to make Amends
 ' by my future, for the Wickedness of my for-
 ' mer Life. Save me, Father, that I may save
 ' my Soul, that you may have the Pleasure to
 ' see my Amendment, and the Glory of retriev-
 ' ing a lost Sheep. I am lost, I am forever lost,
 ' without your Pity interposes. Think of my
 ' unhappy Condition, how unfit to die, while
 ' so desirous to live. Oh snatch me from ecle-
 ' nial Ruin, extend your Charity to my Soul
 ' and my Tears shall wash away all Pollution'

‘ Oh

' Oh ! Father, save, save me, it is in your Pow-
 ' er to do it. You may partly see, but cannot
 ' be thoroughly sensible of the Agonies I suffer,
 ' and the Terror of Death is not to be equal'd
 ' but by Death itself. Indeed Son, replied the
 ' Priest, I pity you from my Soul, but what can
 ' I do to serve you ? I cannot get Admittance
 ' to your Aunt. Endeavour therefore to com-
 ' pose your Thoughts ; call up your Courage
 ' and let the Thoughts of a happy Futurity
 ' make you despise Death : You know
 ' we are born to die ; it's a Condition annex'd
 ' to our Being ; and it may be a Blessing that
 ' you are so soon cut off, who might otherwise
 ' run into Vices which might make you eter-
 ' nally miserable. Resign yourself to the Will
 ' of Providence, who knows what is best for us,
 ' and accordingly allots it ; his Charity is too
 ' great to delight in the Misery of his Creatures,
 ' and it is our limited Understanding which
 ' makes us sometimes tax him with Cruelty,
 ' when he dispenses Blessings. There is with
 ' him neither past nor future, all is present to
 ' his all-seeing Eye ; and if he did not see what
 ' you call the greatest Misfortune, the greatest
 ' Good, he wou'd not bring you to it. Oh
 ' Father ! I am not fit to die, replied the Cheva-
 ' lier ; I apprehend my Death so much, that I
 ' wou'd accept of Life on any Account ; I wou'd
 ' renounce Birth, Titles, Estate, all Pleasures
 ' the World can afford, and be poor and con-
 ' temptible, to live. I know what I shall meet
 ' with in a future State ; I've little to hope, and
 ' much to fear. Shou'd I, said the Father, en-
 ' deavour your Escape, may I hope to see you
 ' amend your Life ? You may, you may, dear

O

Father ;

' Father ; I will become a Saint, and be ever
 ' upon my Guard in all my Actions. Oh if
 ' you have any Tendency to Compassion, che-
 ' rish the human Virtue, and let me be thought
 ' a worthy Object. Consider what you'll me-
 ' rit, and how glorious your future Reward will
 ' be, whose Charity saves a desponding Soul.
 ' Well, replies the Priest, I will try all Methods
 ' to save you, though I risque my Life; for I
 ' cannot unmoved see your Affliction. Recom-
 ' mend yourself to Heaven; let your Prayers be
 ' that I may succeed in what I attempt, and
 ' that you may perform what you have promis'd.
 ' He took his Leave, and the Chevalier went
 ' very heartily to his Prayers, in which pious
 ' Exercise the Father found him at his Return
 ' some two Hours after. He gave *Grandris* a
 ' File, and bid him work at his Lions, to get
 ' 'em off, having unlock'd his Hand-cuffs with
 ' a Key he had stol'd, as he said, from his Bro-
 ' ther; and saying he wou'd come to him again
 ' he left him to saw off his Fetters. He set to
 ' work with a very good Will, and did not
 ' desist either for Sweat or Weariness, till he had
 ' got his Legs at liberty. Then ready to ex-
 ' pire between Hopes and Fear at every litt'e
 ' Noise he heard, he waited with Impatience
 ' enough for the Priest's Return, whom he ima-
 ' gined an Angel sent from Heaven for his Pre-
 ' servation. While he was thus expecting a
 ' Thousand melancholy Ideas employ'd his
 ' Imagination. One while he feared some sick
 ' Person might send for him, and so hinder his
 ' prosecuting his charitable Design; another
 ' while, he was apprehensive of his falling down
 ' the ugly Stairs, and breaking a Leg and pre-
 ' vent

vent his carrying him off; then again he had
 a Notion he might die suddenly. But the
 Priest returning with a Bundle under his Arm,
 and a dark Lanthorn, put an End to these
 tormenting Ideas. The Bundle was a Re-
 colet's Habit, which *Grandris* immediately put
 on, (the Priest was in the same Dress) and
 being order'd to follow him, he led him through
 the Prison into the Streets, and so to a Con-
 vent, where a Lay-brother waited to let 'em
 in. But what Pen is able to exprest *Grandris*'s
 Joy when he found himself in Safety. He
 threw his Arms round the Priest's Neck, and
 almost throttled him with his Embraces. Oh
 my Dear Friend! said he, I never will forget
 this happy Deliverance which I owe to your
 Compassion; nor will I ever give you Reason
 to repent it. Heavens be praised who sent
 you to my Assistance; what shall I do to shew
 my Gratitude, or how return the Favour? The
 Father, who was commission'd by the Coun-
 tess to act this Part, in Hopes of reclaiming
 her Nephew, answer'd, he cou'd shew his
 Gratitude to Heaven for his Deliverance, by
 a Reformation only; and advised him, War
 having been declared the Year before by the
English and their Allies, to make a Campaign,
 that he wou'd go with him to his Aunt's, ex-
 cuse him, and propose his setting out to join
 the Army. This was as soon agreed to as
 propos'd; and *Grandris* went Volunteer, with
 a very handsome Equipage. He joined the
 Army two Days before the Battle of *Fierus*,
 which was fought July the 1st, 1690. and had
 the Honour of being present when Duke *Lux-*
emburg obtain'd a signal Victory over the Al-

lies. This Battle terminated the Campaign ;
 and *Grandris*, who was not ambitious, and
 therefore satisfied with what Honour he had
 got, return'd home. But notwithstanding
 this Modesty of his, he was in a Manner
 obliged the following Year to appear in the
 Field. He had the Honour to be personally
 known to the Duke *de Chartres*, and that of
 being related to the Duke of *Luxemburg*, who
 had presented him to the former. His Ma-
 jesty went in Person to the Siege of *Mons*,
 accompanied by the Duke of *Orleans*, and his
 Son the Duke *de Chartres*, who asking the
 Chevalier if he did not intend to take the
 Field again, laid him under an Obligation of
 doing it. This strong City was invested the
 15th of *March* 1691, and surrender'd the 20th
 of *April* following. But as the Chevalier was
 more inclin'd to follow the Banners of *Venus*,
 than those of *Mars*, he made this his last Cam-
 paign ; and returning to *Paris*, relaps'd into
 his amorous Fits. His Reputation was not
 a little heighten'd by his having been at the
 Battle of *Flerus*, at the Siege of *Mons*, and at
 the Attack which *Luxemburg* made on the Con-
 federate Army, under the Prince of *Waldeck*,
 the 9th of *September* of the same Year, the La-
 dies look'd upon him a second *Mars* ; and
 as he is well made, has a good Estate, and
 was thought in a fair way of rising to con-
 siderable Posts in the Army, many Families of
 Quality esteem'd him an advantageous Match
 for their Daughters ; and several Proposals
 were made to his Mother ; but *Grandris* had
 no Inclination to Matrimony. If he had a
 Mind to a Wife, it was the Wife of *De la
 Tour*,

'Tour, who kept a Publick House at the Sign
 'of the French Arms in St. Anthony's Street,
 'where he frequently eat. This Woman was
 'young, agreeable, and witty, but unhappily,
 'tho' she took some Liberties in her Way of
 'talking, was truly virtuous. Beside the Che-
 'valier, she had a great many Admirers, espe-
 'cially among the Officers. Grandis, who
 'was now somewhat polish'd by his Conver-
 'sation in the Army, and his being often at
 'Court, began to talk, act, and write like other
 'Folks. He took all Opportunities of enter-
 'taining Mademoiselle *De la Tour*, but he cou'd
 'never get her to make a serious Answer, and
 'turning all he said into Rillery, he knew not
 'whether he had most Reason to hope or des-
 'pair. He one Day told her that his Passion
 'was too serious to be turn'd into Ridicule;
 'that it daily increas'd, and if he was before in
 'Love with her Person, he was now more deeply
 'so with her Wit, that he admis'd the Great-
 'ty of her Conversation, but he cou'd not for-
 'bear condemning the Cruelty of her Humour.
 'That he ever was a Stranger to what they call
 'Love, till he had seen her; whether for his
 'Happiness or Misfortune, depended on her to
 'determine. That his Passion was equally si-
 'cere and lasting; that he wou'd dedicate his
 'future Life to her Service, and cou'd he be
 'able to touch her Heart with some Compassion
 'for the Pain she made him suffer, he should
 'esteem himself the happiest of Mortals. And
 'concluded with begging the woud prevail on
 'her self for one Quarter of an Hour to be re-
 'sous, for he cou'd no longer bear her manner
 'of Treatment. She answer'd, that nothing
 'cou'd

' cou'd be more pleasant [than his desiring her to
 ' be serious, while he was altogether upon the
 ' Banter, and entertaining her with the most
 ' ridiculous Subject he cou'd think on. Oh !
 ' by Heavens, cried the Chevalier, this is too
 ' cruel ; believe me, my dear *De la Tour*, that I
 ' have an inviolable Passion for you ; it is as
 ' uncommon, as is the Beauty which inspired it.
 ' I love you ; love you to Distraction ; and if
 ' you have no Compassion on me, I must be
 ' miserable. But why, added he, shou'd I com-
 ' plain to an intensible ; or rather, why shou'd
 ' I not believe you pity me, and have given me
 ' this happy Moment to reward the most con-
 ' stant and most tender Affection, which I trifle
 ' away in useless Complaints ! Come, my Charin-
 ' er, says he, catching her in his Arms, a little
 ' Violence will excuse your Blushes, and my
 ' Passion plead for the Violence. *De la Tour*
 ' struggled what she cou'd against him ; but it
 ' had been to little Purpose if she had not solemn-
 ' ly promised to give him that Night a Meet-
 ' ing ; and threaten'd if he forced her, to pur-
 ' sue him with the utmost Rigour of the Law.
 ' He left her on reiterated Promises, that she
 ' wou'd come to him in her Bed-chamber while
 ' her Husband was busied in the Kitchen with
 ' Supper. *De la Tour* having escaped this Dan-
 ' ger, was resolved to revenge the Affront, with
 ' which she immediately acquainted her Hui-
 ' band, who bid her keep her Appointment.
 ' The Hour being come, she gave *Grandis*
 ' (who was extremely punctual) the Key of her
 ' Chamber, bid him slip up, and she wou'd fol-
 ' low him. He had waited but a very little
 ' time, when he heard his Mistress gently tap

at

' at the Door, which he open'd with utmost
 ' Impatience, and clasping her in his Arms, was
 ' ready to smother her with his Kisses. She
 ' bid him shut the Door, which he had no sooner
 ' lock'd, but he heard the Husband roaring
 ' Juliette, Wife, Juliette, where the Devil is
 ' this Woman? She seem'd in an inexplicable
 ' Terror at her Husband's Voice, and hearing
 ' him in a Moment after knock at the Door,
 ' she threw herself on her Knees and begg'd
 ' Grandris to have a Regard to her Honour, and
 ' hide himself, for she was lost for ever shou'd
 ' her Husband find him look'd up with her.
 ' Grandris was as concern'd for the Disappoint-
 ' ment, as she seem'd to be for her Reputation.
 ' The Husband knocking at the Door, cried
 ' Juliette, what Whim have you in your Head
 ' that you don't answer? I know you are in the
 ' Room, for the Key's in the Door on the In-
 ' side. She answer'd she was shifting herself,
 ' and wou'd come immediately. In the mean
 ' while she persuad'd the Chevalier to creep
 ' up the Chimney, which he performing with
 ' great Agility, (for he was under some Appre-
 ' hensions for his own Person were he seen by
 ' the Husband,) she open'd the Door. Here,
 ' says he, you Cousin *Moulin*'s Wife and Sisters
 ' are come to see you; I'll call 'em up, for every
 ' Room in the Houte is full except yours. He
 ' called at the Stair Head, and three Women
 ' came up, who after the ordinary Compliments,
 ' sat down, and *De la Tour* told 'em he wou'd
 ' step and give his Orders in the Kitchen, and
 ' be with 'em in a Moment; that he had not
 ' seen 'em of some time, and they shou'd stay
 ' Supper. This was comfortable News to the
 ' poor

' prior Chevalier, who was almost poison'd with
 ' the Stink of the Soot, and was ~~in~~ in a very un-
 ' easy Posture; for his back was against one side
 ' of the Chimney, his feet against the other, his
 ' Knees to his Mouth, and his Arms against the
 ' other two Walls to support him. But how
 ' great was his Apprehension when he heard
 ' *De la Tour* tell his Wife he wou'd light a
 ' Brush, for it was too cold to be without a Fire.
 ' She dissuaded him from it, saying, she cou'd not
 ' bear a Fire, because that Room smoak'd. An
 ' hour after this, Supper was brought in, and
 ' the Company who were in the Plot, as indeed
 ' was all the Family, began to tell Stories to
 ' divert the Time. About twelve o'Clock *De*
 ' *la Tour* complaining again he was cold, sight
 ' of all his Wife cou'd say, wou'd have a Fire.
 ' *Grandis* hearing him resolve to light a Brush,
 ' was in an inconceiveable Agony. He knew
 ' if he came out, *De la Tour* was a hot resolute
 ' fellow, and might murder him; and if he
 ' stay'd, he shou'd be, if not burnt, stifled with
 ' the smoak. He began then with all his
 ' Strength to climb upwards, and had near gain-
 ' ed the Top, when the malicious *De la Tour*
 ' set fire to some Straw on the Hearth. The
 ' Clouds of smoak which wanton'd round
 ' the unhappy *Grandis*, depriving him of Res-
 'piration and the Labour of climbing, together
 ' with the Length of Time he had been coiled
 ' in the Chimney, having exhausted his Strength
 ' he came sliding down the Funnel, and brought
 ' with him such a Quantity of Soot, that the
 ' whole Room was filled with it. He no sooner
 ' felt the Hearth, but creeping out, he took to
 ' his Heels, and ran down Stairs, with his Land-
 ' lord

' lord after him, crying out, the Devil. The
 ' Women's Shrieks, and the Noise *De la Tour*
 ' made, alarm'd all the Companies of the House ;
 ' and one of the Cooks gave the poor Chevalier
 ' such a Blow with the Rowling-pin, that he
 ' had like to have levell'd him with the Ground.
 ' However, he had the good Luck to get out
 ' of the House, and gain his Lodgings. The
 ' Gentlemen who were in the House ask'd *De*
 ' *la Tour* what was the Meaning of that Uproar,
 ' and he diverted 'em all at *Grandris's* Expence,
 ' by telling the whole Story with all it's Cir-
 ' cumstances. The next Day the Chevalier
 ' heard the Ballad Singers acquainting the Mob
 ' with the History of his Misfortune, which
 ' being known to all *Paris*, he was obliged to
 ' quit the Town, and go to his own Seat near
 ' St. *Andre*. He was not far from his own
 ' House, when he happen'd, passing thro' a
 ' Wood, to cast his Eyes on a Young Beggar
 ' Wench, who had a Child at her Back, which
 ' she said was her Brother. She ask'd his Cha-
 ' rity ; he gave her some small Matter, but be-
 ' ing set on fire by the Light'ning of her Eyes,
 ' he sent his two Men before him, to give No-
 ' tice of his Arrival ; and alighting, he told the
 ' Beggar it was a Pity so much Beauty shou'd
 ' be so loaden with Misery ; and pulling a Pif-
 ' tole out of his Purse, offer'd it to her on a
 ' certain Condition. The Girl consented ; but
 ' knew not how to bestow the Child, which
 ' wou'd burst it self with crying, if it was not at
 ' somebody's Back. That shall be no Hin-
 ' drance, replies the Chevalier ; tye it on mine.
 ' No sooner propos'd, but put in Execution.
 ' The Girl braced the Child to his Back, and
 ' the

the same Moment slipp'd into the Thick of the
 Wood, and told him some Noblemen wou'd
 give a Thousand Pistols to have as fine a
 Child as he had for one. *Grandris* cou'd nei-
 ther follow her, nor free himself from the Brat,
 and was obliged to mount with his Burthen,
 which disturb'd by the trotting of the Horse,
 almost deafen'd him with it's Cries; and to
 compleat his Misfortune, he met his Aunt's
 two Daughters, in his Mother's Coach, going
 to make a Visit, and lighting on his Servants,
 were informed by them that their Master fol-
 low'd, they chang'd their Minds and Road,
 and came to welcome his Return. They were
 strangely surprized at the Figure he made, and
 he was as much confus'd; he begg'd they
 wou'd ease him of his Burthen: But he was
 oblig'd to tell his Adventure to engage 'em to
 have so much Charity. They were very merry
 with this Story, which they told as a Secret
 to all the Country, except to his Mother, who
 was not acquainted with it till the Child was
 near ten Years old. It was put to Nurse, and
 to do the Chevalier Justice, he took great
 Care of it. When his Mother was told the
 Story, and saw the Child, she imagined the one
 was Invention, and the other of her Son's be-
 getting, cloath'd the Boy, put him Apprentice
 to a Barber Surgeon, and he makes a pretty
 Fellow. *Grandris* had not been long at Home
 e're he fell desperately in Love with the Wife
 of a Miller who was his Tenant. And as he
 ever was an utter Enemy to Pain, and ex-
 tremely complaisant to himself in the endea-
 vouring to gratify his Passions, he laid hold of
 the firt Opportunity offer'd him, to make her

' a Declaration. Here *Venus* was propitious,
 ' and inspired the love *Jeannette* (for that was
 ' her Name) with an equal Tenderness for the
 ' Chevalier; which she made no difficulty of
 ' owning to him; and gave him a Rendezvous
 ' as he desired. He often met her at an old
 ' Woman's House a little distant fr m the Mill,
 ' and was entirely happy in the Possession of the
 ' many Charms which Nature seem'd to have
 ' profusely lavish'd on the lovely *Jeannette*. *Mir-*
 ' *tin* her Husband having Businets which call'd
 ' him to *Avignon*, the Chevalier took his Place,
 ' and constantly lay at the Mill: He was un-
 ' luckily in Bed with the Miller's Wife when
 ' her Husband return'd; but gathering up all
 ' his Things, he slipp'd into another Room,
 ' and when the Miller went into his Bed-cham-
 ' ber, stole out of the House, but had the Mis-
 ' fortune to fall into the Mill dam. However,
 ' he made a Shift to get out, and went off with-
 ' out Discovery. In his hurry he had forgot
 ' to take his Breeches, which he had left upon
 ' *Jeannette's* Bed. The Miller got up before
 ' Day, and put 'em on as his own, nor did he
 ' perceive the Mistake till a Neighbour of his
 ' seeing the Key of the Watch hang out, ask'd
 ' how long he had worn a Watch? The Man
 ' surprized at the Question, look'd down and
 ' saw the Chain; he pull'd out a Gold Watch,
 ' and examining further, found a Purse of Louis
 ' and some Silver. He immediately examin'd
 ' his Wife, who with Tears in her Eyes,
 ' and begging Pardon on her Knees, confess'd
 ' the Intrigue. He seem'd to forgive her, put
 ' on his own Breeches, and bid her make another
 ' Appointment with *Grandris*; for since he was
 ' already

' already a Cuckold, he cou'd not be more so;
 ' and threaten'd if she hesitated, to knock her
 ' on the Head. And that she might have an
 ' Opportunity, he gave out he was next Day
 ' to return to *Avignon*. The Wife sent the
 ' old Woman to the Chevalier, to acquaint
 ' him that she had hid his Breeches,
 ' which otherwise might have betray'd 'em
 ' to the Husband, who was next Day
 ' to go again to *Avignon*, and she desirea to see
 ' him at Night. *Martin* told his Neighbour
 ' who first spv'd the Watch-string, his Misfor-
 ' tune, which he desired he wou'd conceal, and
 ' lend him his Assistance to get some Reparation
 ' for the Injury. The Chevalier answer'd the
 ' fair one's Summons, and went to Bed without
 ' the leist Apprehension. He had not been long
 ' with *Jeannette*, whom he found very much
 ' alter'd, e're the Husband came in with two
 ' Friends, pretending he had forgot something
 ' which oblig'd him to return. He had a Lant-
 ' horn in his Hand, and poor *Grandris* was seen
 ' in Bed with *Jeannette* by all the three. It's
 ' impossible to paint the Rage the Miller ex-
 ' press'd both in Words and Gestures: He
 ' snatch'd up an Ax, and swore he'd cleave the
 ' Adulterer's Skull. His Friends seiz'd and en-
 ' deavoured to pacify him; and the Chevalier
 ' begging he wou'd spare his Life, offer'd him
 ' what Satisfaction he cou'd demand. With
 ' much ado the Miller was brought to hear Rea-
 ' son. *Grandris* forgave him what Rent was
 ' due, and gave him a Note to leave him for
 ' seven Years the peaceable Enjoyment of the
 ' Mill, Rent-free, and threw him his Purse and
 ' Watch, which the Wife by Order had re-
 ' turn'd

turn'd. The Husband thus pacify'd in some Measure, told him he cou'd not afford to maintain a Mistress for him, who had the Means to do it himself; therefore desired he wou'd be pleas'd to take his Mistress with him for she shou'd stay no longer under his Roof. So turning 'em both out, he shut the Door upon 'em. *Grandris* upbraided *Jeannette* with betraying him, and swore he'd have nothing more to say to her: And the poor Creature thus deserted by her Lover, and turn'd out by her Husband, was obliged to foot it to *Beaucair*, where her Father lived, who hearing her Character, and refusing her Shelter, she left that Town, and it is not known what became of her after. These Misfortunes were not sufficient to abate the Fever in our Chevalier's Blood, or make him less zealous in the Service of the Fair Sex, for which he had an insuperable Inclination. He continued to make his Addresses to every she in the Neighbourhood; for never was there a Woman in his Eyes disagreeable. It is to be suppos'd he either was cloy'd with the Country Beauties, or that he found their Cruelty insupportable; for soon after this unhappy Affair of the Mill, he return'd to *Paris*, where he was not long before a Barber's Wife made a Conquest of him. He found this fair one as charitable as *Jeannette*, and kept an uninterrupted Correspondence with her near a Month, none having the least Suspicion of their Commerce. But Fortune, whose Inconstancy makes her Favours of short Duration, for Reasons best known to herself, and which it's not my Business to enquire into, was resolved to put an

End to the Tranquility these two Lovers enjoy'd by the frequent Absence of the Husband, who having a small Farm about a League distant from St. *Dennis*, commonly lay there four Nights of the Week. The fickle Goddess by the following Accident brought this troublesome and unexpected Guest to *Paris* to disturb their Happiness. One Night after *La Mouffe* (that being the Barber's Name) had supp'd with his Farmer, and was preparing for Bed, there arose so violent a Storm of Wind, that it carried away the Roofing of the House, and left no other Covering than that of Heaven. This obliged the Family to sit up all Night, and the Wind being allay'd a little before Day, *La Mouffe* took his Horse and return'd to *Paris*, at the time *Aurora* was ushering in the God of Day. He knock'd at the Door and alarm'd the amorous Couple, who lock'd in each others Arms, tasted the Sweets of a calm Repose. The Husband's Voice was perfectly known to the Wife, who found no other way to hide the Chevalier than that of locking him in a great Chest with all his Cloaths, which she threw in after him, and then went down with open Arms to receive her dear *La Mouffe*. He told her the Reason of his returning at that Hour, and desired since he had been up all Night, if any should enquire for him in the Forenoon, that she would say he was still out of Town, for he design'd to lie a-bed till twelve. She promised to do as he desired, and went to Bed with him, not a little terrified with the Apprehensions of *Grarius*'s being discovered, who lay in as much Fear, but in more Uneasiness; being obliged

to lie on his Back with his Legs drawn under him, and almost stifled for want of Air. The Wife got up as soon as her Husband was asleep, but fear'd to attempt the setting him at Liberty, lest her Husband awaking might make a Discovery. At twelve the good man left his Bed, dress'd himself, and went out. No sooner was he in the Streets, than she ran to and open'd the Chest: But how great was her Surprize, when she found the poor Chevalier without Motion! For the Closeness of the Prison he was in, threw him into a Swoon. She shook him, got Water and threw a Couple of Basins in his Face, which brought him a little to himself, tho' he lay some time after he had open'd his Eyes, without being sensible. At length being fully recovered, he got up and dress'd himself, which he had hardly done, when the Husband returned. She wou'd have had him betake himself a second time to the Chest, but he cou'd not consent to it; and therefore crept under the Bed. The Husband came up Stairs with another Man, to whom he shew'd the Chest, and told him if he lik'd it at eight Livres, it was his; if not, there needed no more Words. They cou'd not agree; and the Man went down Stairs without having it open'd. The Husband stay'd, for they had no more than this Room and the Shop under it, and desired his Wife to get Dinner as soon as she cou'd, and he'd take care of the House while she went to Market. The Wife made all possible haste in hopes *La Mousse* wou'd go out after he had dined. But while they were at Table, the Man returned, and said he wou'd give him his Price, if he wou'd

pay a Bottic of Wine back. *La Mousse* agreed, and sent his Wife for it. This Bottic drew on another, which the Buyer wou'd treat Madamoiselle *La Mousse* with ; and the Barber who was a good Companion, proposed the clubbing for a third, which was consented to, notwithstanding all the Wife cou'd say to dissuade it. *La Mousse* with this, began to be a little mellow, and rather than not have a fourth he wou'd pay for it himself. This too was drinking when he had Occasion to make use of the Chamber-pot ; and was now very drunk. In putting his hand under the Bed, he took hold of one of *Grandis*'s Shoes, which were only slipped on, and neither pull'd up at Heel nor buckl'd. He took it for a Shoe of his own ; and saying it was as good as a Pot, made Water in it, and throwing it under the Bed again, most of the Water fell on the Chevalier's Face and Breast. The Wife began to chide him for his Nastiness in wetting the Floor ; and he bid her hold her Tongue, or he'd teach her what Obedience she ow'd to her Husband ; that he was Master of the House and if he pleas'd to piss in the Bed, she had nothing to do to contradict him. He call'd for, and wou'd have another Bottic, and began to sing and dance, telling his Companion ne'er a Man in *France* knew better how to manage a Wife than he did. The poor unfortunate Chevalier was oblig'd, notwithstanding the Wet and Stink he lay in, to bear it with Patience, in hopes the Beast being drunk and a bed, he might steal out. To make short, he got to very much intoxicated, that when his Companion was gone, which was not till

eight at Night, the Wife had much ado to get him into Bed. He was no sooner laid, but she bid her reach him the Pot, for he was sick at Stomach: She obey'd him; and he brought up all his Dinner and Wine; she wou'd have taken it from him to carry away, but he wou'd not suffer her; he wou'd put it under the Bed himself, that he might come at it again easly, for he had more on his Stomach, which he shou'd soon discharge; and placed it exactly under *Grandris's Nose*; who by this name is Stench, was ready to follow the Barber's Example. What Pain the Wife was in may be suppos'd without Difficulty. *La Mouffe* bid her come to Bed, and leave the Candle burning. She desired he wou'd go to sleep, and when she had secured the Doors she wou'd come to him. She went down, and left the Street-door at Jarr, that her Gallant, might slip out when occasion offer'd. In the mean while, the Wine in *La Mouffe's* Stomach work'd him downwards, and he was oblig'd to get out of Bed and take the Pot for an Exa-cution different from the former; and after he had done what Nature required, in thrusting it under the Bed again he overset it upon the unfortunate *Grandris*, who thought of nothing less than dying under this poisonous Perfec-tion. The Wife, who saw this, had no longer any Patience, but fell upon her Husband with the most reproachful and vilifying Language, which he return'd with a smart Cuff on the Ear: She was not long in his Debt, but falling upon him with all the Fury of an enraged and abus'd Woman, the Battle grew hot, and the Victory was doubtful; when the Watch, who

* found

• found the Door open, and heard the Noise,
 • came into the Room to know the Reason of
 • the Disturbance. At the very instant the
 • Wife struck *La Mousse* a Blow with a three
 • legg'd Stool, which fell'd him in the Filth he
 • had made. The Watch took him up, and
 • imagined this Nastiness Blood. The Cheva-
 • lier, who cou'd no longer contain himself, fell
 • a reaching as if his Heart was coming out of
 • his Mouth; which obliged the Officer to order
 • some of the Watch to see who that was un-
 • der the Bed. They accordingly stopping their
 • Noses, search'd, and dragg'd out by the Heels
 • the unhappy Chevalier, but in such a Condi-
 • tion, as oblig'd all the Company to shew him
 • the Respect of keeping at some Distance. He
 • was ask'd how he came there, who he was,
 • and what was his Business? He answer'd, he
 • was pursued by Serjeants for Debt, and took
 • into the House unperceived, about eleven
 • o'Clock in the Forenoon, when he saw the
 • Master of the House in Bed asleep: That he
 • had kept snugg, notwithstanding the mortify-
 • ing Condition he lay in, expecting an Oppor-
 • tunity to get out unseen, and fearing to be
 • taken for a Thief, or to be delivered up to the
 • Serjeants, by the Master whom he did not
 • know; had pull'd off his Shoes that he might
 • withdraw without Noise; and that if the Off-
 • cer pleased, he wou'd shew him his Lodgings,
 • where he wou'd be satisfied he was not a Man,
 • tho' unfortunate, capable of doing an ill thing.
 • *La Mousse* said he wish'd he had spoke, he wou'd
 • sooner have help'd him off than betray'd him;
 • and he was sorry he had suffer'd so much, since
 • he look'd like a Gentleman; and bid his Wife

' get some Water to wash him. *Grandris* went
 ' to embrace *La Mousse* for his Humanity, but
 ' he begg'd him to defer his Demonstrations of
 ' Kindness till he was somewhat fweeter: That
 ' if he wou'd take a Bottle when he was wash'd,
 ' he was his Man, and they wou'd go into the
 ' Shop and be merry, if the Gentlemen of the
 ' Watch wou'd keep 'em Company. *Grandris*
 ' gave Half a Pistole for Wine, and to stop the
 ' Officer's being too inquisitive; and after they
 ' had scour'd and sweeten'd him as well as they
 ' cou'd, they went into the Shop, drunk a Bot-
 ' tle, and parted very good Friends, one of the
 ' Watch going home with the Chevalier. He
 ' no sooner got into his Lodgings, than he
 ' stripp'd himself with all possible Diligence, and
 ' thought the Proverb was verified, since he had
 ' the good Luck to get off from so great a Dan-
 ' ger with so little Damage. *La Mousse* the
 ' next Day reflecting upon the Chevalier's being
 ' found under his Bed, began to imagine his
 ' Wife play'd him false; and was resolved to
 ' watch her narrowly, tho' he did not let drop a
 ' Word which betray'd his Jealousy: On the
 ' contrary, he begg'd her Pardon for the Disfor-
 ' der, and seem'd mortified at the Gentleman's
 ' being so long confined in that filthy Condition.
 ' Mademoiselle *La Mousse* however, thought it
 ' Prudence to desire *Grandris* wou'd desist from
 ' visiting her for some time, and accordingly
 ' wrote to him in such like Terms.

To

To the Chevalier *de Grandris..*

My dear Chevalier,

• I's impossible to tell you how much I suf-
 • fer'd on your Account while the drunken
 • Beast my Husband annoy'd you with what is
 • not fit to be mention'd. He has no suspic'en
 • of our Correspondence, but believes what you
 • said to be the pure Truth, and now he's sober,
 • really pities you. I beg notwithstanding,
 • that you will not of some Days come near our
 • Houte, lest your being seen may give my
 • Neightours a Jealousy which may infect my
 • Husband. Think how much I thal suffer by
 • your Absence, which is absolutely necessary, or
 • I shou'd never advise it; who am .

• Your devoted

Henrietta *La Mouffe.*

• This Billet she unfortunately dropp'd, and
 • her Husband, who took it up unseen, read it,
 • and laid it again on the Ground. She soon
 • miss'd it, and was overjoy'd when she went
 • into her Chamber, that she had again found it,
 • and that it had not fallen into her Husband's
 • Hands; for he behaved himself with such seem-
 • ing Penitence for his last Drunkeness, and en-
 • deavour'd by so many obliging Ways to make
 • Reparation, that she had not the least Suspi-
 • cion of his having made a Discovery. She
 • went to Mass at *Notre Dame*, where she was
 • sure to find the Chevalier, and clapping the
 • Letter

Letter into his Hand as he went out of the
 Church, said in a low voice, read this, and
 take no Notice of me. This too was seen by
La Mousse, who had follow'd her to Church,
 kneel'd within Sight of her, and had an op-
 portunity of seeing every action. As soon as
 he saw she had delivered the Letter, left her
 Gallant, and was going homewards, he mend-
 ed his Pace and got to his Shop some time be-
 fore her. He received her with Chearfulness,
 and she having forgiven the late Misdemeanor,
 they lived with a seeming Harmony. Some
 Days past, that he did not go to his Farm, the
 Damage not being repaired, *Grandis* exactly
 obey'd the Orders of his Letter, tho' he impa-
 tiently expected another to put an End to this
 cruel Absence. *La Mousse* after a Week re-
 solved to see how his Work went forward in
 the Country; and when he return'd at Night,
 he told his Wife three Days more wou'd make
 an End of the Roof, and he wou'd go then for
 a little Air, finding the being confined to town
 was prejudicial to his Health. The Morning
 he left her, he took a Stand wrapp'd in a cloak,
 near the Choir Door of *Notre Dame*, where
 he had not been long before he saw his Wife,
 who after Mass joined the Chevalier, and as he
 suppos'd gave him the Rendezvous for that
 Night. He immediately acquainted his Bro-
 ther-in-Law, a Butcher, in the Suburbs of St.
 Anthony, with the whole affair, and took Mea-
 sures with him to catch his Wife in a Man-
 ner that she cou'd not deny her Guilt. This
 Butcher prepared some Serjeants, and *La*
Mousse was planted with 'em ready to break
 into the Housie when Notice was given that

‘ the

' the Chevalier was enter'd. At the Close of
 ' Even he was seen to go in, and the Door was
 ' lock'd after him. *Moglit* the Butcher, who
 ' was upon the Watch, gave Notice, and the
 ' Husband, with his Janizaries, went in with-
 ' out Noise, by means of a Key *La Mouffe* had
 ' got made, and catch'd his Wife and *Grandris*
 ' in Bed. The latter was hurry'd away to Pi-
 ' son upon *La Mouffe's* Action, and the Wife
 ' was thrust that Night into a Monastery. *La*
 ' *Mouffe* prosecuted his Suit, and the poor Che-
 ' valier was condemn'd in 4000 Livres Damage
 ' to the Husband, and to be confined till the
 ' Money was all paid, which Sum he thought
 ' fit to discharge immediately. The poor Wo-
 ' man was shut up in a Convent as aforesaid, to
 ' continue there at her Husband's Discretion;
 ' who kept her immured till his Death; and
 ' then truly penitent for her Folly, she renoun-
 ' ced the World and took the Veil. *Grandris*
 ' was not a little mortified at paying so dear for
 ' his Pleasure, and now made a Resolution to
 ' avoid all Commerce with, and to hate if possi-
 ' ble, the whole Sex, which had ever been the
 ' Harbinger to some Disgrace. He for three
 ' Days, in Consequence of this Resolution,
 ' shunn'd all female Conversation, and wou'd
 ' not enter a Tavern which had a Woman be-
 ' longing to it. He ever was an Admirer of
 ' Painting, and in this Melancholy and reserved
 ' Temper he often walk'd in the painted Gal-
 ' lery of *Luxemburg*, where the Life of *Mary de*
 ' *Medicis* is hieroglyphically described by that
 ' excellent Artist *Paul Ruben*, tho' many of the
 ' Figures much damaged by an unskilful Paint-
 ' er's covering the naked Pieces with an auk-
 ' ward

' ward Drapery. While he was one Day admiring these beautiful and masterly, nay, I may say incomparable Monuments of one of the most able Masters, he chanc'd to turn his Head and see behind him a young Lady, whom he thought more beautiful than the most finish'd Piece either of Art or Nature. He that Instant found her irresistible; her Face, her Air, her Shape, her Drets, her every Motion, had each their peculiar Charm. He saw and loved, and addressing himself to her, he said, how happy, Madam, had the Artist been, whose Works you contemplate, (for she was looking on the Pictures) cou'd he have copied after so bright an Original; what Graces, what Beauties, wou'd he have had to his Works, which he was then a Stranger to, and which I believe were unknown to the whole World, till Nature produced you, to shew how much she cou'd excel her Rival Art. I find Sir, replied the unknown Lady, that you breath the Court Air, and can say fine things on the most trifling Subject. The Subject, Madam, is so gloriously bright, that I am induced to believe the Heathen Deities no Fables; and that their *Venus* vouchsafes to bless the Earth with her Presence; for sure nothing mortal can equal the Beauty of your adorable Person. How much happier is it for our Age to see so perfect an Original, than to have you lived in that of *Ruben's*, and have seen only the Shadow of your Charms in the Perfection of his Work. Sir, replied the Lady, I don't know what Opinion you may have of the little Beauty I may lay claim to, because a Courtier's Tongue never betrays the Sentiments of

' his

' his Heart ; but shou'd you speak as you think,
 ' I find by your Comparison the mean Opinion
 ' you have of my Virtue, equals the excessive
 ' Praises you lavish on my Person. As to your
 ' Virtue, Madam, believe me I never once
 ' thought of it ; neither indeed can I wish to find
 ' you the Idolizer of a Phantom : For it's im-
 ' possible that you can be a Slave to false Ideas
 ' without you make all Mankind miserable who
 ' look upon you, and thus make that Beauty
 ' the Scourge of, which was given as a Blessing
 ' to our Sex. You think then Virtue only a
 ' Notion ? Doubtless, Madam, it's nothing real,
 ' it depends not on us, it is the Opinion of
 ' others, the Judgment they make of us. A real
 ' Vestal may by Detractors be deprived of that
 ' Character ; and she who indulges herself in
 ' Pleasure, may be thought, that is, may be a
 ' real Vestal. Virtue, Madam, is nothing else
 ' but Discretion, by another Name. The Fair
 ' who chuses her Lover with Prudence, and
 ' who conceals her Pleasures from the Eyes of
 ' the World, will always be Virtuous ; whereas
 ' the most reserved of your Sex will be, by her
 ' Imprudence, esteem'd the contrary. He had
 ' hardly said this, when an old Lady joined the
 ' Fair unknown, and told her it was time to be
 ' going. *Grandris* begg'd leave to wait on her
 ' to her Coach, and she permitted him the Ho-
 ' nour of her Hand. As he conducted her he
 ' said, without she would permit him the Hap-
 ' piness of waiting on her, she had made him
 ' most miserable. She answer'd, that without
 ' her Aunt's Consent, who was with her, she
 ' durst admit no Visits ; and she did not know
 ' if his Principles were not too dangerous to be
 ' listen'd

listen'd to, shou'd the old Lady allow him to see her. When they were at the Coach, which was a very handsome one, attended by three Lackies, he turn'd to the old Lady, and said, It's Madam, in your Power to make me esteem this as the most happy or most unfortunate Day of my whole Life: I have seen this charming Lady, and to say that, is to say I love her, my Heart goes with her, and if you will not allow me the Honour of paying my Respects, I shall be the most wretched Creature breathing. I beg, Madam, this Condescension from your Compassion, and-----Sir, replied the Aunt, interrupting him, my Doors are always open to Cavaliers of your Distinction, and you do my Niece: and we do much Honour in that of so refined a Conversation: I have all the Respect and Deference that is due to the Chevalier *de Grandis*'s Birth and Merit; for you are not unknown to me either in Person or Character. I have often seen you at Mass, where some Relations of mine who were in the Army, shew'd you to me, and gave me a Detail of the Wonders you did in the Service of your August Monarch. If you please to honour us with your Company, take part of and excuse the poor Collation which is made ready for our small Family; I assure you, Sir, I shall esteem the Honour as I ought; there is Room in my Berlin. The Chevalier overjoy'd at the Offer, with a Thousand Acknowledgements of the Honour she did him, very readily follow'd 'em into the Coach. They drove thro' many Streets, but the Chevalier was so much in Love with the fair Niece, and pleased with the Conversation of the old Aunt,

' who gave him the just Characters of the most
 ' noted Courtiers that he was regardless of the
 ' Length of Time they were driving. The
 ' Berlin stopp'd at a great Gate, and they went
 ' into a handsone Ho:se richly furnish'd, but
 ' he knew not what Street. The old Lady
 ' begg'd he wou'd excuse their Absence for a
 ' few Moments, and leading him into a Parlour
 ' furnish'd with Damask Curtains, and Chairs
 ' with gilt Frames, a silver Table, under a very
 ' large Pier Glais, and a Beaufet set out with
 ' abundance of Plate and double Flint Glass;
 ' in short, into a Parlour furnish'd for a Prince,
 ' they took their Le:ves. The Chevalier was
 ' contemplating the Richness of the Furniture,
 ' when the young Lady return'd in a Night
 ' Dress of so beautiful and so rich a Brocade,
 ' that he cou'd but not admire it. She begg'd
 ' he wou'd excuse the Freedom she took of ap-
 ' pearing before him in a loose Dress, which no-
 ' thing but her Indisposition, which wou'd not
 ' suffer her long to bear Stays, shou'd have oblig'd
 ' her to. The Chevalier answer'd, that she
 ' ought to command in her own House, especi-
 ' ally him who thought it the greatest Glory
 ' and Happines to be own'd her Slave; that he
 ' cou'd not tell whether he was asleep, or whe-
 ' ther all he saw was by Enchantment; for every
 ' thing rais'd his Wonder, but nothing so much
 ' as her incomparable Beauty. I have seen the
 ' King's Palaces, added he, and frequented the
 ' Court, but neither the Furniture of the former,
 ' nor the Beauties which compose the latter,
 ' are any way equal to what I now see. My
 ' Aunt, replies the young Lady, is, I own, cu-
 ' ricus in her Furniture; she loves to have every
 ' thing

thing decent. But will you be pleas'd Sir to sit; I have a little Indian who has the Voice of an Angel, and dances extremely well; she shall entertain you till our little Supper is brought in. My Aunt don't suffer me to go to the Theatre, and therefore endeavours to make me amends by innocent Diversions at Home. She having said this, rung a little Bell, and a Servant coming to the Door, order'd her Indian to be sent for. She accordingly came, and at her Lady's Command sung one *Italian* and one *French Song*, accompanied by a *German Flute*, which a Servant play'd upon so well, that he shew'd himself a perfect Master. Musick was call'd for, and the Indian danced an Entry, while four other Damsticks ravish'd the Eyes of our Chevalier with the harmonious Sound of Ivory Flutes, which they touch'd with uncommon Skill. Hardly had the Girl finish'd her Dance, when the old Lady came in, and told the Chevalier she was proud of the Honour he had done her humble House. The Supper follow'd, which for Elegancy and Variety, surpass'd all that the Chevalier had before seen. During the Repast, a Concert of Musick, compos'd of the most melodious Instruments, and touch'd by the most able Hands, entertained 'em. The Wine they drank was *Tokay*, *St Lawrence*, *St Martin's*, and the best of *Burgundy*. All these things, joind to the Number of Servants which attended dress'd like Gentlemen, for no Livery came farther than the Door, where he deliver'd what he brought, to one of these Attendants, made the Chevalier imagine he must be in the House of some very great Prince.;

and in all his Discourse he treated the Ladies
 with a Respect answerable to the Opinion he
 had of their Quality. The last Course was
 served in gilt Plate, and the Dishes in China.
 When the Table was clear'd, a little silver
 Basin, gilt and fill'd with Orange flower Wa-
 ter, was set before each particular Person, ac-
 companied with a Damask Napkin. After
 they had wash'd their Hands, this Basin gave
 place to a Chrystal Glass of Water for the
 Mouth. I had forgot to tell you that a Chap-
 lain attended to bless the Table, who retired
 till Supper was over, and then he return'd,
 gave Thanks for what was received, and with-
 drew again. The old Lady rising up, took
 the Chevalier by the Hand, and ask'd him if
 he wou'd not retire into another Room, for it
 must needs be offensive to him after a Meal to
 continue in that, where the Effluvia of the
 Meat still remained. She took her Niece in
 the other Hand, and led 'em both into an ad-
 joining Parlour, which instead of Wainscot,
 was fitted up with large Pannels of Looking-
 glass set in silver Mouldings. There was no
 Chairs, but a necessary Number of Stools,
 cover'd with a gold Brocade, and fring'd with
 gold knotted Fringes: In the Middle from the
 Ceiling, depended by a Crimson silk Cord, a
 Chrystal 'Sconce, in which were a Dozen of
 Virgin Wax Candles lighted. She did not
 stop here, but went thro' this into a Hall,
 where a Number of Wax Lights in Plate
 Sconces supplied the Want of Day, and dif-
 covered the Paintings of the greatest Masters,
 who had been employ'd to adorn the Ceiling
 and the Sides of this seeming Paradite. Every
 Step our Chevalier made, and every thing

thing he saw, contributed to raise his Wonder.
 In a Word, he was dash'd with Amazement.
 In thi. Hall were a geometrical Pair of Stairs
 of Parian Marble, with Brass Balustres gilt.
 The old Lady, without a Word being exchang-
 ed among 'em all this while, conducted 'em
 up Stairs, and turn'd into a Bed-chamber, in
 which stood a scarlet Velvet Bed trimm'd
 with broad Gold Lace, and great arm'd Chairs
 answerable. The Dogs in the Chimney were
 Plate, and the Floor was cover'd with a rich
 Turkey work'd Carpet. The Hangings were
 of the same Velvet, border'd with the same
 Orice. Two large silver Canliesticks gilt
 stood upon a Table of the same Metal and
 Fashion; in these were four Wax Candles of
 the largest Sort. Here there stood six young
 Ladies, who by their rich Dress, and the Re-
 spect they paid his Conductress, he imagined
 were Maids of Honour to his two Princeſſe.
 But he was a tonish'd to see that the old Lady
 gave her Orders by Signs; for on ſome the
 made they all disappear'd: And here, turning
 to the Caſtalian, ſhe told him, as it was too
 late to return to his Lodgings, and too early
 to think of Bed, ſhe wou'd intreat his making
 uſe of that for to Night, and if he pleas'd, they
 wou'd for an Hour or two entertain him at
 Ombre. He made her a low Bow, and an-
 ſweird, that ſhe had an absolute Power over
 him, and he thought it the greatest Honour
 to receive her Commands. You ſhall then,
 Sir, replied the Lady, give me leave to lead
 you into another Room. He bow'd and obey'd.
 This Room, with the Number of Wax Lights,
 ſeem'd to contend for Brightneſſe with the God

of Day. It was hung with blue Damask em-
 broidered with Silver. The Chairs were of
 the same Work. In the Middle of the Room
 was a Table for Ombre, with gold Fish and
 Counters. They sat down, and *Grandris* took
 the Cards: He was shuffling when one of the
 suppos'd Maids of Honour came in with a
 small Case of Chrystal Bottles with Cordial
 Waters, followed by another, who brought
 three Glasses on a gold Salver. They set 'em
 down on a side Table, and one filling the
 Glasses, the other very respectfully presented
 'em. The old Lady began the Chevalier's
 Health to her Niece, who drank to, and was
 pledged by *Grandris*. They play'd an Hour,
 in which time our Chevalier had won, and
 was paid an Hundred Pistoles, tho' it was with
 some Pain he was prevailed on to accept 'em.
 At the giving over, the Aunt rung a little Bell,
 and one of the Maids of Honour coming in,
 she made a Sign, and another Glass of Cor-
 dial Waters was fill'd about. The old Lady
 then making a little Nod with her Head to
 her Niece, the latter wish'd the Chevalier a
 good Night, and withdrew, two of the Maids
 going before her with Lights. She was no
 sooner retired, than the old Lady desired *Gran-*
dris to sit down, and placing herself near him,
 she said, my Niece, Sir, whom you have seen,
 and whom if I judge right you have not look'd
 upon with indifferent Eyes, is by Birth of the
 first Rank in *France*; she is married to a Prince,
 whose Name I am obliged to conceal, old
 enough to be her Grandfather. He is ex-
 tremely desirous to have a Child to inherit his
 Honours, and the prodigious Estate he is pos-
 sess'd of

possess'd of, being highly disoblig'd by his
 Brother, whom he can no otherwise deprive
 of the Succession. He has to this End long
 sollicited his Spouse to pitch on some Gentle-
 man whom she cou'd approve for a real Hus-
 band in private, while he was publickly so in
 Name; for indeed he has never been more:
 Tho' she long resisted her Husband in this
 Request, yet at length tired by his Impertinency,
 she cast her Eyes on you. This House was
 immediately bought and furnish'd, and strange
 Servants hired for your Reception; we oniy
 now want your Consent to compleat the Prince's
 Wishes. I hope you have not the Cruelty
 to deny ----Deny, Madam, interrupted *Gran-
 dris*-----deny the Offer of what I wou'd
 give my Life to posess! Heavens, what a Scene
 of Happineſſ do you open to me! and how
 propitious has been my Fortune! It's now late
 replied the Lady; if you'll please to retire to
 your Bed, you'll very soon find my Niece by
 your Side: Then ringing a Bell, she made him
 a Court'sy, and wish'd him a good Night.
 As she retired, a Servant came with two Ta-
 pers to wait on *Grandris*. In his Bed-cham-
 ber he found a rich Night-gown, Slippers and
 Night-cap trimm'd with the finest Flanders
 Lace. He was soon in Bed, and the Servants
 took away the Candle. But what Pen can
 exprefs our poor Gentleman's Surprize when
 he 'waken'd by the Day, found himself in an
 old Barn stark naked, and by the Side of an
 old Negro Wench! Heavens! said he, do I
 dream or am I awake? is what I now see real,
 or is what pass'd last Night a Delusion? Is a
 Palace chang'd to a Hevel, a Velvet Bed to a

Bundle

Bandle of musty Stiaw, and an Angel to a
 Devil? The Negro clasping him in her Arms,
 said, what's the Matter, Master? I promis'd
 you last Night to get you a Shirt and some
 Cloaths to Day, and never fear I will do it,
 for I have my poor Pompey's Livery still by
 me, tho' he, poor Soul, is dead and gone.
 Avaunt Hag, Fiend, Devil, Fury, how came I
 here? How came you to me? O Master, you
 did not talk so last Night, replies the Wench,
 you then promis'd you wou'd always be true
 to me and love me; but now you have got
 your Will of me-----Will of thee, said the
 Chevalier, I must be cursedly in Love w^th
 Hell and Damnation to sollicit the Devil's
 grand Dame. Tell me, Succubus, how came
 you here? Lie down again, my Dear, answer'd
 the Wench, don't you remember how I met
 you straggling in the Fields, and how I
 brought you to this Barn, and how you tempt-
 ed me, and at last prevailed on my Weakness;
 and how you swore you wou'd be constant to
 me; and how you said you was a Gentleman?
 But I am sure I find you a false forsworn
 Wretch-----Why either you, or I, or both,
 are mad or bewitch'd, replied the Chevalier.
 She threw her Arms about his Neck, and de-
 sired he wou'd sleep again. Come my Lie,
 said she, I am entirely at your devotion; don't
 break the Heart of a tender Wench who has
 yielded to your Vow-----By my Grand-fon
 Belzebub, if you don't let me go, cried the
 afftonish'd Chevalier, I am ruz^t alive if thou'rt
 mortal. Saying this, he sprang from her, and
 ran out of the Barn into the Fields. Heavens!
 said he, what can have perform'd so strange

' a Metamorphose ! so great a Change ! Not
 ' only the fine House, but even *Paris* itself is
 ' vanish'd : Where I am, or which way to di-
 ' rect my Steps, I know not ; but I know that
 ' if I don'd find some charitable House to re-
 ' lieve me, I shall be starv'd with Cold. Hav-
 ' ing resolved upon the going in search of such
 ' a one, he look'd all round him to see if it were
 ' to be discover'd, or any Path which might
 ' guide him. But seeing no appearance of
 ' either, he went cross the Meadows, and by
 ' good Luck from a small Eminence spied a
 ' House, which spoke its Master a Nobleman :
 ' He made towards it with all possible Expedi-
 ' tion, and got into a great Road which led up
 ' to it. He had not travel'd above a Couple of
 ' Hundred Yards, when he met a Huntsman
 ' follow'd by 20 Couple of Hounds. He ask'd
 ' him whose House that was. And the Fellow
 ' ask'd him if he had been roob'd. You may be
 ' satisfied, says the Chevalier, I have robb'd
 ' no Body. But prithee Friend, tell me whose
 ' House is this before me ? You are very fanni-
 ' liar, replied the Huntsman, for a Man who has
 ' not a Shirt to his Back. Friend quotha,-----
 ' prithee Fellow, what sort of a World have you
 ' lived in, that you have the Impudence to ex-
 ' pect a Friend in your Condition ? No,----I am
 ' none of your Friend ; and I believe in your
 ' present Circumstances you'll find nobody fond
 ' of the Character. Well, says the Chevalier,
 ' if I meet with no Friend, I am likely to meet
 ' with more Truth. Pray Sir, my no Friend,
 ' will you be so charitable as to tell me who
 ' owns that House ? I find, says the Fellow, you
 ' are a Man of the last Age, or you wou'dn't
 ' talk

talk as you do. Charable, quotha, why the
 'Word is out of Fashion; and we who live at
 'Court woud not use such an expression for
 'the Universe. But I will, lest you shoud
 'grate my Ears with some other clownish Ex-
 'pression of the same Stamp, satisfy your Cu-
 'ritivity. This House, this identical, same, nu-
 'merical, individual House, was built by that
 'glorious Monarch *Lewis XIV.* about some 200
 'Years ago. Hold, hold, cries the Chevalier,
 'are you mad? *Lewis XIV.* built this Houte
 '200 Years ago! why prithee what Age do
 'you take his Majesty to be? Why, says the
 'Fellow, I believe he may now be about two
 'Years and three Quarters old. The late
 'King *Francis III.* who was Son of *Harry XI.*
 'who was Grandson of *Lewis XV.* who was
 'Great Grandson to *Lewis XIV.* died at *Con-*
 'stantinople, where he was detained Captive
 'about three Years ago; and our present Mo-
 'narch was born three Months after the De-
 'mise of that valiant Prince his Father. *Gran-*
 'dris stared to hear the Fellow talk at this Rate.
 'Why, said he, art dreaming or making Ro-
 'mances in thy Sleep? What a Devil of a Mes-
 'medly dost thou furnish out, with your *Har-*
 'ry's and *Francis's*, and Captivity. Is not *Lew-*
 'is *XIV.* now on the Throne? And did I not
 'see him at *Versailles* about some eight Days
 'ago? Blood, says the Fellow, you have I sup-
 'pose, escaped out of some Mad-house; for none
 'but an Inhabitant of Bedlam woud talk at this
 'Rate. *Lewis XIV.* has been Dust these 200
 'Years, very near, and *Francis IV.* is now
 'King of France, under the Care of the Duke
 'of *Orleans*, Regent, who is Great Uncle to
 ' his

his Majesty. It seems then, replies the Chevalier, I have taken a Nap of 200 Years, which I took for one Night only, what in the Devil's Name can all this mean! Here three or four others joined the Huntsman, and ask'd if that Man had been stripp'd by Rogues? I don't know who has stripp'd him of his cloaths, but who ver it was, I belieue they took his Senses with 'em, answer'd the Huntsman, who do you think he says is the King of *France*? Why *Francis IV.* replies one of the new Comers. No, said the Huntsman, he says it's *Lewis XIV.* and that he saw him at *Versailles* eight Days ago. They all fell a laughing; and one of 'em said, why the Palace of *Versailles* has been laid in Ashes these Threescore Years; and *Lewis XIV.* has been dead three times as long. Well, Gentlemen, says the Chevalier, you seem to think I talk madly, and I assure you I'm of Opinion that you are all out of your Senses; but pray tell me whose House is this, that I may get something to cover my Nakedness: I am a Gentleman, and a Man of Fortune, who can retaliate the favour. This House, answer'd one of them, belongs to the Duke of *Chartres*, who is also Duke of *York*. When *Lewis XIV.* conquer'd this Kingdom of *England*, he built this House for a Hunting Seat. What I am in *England* then, replies the Chevalier. Why who doubts it? answer'd another; tho' the English Language is drown'd in that of the French; for no other is now spoke, nor has it been these Hundred Years. You tell me Miracles, replies the Chevalier; according to this Account I must be some 224 Years old----Poor Man, says the Huntsman, you

' you see he's quite beside himself ; one of you
 ' go to the House with him ; he has been robb'd,
 ' and the Fright has turn'd his Brain. Look
 ' ye, Gentlemen, says the Chevalier, I am in
 ' my Senses ; I last Night went to Bed in *Paris*,
 ' at the House of a certain Princess-----Phoo,
 ' prithee hold thy Peace ; what Nonsense is this ?
 ' You went last Night (says one of 'em) to Bed
 ' in *Paris*, and you are now this Morning in
 ' *Yorkshire* in *England* ; what incoherent Stuff is
 ' this ? Follow me, and I'll get you something
 ' to cover you ; a little Sleep may perhaps re-
 ' cover you from the Fright which has caused
 ' this Disorder. Well, be it so, says the Che-
 ' valier, but it's very strange, this must be the
 ' Effect of Magick ; for what I say is as true
 ' as the Scripture. Scripture, Man, says one
 ' of them, what's that ? Why the Old and New
 ' Testament, replies the Chevalier ; and as I am
 ' a Christian, what I-----How, says anothe
 ' are you a Christian ? What a Pox wou'd you
 ' have me be ? replies the Chevalier ; do you
 ' take me for a Mahometan ? Doubtless, answer'd
 ' the same Man, it's Death to profess any other
 ' Religion in the *French* Territories. Hey day,
 ' cries *Grandris*, here's fine Alterations indeed
 ' in the short Space of one Night. Why, when
 ' I went to Bed all *France* were good Catho-
 ' licks, and now I am got up they're all turn'd
 ' Turks : But it's all of a Piece with my Adven-
 ' ture, which I'll tell you when I am in the
 ' House. The Follies of this Man, said one of
 ' the Company, are so extravagant, that it's
 ' worth while to hear 'em ; I'll turn back with
 ' him. Nay we'll all go, says the Huntsman ;
 ' and I fancy the Duke himself may be diverted
 • with

with him. One of the Company made *Grandris* get behind him, and they all turn'd back and took the Way they had come. *Grandris* knew not what to think of all this, but as he had read the History of the Seven Sleepers, he began to fancy the same thing had happen'd to himself, and that he had doz'd away a couple of Ages. He was brought into the House, and the pretended Duke being acquainted with the Arrival of the astonish'd Chevalier, came down to see him, order'd him to be cloath'd, and afterwards brought to him, that he might hear the Wonders he related from his own Mouth. These Orders were obey'd; and the Chevalier recounted his Adventure, without forgeting the most minute Particular. When he had made an End, the Duke said formerly the Musulmen were so superstitious that they imagined a Man who had lost his Senses was inspired; but every Day adds to our Knowledge, and that idle Notion has been long exploded. Let Care be taken to recover this poor Man, and when he is again Master of Reason, see that he's instructed in our Religion, and that he be Circumcised; for I find he has been brought up a Christian. Let some endeavour to find out those whom he belongs to; and if they do not reform their Error, let 'em all be put to the Sword. This Speech of the Duke's was a Dagger to the Heart of poor *Grandris*; he cou'd not think of Circumcision, but with the most cruel Agonies. The Duke left the Room, and a Physician was call'd for, who had him led into a dark one, where his Head was shaved, ten ounces of Blood taken from him, and a Blister clapp'd to his Neck,

his Hands were bound, and he was laid upon
 clean Straw. This Treatment had like to
 have made him mad in earnest. Oh Heavens !
 cried he, what Crime have I committed to de-
 serve so severe a Punishment ! They bid him
 endeavour to repose himself, and make no
 Noise, without he wou'd have 100 Stripes on
 the Soles of his Feet ; that all was done for
 his Good. Then shutting the Door, they left
 him to his own melancholy Reflections. About
 one the Physician and a Servant return'd ; the
 former felt his Pulse, and the latter offer'd
 him some boiled Rice. He had no Stomach
 to his Dinner, but was obliged to eat, fearing
 the Bastinado with which he was threaten'd.
 At Night, spight of all his Entreaties and Re-
 sistance, they administer'd a Glyster, and left
 him to himself. The next Day he saw no
 body till Noon, when the Physician came in
 and dress'd his Blister, saying he had great
 Hopes of making a speedy Cure. He had his
 Rice, as before, and the 6th Day his Blister
 being heal'd, the Physician gave him a Cordial
 Draught towards the Evening-----and told
 him he hoped the next time to perfect his Re-
 covery. About nine o'Clock the next Morn-
 ing he awoke, but instead of a dark Room and
 Straw, he found himself to his inexpressible
 Satisfaction, in his own Bed, and his own Ser-
 vant by the Bed-side. The Duke of *Chartres*,
 who nad contrived this Plot upon the Cheva-
 lier, which he carried on by Means of sleeping
 Potions, was behind the Hangings. When
Grandris saw his Valet, heark ye, says he, who's
 King of *France*? What Country am I in? And
 what's the Religion profess'd here? Bless me,
 says

says his Servant, (whom the Duke had gained
 to assist him) what's the Meaning of these
 Questions? Are you, Sir, in your right Senses?
 Nay, that I can't aver, replies the Chevalier,
 tho' the Duke of York's Physician told me I
 shou'd be perfectly recovered to Day. But let
 'em say what the will, they can never persuade
 me that I am mad. Never was poor Devil so
 blooded, blister'd, and clyster'd before, with-
 out the leaft Rhime or Reason; but I'll sooner
 die than undergo Circumcision. I don't under-
 stand what you mean Sir, answer'd the Ser-
 vant; you certainly are talking in your Sleep.
 May be so, answer'd the Master; but pray an-
 swer me my Questions. Why Sir, says the
 Servant, he that was King of *Faunce* last Night
 is King of *France* this Morning; I mean *Lewis*
 XIV. you are in your own Lodgings in *Paris*,
 and I hope we are all good Catholicks. I find
 you have been out of your Senses, says the
 Chevalier, and have been a-sleep these 200
 Years as well as I: No, no, things are turn'd
 quite topsy-turvy since the time you speak of;
 the *French* are all Mahometans, and *Francis* IV.
 an Infant of two Years and three Quarters old,
 is King of *France*. But I won't incurr upon this
 as a Truth; for as in one Night I advanced,
 so perhaps in another I may have stepped back
 a Couple of Ages or so. But pray tell me how
 long have I been a-bed? You have been a-bed,
 Sir, says the Servant, about some seven Hours.
 Very good; was not Yester day Monday? Yes
 Sir, and to Day is Tuesday. Well, I'll say
 no more, answer'd the Chevalier; get my
 Gown and Slippers; but if ever there was En-
 chantment, Magick and Witchcraft, I have ex-

perienc'd it with a Vengeance. He got up,
 and a Companion of his, who was intimate
 with the Duke, came in to see him. He pre-
 tended to be surprized at his Looks ; what, said
 he, is come to you, *Grandris* ? you look as if
 you had been Hag-ridden. No wonder, says
 the Chevalier ; however, I'm glad I have escap-
 ed the Bastinado : Why I have eat nothing but
 boiled Rice these six Days ; and I have been so
 weaken'd with bleeding and clystering, that
 it's well if ever I recover my Strength again.
 What a Pox are you mad ? replies his Friend ;
 did not you and I dine together yesterday ? Did
 we ? says *Grandris*, pray in what King's Reign ?
 Ah poor Chevalier ! then turning to the Ser-
 vant, he ask'd how long his Master had been
 so, and whether he went to Bed sensible. So,
 cries the Chevalier, in all Likelihood I shall be
 as mad under *Lewis XIV.* as I was under *Fran-*
cis IV. who is eight or ten Descents from him.
 But if you'll have Patience, I'll shew you I am
 in my Senses, tho' I have been the Diversion
 of some Sorcerer or Enchanter. Pray look in
 my Neck, don't you see the Marks of a Blit-
 ter ? Indeed, says his Friend, the Mark is very
 fresh ; what's the Meaning of all this ? Sit down
 and I'll tell you ; but first, are you a Christian ?
 I hope so, replies the other ; and we may, re-
 sum'd the Chevalier, profess ourselves such
 without Danger of being put to the Sword ?
 No doubt on't, answer'd the other. I am glad
 on't, continued *Grandris*, for I cant think on
 Circumcision with any manner of Patience.
 But don't ask me any Questions, and suspend
 your Judgment of me till you have heard my
 Story. He then gave him a full Narration of

all

' all that had happen'd to him, but in Terms so
 ' pitiful, when he mention'd his being under
 ' the Physician's Hands, that the Duke, who
 ' heard every Syllable, was ready to die with
 ' the Efforts he made to contain his Laughter.
 ' Truly, says Monsieur *Montmars*, for that was
 ' the Gentleman's Name, what you tell me is
 ' so surprizing, that without the Marks you shew
 ' I shou'd give no Credit to your Relation, but
 ' believe the Detail you have given me, the In-
 ' fant of a disorder'd Brain; for I have too great
 ' an Opinion of your Veracity, to suppose you
 ' wou'd in your right Senses give out such a Sto-
 ' ry, with Hopes of gaining Belief, even from the
 ' most credulous; but the recent Marks of a
 ' Blister and Bloodyng induce me to believe there
 ' is something preternatural in your Adventure.
 ' I am going to wait on the Duke of *Chartres*;
 ' you have the Honour of his Acquaintance and
 ' Esteem, and I am satisfied you wou'd oblige
 ' him in the Recital of this unaccountable Affair.
 ' Ah my dear Friend, I will wait on you with
 ' all my Heart, to pay my Duty to that Prince;
 ' but I believe it will not be prudent to mention
 ' a Word of what I have now told you: You
 ' know he rallies without Quarter, and the Mis-
 ' fortunes which attended my former Amours,
 ' have given him a Handle for my Persecution.
 ' If he shou'd know this, he wou'd either have
 ' no Mercy on me by turning all, tho' the most
 ' serious Truth, into Ridicule, or mistaking it
 ' for Frenzy, may be, prove as charitable as the
 ' Duke of *York*, and clap me into the Hands of
 ' some Rogue of a Physician, who wou'd drench
 ' and blood me like a sick Horse; and with his
 ' damn'd *Spanish* Flies flea me like a dead one.

• The

The very Thoughts of being again in the Power of one of those inhuman Butchers, puts me in a cold Sweat; and for the future I'll always wear the Padlock to my Breeches, lest my ill Fate shou'd once more expose me to the merciless Rage of those inhuman Engineers. There is no Danger of the Duke's treating you as you apprehend; for I know he has a Friendship for you. Alas! the Honour he does me of his REGARD, is what makes me apprehend the Physician and Clyster. However, I'll wait on you. He went into another Room to dress, which gave the Duke an Opportunity to slip out, get into a Hackney Chair, and reach his Palace before *Grandris* cou'd be well ready. When he was, he went with Monsieur *Montimars* to wait on his Highness. After they had paid their Respects, the latter told the Duke that the Chevalier *de Grandris* had the most surprizing Adventure to acquaint his Highness with, that ever happen'd. What, says the Duke, has he been chest'd and fined again? I see, answer'd the Chevalier, your Highness is resolved to be my Persecutor; but what has lately happen'd to me is something supernatural, and I believe it's a Prelude to the Downfall of the English Monarchy, and the Christian Religion. The Duke laugh'd, and told *Grandris* he coupl'd Things excellently well; is not it also a Plude to the Ruin of Calvinism and the See of Rome? Well, my Lord, replies the Chevalier, you may make a Jest on't if you please, but I have heard say the English are good Christians, tho' they are a little loose in their Morals, and have mistaken the right Road; but----But answer'd the Duke, how do you make out that

a Man of loose Morals can be a good Christi-
 an? I mean, says the Chevalier their Lives
 don't answer their Doctrine. Prithee, says
 the Duke, how long have you been acquainted
 with either? Well, my Lord, let us drop that,
 tho' I have heard enough of both, replied *Gran-*
dris. They are Men of Honour in the main,
 and have too much Sense to be priest-ridden;
 and by marrying their Parsons they've provided
 against their Wives being so. But Monsieur
 le Chevalier, says *Montmars*, this is foreign to
 your Adventure. True, says the Duke, you
 shall tell me that as we go to Court, I am
 oblig'd to be at the King's Levy; and you shall
 both go with me. When the Duke was at
 Court, he ask'd who was with his Majesty;
 and being answer'd there was only the Mar-
 shal -----, his Highness sent in his Name,
 and the King order'd his Admittance. After
 having paid his Devoir, he said, your Majesty
 has been diverted sometimes with the ridicu-
 lous Amours of Monsieur *de Grandris*, whom
 your Majesty may remember to have seen at
 Mons. I have often seen him in the Circle,
 replied the King, what of him? I have brought
 him to divert your Majesty with a very strange
 Adventure. He then told the King that he
 had engaged a beautiful young Lady to act
 the Part of a Princess, put her and an old Gen-
 tlewoman into a Houte of his in *Paris*, and in-
 strucred 'em in the different Parts they were
 to act; that they had given him instead of Cor-
 dial Water, a soporiferous Draught, and that
 he had him convey'd in a Litter to a Gentle-
 man's Houte, some Miles out of Town; and
 that after he had pass'd the Hands of a pretended
 mad

mad Doctor, he, by Means of the same Potion, had him convey'd to his own Quarters. The King smiled at the Pains the Duke had taken to divert himself with the Chevalier ; but said, he was in no Humour to hear a Repetition of his Follies from his own Mouth. After some little Stay he came out with his Majesty into the Presence where *Grandis* was with *Montmars*, and a great Number of Gentlemen. The King looking on him, asked the Duke, so that he might be heard by the whole Circle, if he knew that Gentleman ? His Highness answer'd, it was Monsieur de *Grandis* ; a Gentleman sollicited by Princes to get them Heirs, and one who saw into the Seeds of Time, and cou'd give his Majesty an Account of his Successors down to *Francis IV.* who was to reign over *France* and *England* some 200 Years hence. Sir, said the King to *Grandis*, your Looks are wild ; and till you are in a better State of Health it wou'd be proper for you to keep your Bed. The King turning and speaking to some Noblemen, his Highness took the Chevalier into the Anti-chamber, and desired he wou'd finish his Adventure, and tell him how he came oft, for they arrived at *Versailles* when he was at that part which mentions his Persecution under the Physician. He sat down, and *Grandis* with *Montmars* standing by him, the former went on with his Treatment, but hardly had he said ten Words, when a Lady passing by, who saluted the Duke, put him into a fit of Trembling, and a cold Sweat cover'd his Face. The Duke took Notice of it, and said surely they used you Barbarously, when the bare Remembrance has such an Effect upon you

' you. Ah ! my Lord, that's not the Cause of
' my present Disorder. Did not your Highness
' observe a young Lady pass thro' the Room this
' Minute ? What of her ? replied the Duke.

' Ah ! my Lord, that is the same Lady I met
' in the Gallery of *Luxemburg*. You dream,
' says the Duke, that is the Countess of *Mornon-*
' *ville's* Daughter, and maid of Honour to the
' Dutchess of *Orleans*. But the Chevalier was
' in the right ; for she pass'd thro' the Room by
' the Duke's Appointment. Believe me my Lord,
' says the Chevalier, it is the Phantom which
' brought me into the Perplexity I was in. I'll
' convince you of the contrary, says the Duke ;
' we'll this Even' go together *incog.* and make
' her a Visit ; I don't believe she ever saw you
' before, at least did not seem to know you as
' she pass'd by. But go on with your Adven-
' ture. I have nothing to add, my Lord, but
' that I fell asleep upon my Straw, and when I
' awoke, I found myself in my own Bed here
' in *Paris*, and have the Mark of my Blister fresh
' upon my Neck. What you say, were it not
' for the Token, wou'd be incredible ; but I'll
' consult some learned Men upon this inconceive-
' able Adventure, and I will have you come to
' me this Evening, replied the Duke, that we
' may see and examine Mademoiselle *de Mornon-*
' *ville* : I must now go wait on his Majesty ; I
' shall not return to *Paris* to Night. *Montmars*,
' continued his Highness, I expect to see you with
' the Chevalier. Your Highnesses shall be obey'd,
' replied *Montmars*. The Duke went into the
' Presence, and *Grandris* with his Companion
' took a turn in the Gardens. As they were in
' the Orange-Walk, *Montmars* seem'd to take
' up

‘ up a Paper, which having read to himself, he
 ‘ gave to the Chevalier, who found the following
 ‘ Lines, which did not a little surprize him.

‘ In vain, fond Nymph, are all thy Sighs ;
 ‘ The silent Language of thy Eyes
 ‘ To *Grandris* vainly does impart
 ‘ The inward Anguish of thy Heart.
 ‘ With Unconcern he sees thy Tears ;
 ‘ With Unconcern thy Sighs he hears ;
 ‘ Nor gives thee Hope, nor quells thy Fears. }
 ‘ Fly then the cruel, fly the Rover,
 ‘ And listen to an ardent Lover ;
 ‘ And from thy Sufferings learn to be
 ‘ Compassionate to Suffering me.

‘ I fear, says *Montmars*, this is a Prelude to some
 ‘ more Enchantments ; why *Grandris* thou’it en-
 ‘ gross the whole Sex at this Rate. I wish, says
 ‘ *Grandris*, it does not end in a Blistering. But
 ‘ hang it, our Lives are chequer’d with black
 ‘ and white; there’s none so unfortunate as ne-
 ‘ ver to know a lucky Minute. The Merchant
 ‘ who won’t trade for fear of Losses, will never
 ‘ be a rich Man ; whereas one good Voyage
 ‘ may make a *Crœsus* of a Bankrupt. A
 ‘ brave General will not despond for the Loss
 ‘ of a Battle or two ; on the contrary, his ill
 ‘ Success makes him exert himself, he acts with
 ‘ more Vigour and Hopes to turn the Scale of
 ‘ Victory by an obstinate Virtue, a daring Re-
 ‘ solution. This Adventure may make Amends
 ‘ for that of the Princess turn’d Moor. But be
 ‘ it as it will, if Fortune proves so friendly to me,
 ‘ as to discover who this fair one is whom my
 ‘ Rival reproaches with a Tenderness for me, I’ll
 ‘ convince

' convince her he's but an ill Judge of Men,
 ' and that I need neither Sighs nor Tears to sof-
 ' ten me into Compliance. But let us now
 ' think of Dinner, for my Rice Diet has taught
 ' me the Value of a good Soup. I'll write an
 ' Answer to this whining Piece of Poetry ; per-
 'haps the Nymph who has lost it, may come
 ' back in search of it, and finding mine, may
 ' give me an Opportunity of shewing what Cha-
 'rity I have for the distrest'd of the fair Sex.
 ' They went to Monsieur *Pourbeau*'s Apartment,
 ' under Groom of the Stole to his Majesty, and
 ' told him they came to take part of his Soup,
 ' which he answer'd they were heartily welcome
 ' to, and they did him Honour. Dear *Pourbeau*,
 ' says *Grandris*, let me have a Pen and Ink, and
 ' if thou'rt good at making Verfes, wou'dst thou
 ' sit down and make a few for me, for I fear I
 ' I shall acquit myself badly, having no Ge-
 'nius for Poetry. I'll assure you, answer'd he,
 ' I never made a Rhime in my Life ; and there's
 ' nothing I have a greater Aversion to. Well,
 ' I'll try what I can do myself, replied *Grandris*.
 ' Pen, Ink and Paper being brought, he sat him
 ' down and wrote these which follow :

' The Fair in vain ne'er sign'd for me,
 ' Nor vainly wept for kind *Grandris*.

' So far is excellent, says *Montmars*. It's bet-
 ' ter than any I have ever Read, cries *Pourbeau* ;
 ' for I cou'd never find Rhime, Sense and Truth
 ' go together in a Poem before. But *Grandris*,
 ' if Fame does not tell Lies, the Fair Sex has
 ' not been so complaisant to you ; for it's said you
 ' have wept, sigh'd and bled for them. Pho,
 ' hold

‘ hold your chattering, and don’t disturb my
 ‘ Muse, replied the Chevalier, who thus went
 ‘ on :

‘ Your pratling Eyes and heaving Breast.

‘ I wish, said he, you wou’d leave me to my
 ‘ self, for your talking has made me forget a
 ‘ charming Couplet. Oh I have it.

‘ Your pratling Eyes, and heaving Breast,
 ‘ Or did not speak, or spoke in jest.

‘ A pox on you, says *Pourbeau*, you’re become
 ‘ now a downright Poet. Where the Devil’s
 ‘ the Sense of her heaving Breasts speaking, and
 ‘ her pratling Eyes saying nothing at all----Give
 ‘ over, *Grandris*, I beseech thee, or at least don’t
 ‘ persecute me in reading thy Productions. Prat-
 ‘ ling Eyes quotha, if your Mistress is a Driveler,
 ‘ a weeping Mouth wou’d be a much properer
 ‘ Epithet. This is all Envy, says *Montmars*,
 ‘ or want of Judgment: For I maintain that the
 ‘ Thought is new, the Epithet just, and the
 ‘ whole carries an Air of the Sublime. I don’t
 ‘ mind him, says the Chevalier. I wish *Pourbeau*,
 ‘ you’d go to your Wife, and leave *Montmars*,
 ‘ who’s a Judge, and knows what will take with
 ‘ the Women, that I may make an end in Peace.
 ‘ With all my Heart, replies *Pourbeau*, a Man
 ‘ had better keep Company with his Wite than
 ‘ a Poet. *Grandris* made no Answer, but went
 ‘ on :

‘ ‘ Think not unjust that I can learn
 ‘ Your Pain for me with unconcern.

• No, I with equal Ardour burn,
 • And for each Sigh a Sigh return.
 • Ah ! let not then my Rival's Art,
 • Exclude me from thy am'rous Heart ;
 • Nor fly the Man, who dies for you,
 • Who's ever constant, ever true ;
 • And does for you a Pain endure,
 • Which you alone, a'as ! must cure,
 • Or kill your humble Serviteur.

The Chevalier *De Grandis*.

• But, says *Montmars*, I have one Objection
 • to make : How can the Lady, whoever she may
 • be, believe you are sincere when you say you
 • are in Love, since you don't know her ? Well,
 • I protest to you, says *Grandis*, I am really sin-
 • cere ; and I am as much in Love with her as
 • -----With the Princess, interrupted *Montmars* ?
 • I can't say that, replies the Chevalier : But the
 • Princess is a Phantom-----My Gratitude has
 • the same Power over me in favour of this Lady,
 • as the Princess's Charms had----In favour of
 • -----whom, says *Montmars*----- --of myself.
 • Morbleu, replies the Chevalier, beside this
 • Lady I suppose handsome and young, by what
 • my Rival says ; it's not common for People to
 • have Lovers when they are old and ugly ; tho'
 • to tell you the Truth I find myself of so grate-
 • ful a Temper, that were she both, I cou'd not
 • be cruel. But here comes *Pourbeau*. You
 • must hear how I've finish'd-----Say another
 • Word, replied Monsieur *Pourbeau*, and I'll turn
 • you out of my Apartment without your Din-
 • ner. That's horrid ill natur'd in you, answer'd
 • *Grandis* ; I have tried a Hundred times to make

' Verse, and these are the first that ever I thought
 ' wou'd bear the Light: Prithee do but indulge
 ' me to hear 'em. You have a Mind I suppose
 ' to spoil my Stomach, answer'd *Pourbeau*. Say-
 ' ing this, he snatch'd the Paper, and threaten'd
 ' to tear it. *Grandris* cried out he had ne'er a
 ' Copy, and the whole World wou'd curse him
 ' if he shou'd be so cruel. *Montmars* said the
 ' Loss wou'd be irreparable to the Inhabitants of
 ' *Parnassus*; and to get the Jewel out of his
 ' Hands, stood bound Body for Body, that he
 ' shou'd say no more of his Poetry on Penalty
 ' of losing his Dinner. Having on this Con-
 ' dition deliver'd it back, *Grandris* desired *Mont-
 mars* to copy 'em, for he was tired of Writing,
 ' and said he wou'd lay the Original where he
 ' found his Rival's Verses. *Montmars* did as he
 ' desired, and the Chevalier as he said. They
 ' went to Dinner, and the Chevalier being re-
 ' quested, entertained Madam *Pourbeau* with the
 ' Relation of his Adventure; who told him she
 ' found nothing wonderful in what had happen'd
 ' to him, since she fancied it might be accounted
 ' for with great Ease. You surprise me, Madam,
 ' very much, said Monsieur *Montmars*, for this
 ' Adventure of the Chevalier's seems to me
 ' something preternatural, and I believe it's more
 ' properly to be call'd a Vision than an Adven-
 ' ture. So far, replies the Lady, I am of your
 ' Opinion; I believe there was no real local Mo-
 ' tion, but that he really suffer'd and saw what
 ' he has recounted, I make no Doubt on't, but
 ' then it was abstractedly from his Body. How
 ' then, Madam, says *Grandris*, cou'd I have the
 ' Mark on my Neck of that cursed Blister, ap-
 ' plied by that traitorous Physician whom God

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' confound in *secula seculorum?* Strength of Fan-
 ' cy might make the Mark you speak of; you
 ' see the Power of Fancy in Women with Child,
 ' which is so great that it gives often an unnatu-
 ' ral Form to the Embrio. It's my Opinion that
 ' the young Lady who was represented to you,
 ' is enamour'd with the Graces of your Person,
 ' and at the same time beloved by some Sylph,
 ' who jealous of the tender Sentiments she has
 ' for you, for our most secret Thoughts are not
 ' hid from 'em, has play'd you this Trick to re-
 ' venge himself. Hey! says the Chevalier, it is
 ' possible then that this same Sylph wrote the
 ' Verses I found in the Garden; and that the
 ' Nymph there mention'd is my Princess. Ma-
 ' dam *Pourbeau* desired to see 'em but her Hus-
 ' band wou'd not agree to it on other Condition
 ' than that of reading 'em to herself; which she
 ' had no sooner done, than she return'd 'em to
 ' Monsieur *Grandris*, saying it was impossible
 ' for her to distinguish whether the Piece pro-
 ' ceeded from an aerial or a carnal Hand. I'm
 ' of Opinion, says the Chevalier, that there's
 ' more of the carnal than of the spiritual in this
 ' Composition; and to tell you the Truth, Ma-
 ' dam, if in my last Affair I had a Sylph for a
 ' Rival, I shou'd much rather have to do with
 ' meer carnal Man, than with the most com-
 ' plaisant of the aerial Fraternity. But be it as
 ' it will, I'll never let a Lady sigh for me, while
 ' I can ease her Pain with the Hazard of a Blister
 ' and a Week's Diet on Rice. But pray, says
 ' *Maaam de Pourbeau*, what was your Intent in
 ' laying the Vertes you wrote in the Place where
 ' you took up thole I read? which seem to come
 ' from some Rival who laments his own and

‘ envies your Condition. Your Answer seem
‘ to insinuate that the Lady herself wrote these
‘ Lines.. For you say,

‘ Think not unjust that I can learn
‘ Your Pain for me with Unconcern;
‘ No, I with equal Ardour burn.

‘ And so forth ; which is directly addressing your
‘ self to the Lady. Cots, replies the Chevalier,
‘ I did not think of that ; and your Ladyship is
‘ very much in the right. How comes it, *Mont-
mars*, you did not take Notice of this Blunder ?
‘ I was so charm'd, replied that Gentleman,
‘ with the Cadence of your Verse, that what
‘ Madam says, really slipp'd my Observation ;
‘ but it may not be too late to repair it. You
‘ may possibly yet find your Verses where you
‘ laid 'em, and substitute something more proper
‘ in their Place. It's well thought, answer'd he,
‘ I'll go this Minute, for I never eat of a Difserve.
‘ The Chevalier being gone, Monieur *Pourbeau*
‘ ask'd the meaning of all this. To wh m *Mont-
mars* answer'd, that the Duke of *Chartres* had
‘ a Mind to divert himself with the good Opinion
‘ the Chevalier had of his Person, and that Ma-
‘ dam his Spoule was in the Plot. Why, says
‘ Monsieur *Pourbeau*, I take *Grandris* to be nei-
‘ ther Fool nor Coward. He won't be beat,
‘ replied *Montmars* ; and set aside the one Arti-
‘ cle of the Fair Sex, and his Self-conceit, I
‘ mean as to the Charms of his Person, tho' En-
‘ vy must allow him well made, he has tolerable
‘ good Sense. I suppose, says Monsieur *Pour-
beau*, this Adventure of the Blister is a shaft
‘ from the same Quiver. You gues very justly,
‘ answer'd

' answer'd *Montmars*, that Prince had gained
 ' the Chevalier's Servants against him, and they
 ' even now act in Concert with those his High-
 ' ness has employ'd to mortify him. *Granbris*
 ' return'd with a visible Concern in his Face,
 ' and said, he had in vain hunted after his Let-
 ' ter: However, continued he, if my fair one has
 ' luckily found it, it will be some Satisfaction to
 ' her; for she'll know my Sentiments, and it will
 ' prevent her despairing. I perceive, says Madam
 ' *de Pourbeau*, you are of a compassionate Tem-
 ' per. Ah Madam, answer'd he, there's no-
 ' thing I hate more than Ingratitude. I have no
 ' small Obligations to the Fair Sex, and I have
 ' too much the Spirit of our ancient Knights
 ' Errant, not to lay hold on all Opportunities to
 ' tender 'em my Service. Prithee, says *Pourbeau*,
 ' what Favour hast thou to brag of from any of
 ' that Sex, above the Degree of a Vintner's,
 ' Cooper or Barber's Wife? Do't think we are
 ' Strangers to these famous Intrigues of yours,
 ' which have gien Bread to all the Bal'ad-Singers
 ' in *Paris*? Don't imagine, says *Montmars*, that
 ' the Chevalier has not the Gut of Secrecy,
 ' he has more Discretion than to vindicate his
 ' Honour against your Calumny, by sacrificing
 ' his Reputation in bespattering that of those La-
 ' dries who have obliged him. I find Monsieur
 ' *Pourbeau* you are upon the Pomp, and I don't
 ' think it fair. Pno, says the Chevalier, it's pure
 ' Eavy. That Lady is the only one of the Fair
 ' Sex that ever had any Opinion of him, and you
 ' see she has none of the best, by her taking him
 ' for a Husband. I protest to you, answer'd Ma-
 ' dam *de Pourbeau*, you have too much Wit to
 ' be intelligible. Wou'd you, Madam, replied

' *Montmars*,

' *Montmars*, have the Chevalier understand th
 ' World so little? Why a modern Wit never
 ' thinks. What, in the Devil's Name, is it the
 ' Character of a Wit, says Monsieur *Pourbeau*,
 ' to join no meaning to his Words? At this
 ' Rate my Parrot's a Wit. Why, says the Che-
 ' valier, I am of your Opinion; for you laugh
 ' at what he says, and that's the main End of
 ' Wit. Wou'd you have a Wit weigh his
 ' Words, speak syllogistically, and prove all he
 ' advances by major, minor, and consequence?
 ' No, no, a Wit hits you off a smart thing at
 ' once, is quick, and very often as dangerous
 ' as Gun-powder, has the Privilege of saying the
 ' most scandalous things, if smartly brought in,
 ' and none dare resent 'em without having their
 ' own Wit call'd in question. But you are of
 ' too choleric and too phlegmatick a Temper,
 ' *Pourbeau*, for a Man of Wit; for you are too
 ' cold to make a Jest, and too warm to take one.
 ' If a Man shou'd say a smart thing to you, tho'
 ' he means no manner of Harm, you have no
 ' other Repartee than what lies in your Scab-
 ' bard. But thou hast a good Head for a Soldier.
 ' Thou'rt none of the Paper Skulls. So I find,
 ' replies Monsieur *Pourbeau*, you make use of the
 ' Privilege of a Wit; but let me tell you *Grandis*,
 ' I fancy I have more Wit than you, for I keep
 ' out of the Way of the Courts of Justice, and
 ' never was fined nor barrell'd up for other
 ' Men's Wives. What you bring for your Ad-
 ' vantage, says *Montmars*, makes directly against
 ' you; for a Wit never thinks of Consequences;
 ' he has too much Vivacity for Consideration;
 ' and the Multitude of Ideas which without In-
 ' termission employ his Mind, can leave no room

for Forecast. Forecast! cries the Chevalier, why it's a Virtue for a Citizen, but does no way belong to the Character of a fine Gentleman. It's so true, replies *Montmars*, that they never think till it's too late, and then only that it's to no Purpose. I mean a modern fine Gentleman, don't mistake me. That Caution, says Monsieur *Pourbeau*, is altogether needless. The Conversation was interrupted by a Servant of the Chevalier's enquiring for him. He went out, and in a little time returning, whisper'd *Montmars* to take his Leave, having something to communicate to him. They accordingly made their Compliments, and withdrew to the Chevalier's Quarters, where he shew'd him the following Letter.

To the Chevalier **DE GRANDRIS.**

I LOST in the Orange-Walk a Poem, which by one I found in the Place where I sought my own, I am acquainted fell into your Hands. I expect you will return it to the right Owner; and that it may not be exposed, do me the Favour to bring it yourself. This Night, between eleven and twelve, I shall expect your complying with my Request. A Servant in white Cloaths shall wait near the Door of your *Auberge*, to conduct you to

Utricia.

You're a happy Man, says *Montmars*, Fortune guides your Affairs more favourable than you could even wish. I remember, replies *Grandris*, some great Philosopher said there was no

' no such thing as concluding a Man happy or
 ' miserable, till after his Death; so there's no
 ' judging till I see the Conclusion of this Affair,
 ' whether I am obliged to Fortune, or bound to
 ' curse her, for she has play'd me more than one
 ' slippery Trick in my time. But be it as it will,
 ' my Honour's engaged, and I am resolved to
 ' be punctual, if my *Mercury* proves so. Faint
 ' Heart never won fair Lad. Dame Fortune,
 ' it may be, answer'd *Montmars*, has a Mind by
 ' this Intrigue to compensate the Disgrace of
 ' your Visionary Adventure: For I am very much
 ' of Madam *de Pourbeau*'s Opinion, that you saw
 ' and felt what you relate abstractedly. And I
 ' am the more induced to believe this, by the
 ' Story St. *Austin* tells us of a Monk whose Soul
 ' whenever he pleas'd wou'd quit his Body, and
 ' take a Ramble for several Days together, during
 ' which Absence, the Body remained a lifeless
 ' Lump, entirely void of Sensation; for it has by
 ' way of Experiment been prick'd and burnt in
 ' several Places; tho' the Soul entering again,
 ' the Monk was sensible of the Pain of those
 ' Hurts. I know not what to think of it, says
 ' *Grandris*, but I am very sure I felt both Pain
 ' and Hunger; and I find no Difference in the
 ' Body's being present or absent, since the Effects
 ' are the same either way. But how do you dis-
 ' pose of yourself this Afternoon? *Montmars* re-
 ' plied, I have a private Visit to make, in the
 ' Evening I shall wait on his Highness the Duke
 ' of *Chartres*; you know you are to be there.
 ' I won't fail in obeying his Highness's Com-
 ' mands, says the Chevalier; and since you are
 ' engaged, I'll take a Walk in the Gardens; the
 ' Water-works are to play for the *Venetian* Am-
 ' bassador.

' Ambassador. *Montmari* took his Leave, and
 ' *Grandris* was going towards the Fountains
 ' when a Lady striking him on the Shoulder,
 ' told him he had the Air of a Man, who had
 ' Gallantry enough to devote himself to the Ser-
 ' vice of the Fair Sex. He turn'd suddenly to
 ' see who this was, but her Face was so m. Ailed
 ' in her Hood, that he had not the Opportunity
 ' of the least Glimpse. However, he answer'd
 ' that her Ladyship had no little Skill in Phy-
 ' siognomy: And that he never thought any part
 ' of his Time so well spent as that wchich he em-
 ' ployed in their Service. I am glad to find,
 ' replied the unknown, that I am not mistaken:
 ' But you must tell me, before I entertain you in
 ' my Lady's Service, whether you have any
 ' prior Engagement; for she will have no Sharers
 ' in your Heart. Answer me sincerely? Why
 ' Madam, to deal ingenuously, I never saw but
 ' one Lady who cou'd lay a just Claim to it: But
 ' as I saw that Fair one by Abstraction only,
 ' and that she is, as I imagine, either of Fairy-
 ' land, or never more to be heard of, I am at
 ' Liberty to offer an entire Hart in whatever
 ' Service you please to lift me. But Madam, is
 ' it not reasonable I shou'd know, says the Che-
 ' valier, to whom I am obliged for this Favour
 ' you design me? If you have, said the Lady,
 ' the Courage to follow me, an implicit Faith to
 ' obey my Orders, and I may depend on your
 ' Discretion; you will have Reason to think
 ' yourself the happiest of your Sex, if the Enjoy-
 ' ment of the most perfect of ours can make you
 ' so. She for whom Princes sigh in vain, for
 ' whom the greatest Monarch wo'd sacrifice his
 ' Power, offers you the whole Treasure of her
 ' unrival'd

unrival'd Charms, and exacts nothing in Return but Love and Secrecy. Ah Madam! replied *Grandris*, see me ready to follow you wherever you please to lead the Way; assure yourself I shall punctually obey your Orders; and that *France* has not a Cavalier who has a greater Fund of Love; and for my Taciturnity, I am the Rival of Death itself. My Lady is not then deceived, answer'd Madam *de Pourbeau*, (for it was she) follow me and persuade yourself your Happiness and Discretion are of equal Duration. Saying this, she walk'd pretty nimbly before, and the Chevalier wrapp'd in pleasing thoughts of insupportable Joy, follow'd. About half a Quarter of a League from *Versailles*, a Coach and Six waited for her. She told *Grandris* he must submit to being blinded with her Hankerchief. He readily consented; and they being both in the Coach, it drove a long Trot for a considerable time; and it being now near the Dusk of the Evening, it stopp'd, and the Lady led *Grandris* blindfolded as he was, into an Apartment, which shut out what yet remain'd of Light, supplied by a Number of Wax Tapers. Here she took off his Blind, and desired he wou'd repose himself till she had acquainted her Lady with his Arrival. He admired the Furniture of the Room, which was extremely rich; and was c ntemplating the Beauty of two Marble Statues which supported the Chimney-Piece, when he heard the Door open, and a Lady come in, whom he knew the Aunt of his Princeps. How great was his Surprise! and what were the emotions of his Heart when he flatter'd himself that his adorable Princeps wou'd follow, and that he shou'd enjoy

" the

' the most lovely and most perfect piece of the
 ' Creation. He went up to her, and was about
 ' to speak, when by clapping her Finger on her
 ' Mouth, she made a sign that he shou'd be si-
 ' lent. Then by another, desired he wou'd sit.
 ' He placed himself in a great arm'd Chair; she
 ' drawing another close to him, whisper'd him in
 ' the Ear, and said she hoped her Niece wou'd
 ' not a second time have the misfortune of be-
 ' wailing his loss; that what she had suffer'd on
 ' his account was inexpressible, fearing for his
 ' life, knowing so well the power and revenge-
 ' ful Spirit of his Rival; finding his Addresses,
 ' Diligence, and Submission were all in vain,
 ' and that her Affection was inviolable for the
 ' Chevalier *de Grandris*. Hardly had she made
 ' an end of speaking when the charming Princess
 ' in a loose dress came into the Room, and run-
 ' ning towards the Chevalier, half a dozen Men
 ' in Armour with their drawn Swords started out
 ' of the Wainscot, and *Grandris* going to rise
 ' that he might embrace her, found the Arms of
 ' the Chair enclose him, sink thro' the Floor,
 ' hurry him over a large Garden, and stopping
 ' at the brink of a Pond in a Field, threw him
 ' headlong in, and then sunk into the Earth.
 ' The Chevalier was so surprised and frighten'd,
 ' that had not two Men, who were purposely
 ' there, pull'd him out, that Night had put an
 ' end to all his Amorous Adventures. They
 ' having got him out carry'd him to a little House,
 ' and being somewhat come to himself, asked
 ' how he came to fall into the Pond. Instead of
 ' answering the Question, he asked where he
 ' was, and they told him he was at *Versailles*.
 ' Pray, says he, do you know *Duponts*; they an-
 ' swering

' answering in the Affirmative, he desired they
 ' wou'd shew him the way thither, for he lodg'd
 ' in that House. They did as he desired, having
 ' led him round about, that he might not easily
 ' find the Pond out of which they drew him.
 ' He found *Montmars* waiting for him, who
 ' seem'd very much surpriz'd at his being in so
 ' wet and dirty a pickle. He asked the meaning
 ' of it. But all the Answer he made him was,
 ' that the Devil was an ill-natured Rival, and
 ' that he was no Tobit, and his Conductress far
 ' short of Raphael. He call'd his Valet to get
 ' him immediately dry Cloaths, and rewarded
 ' those that had drag'd him out of the Pond, and
 ' brought him to his Lodgings. While he was
 ' washing himself, for it was a muddy dirty Pond,
 ' which terminated his Flight, *Montmars* begg'd
 ' he wou'd tell him the cause of this Accident.
 ' What was the Cause, replied *Grandis*, of our
 ' Mortality? Woman, dear dam'n'd deluding
 ' Woman; Woman who travels with Mischief,
 ' and who is the constant Cause of all my Mis-
 ' fortunes. Woman it was that deprived us of
 ' Paradise, and entailed Death, Labours and Mi-
 ' sery on poor deluded Man. Oh *Montmars*!
 ' I cou'd curse myself for not having hated from
 ' my earliest Years that baneful Sex, replete
 ' with Woes, which it sheds on all who are
 ' weak enough to fall into the Snare to its
 ' pernicious Beauty. Oh *Montmars*! I have
 ' the Devil for a Rival; but it's no Won-
 ' der since I have a Woman for my Mistres;
 ' but henceforth, I'll be blind to their Form, and
 ' deaf to their Enchantments. I'll hate the
 ' whole Sex, and change my former adorations
 ' into Abhorrence. I find, then, replies *Mont-
 *mar,**

' mars, the languishing *Ultricia* will have reason
 ' to complain of your Levity ; and----I did not
 ' think of her, says the Chevalier, my Honour
 ' is there engaged, and I can't fail the Appoint-
 ' ment, and come off with Reputation ; but after
 ' this Night I'll fly the whole Sex ; for I believe
 ' some Sylph or Devil lays Claim to the great-
 ' er part of 'em. You'll scarce believe what
 ' I am going to tell you, and yet it's literally
 ' true. He then recounted his whole Adventure.
 ' I don't see, says *Montmars*, that your Princess
 ' is any way in fault ; for she was flying to your
 ' Arms when these Iron eased Imps interposed
 ' between you and Happiness. But still, replies
 ' *Grandris*, a Woman, tho' innocently, was the
 ' cause of my Disgrace : Mischief seems to fol-
 ' low them as the Shadow does the Substance.
 ' However, fall back, fall Edge, I will see *U-*
 ' *tricia* ; for it's possible, like other general Rules,
 ' this may allow of Exception, tho' I have little
 ' reason to flatter myself. *Montmars* putting him
 ' in mind that he was to wait on the Duke, he
 ' made haste to dress him. That Landlord, you
 ' mayn't imagine there was any thing of Ma-
 ' gick (which the Ignorant have in abhorrence)
 ' in this last Adventure, I must inform you,
 ' that Monsieur *de Pourbeau* was a very great
 ' Mechanick, and had in his House at *Versailles*
 ' several pieces of Machinery ; for these arm'd
 ' Men, and the flying Chair, were nothing but
 ' wooden Engines, moved by Secret Springs.
 ' The Duke desired Madam *de Pourbeau* to allure
 ' the Chevalier to this House ; and tho' he thought
 ' being blinded, that he had travelled some
 ' Leagues, yet she only made a little Tour to
 ' amuse him. The Men who took him out of

' the Pond were placed there in the disguise of
 ' Peasants, by the Duke, who was himself an
 ' Eye-witness of his Disaster, which did not a
 ' little contribute to his Highness's Diversion;
 ' and he now waited in his Apartment in the
 ' Palace with impatience for the Chevalier's
 ' arrival, which was soon after the changing his
 ' Cloaths. At his Entrance the Duke told him
 ' he had expected him some time. *Montmars*
 ' answer'd, that it was not the Chevalier's fault
 ' that his Highness had waited so long, but that
 ' of some malicious Daemon, who envying his
 ' Success with the fair Sex, had drench'd him in
 ' a Horse-pond, and he was obliged to shift his
 ' Cloaths before he cou'd have the Honour of
 ' waiting on his Highness. He has taken this
 ' Treatment (continues he) so ill, that he has
 ' resolved to renounce all Conversation with the
 ' Females: What *Grandris*, says the Duke,
 ' hast met with some new Adventure since I parted
 ' with thee? Yes, my Lord, replied the unfor-
 ' tunate Knight, I have to my cost seen once
 ' more my charming Princels; but when I thought
 ' myself at the very Gates of Paradise, I was
 ' hurricd, which way or how I can't account,
 ' to the Brinks of the Stygian Lake, where I
 ' was thrown in to take care of myself, for I
 ' suppose *Ciaron* was on the other side the Ferry
 ' with his Boat. Prithee, says the Duke, if thou
 ' hasn't lost thy Senses, speak intelligibly. In-
 ' deed, my Lord, answer'd *Grandris*, such a Series
 ' of Misfortunes is enough to turn a wiser Man's
 ' Brain. I was carry'd to my adorable Princels,
 ' and rising to receive that Treasure of Beauty,
 ' the Arms of my Chair clos'd round me, I sunk
 ' iome Fathoms into the Earth, and in les than
 ' nothing

' nothing I was hurried up into the Air, and after
 ' flying half a dozen Leagues I found myself vio-
 ' lently thrown into a dirty Pond, where I had
 ' perish'd, if by good luck two honest Peasants
 ' had not been there to relieve me. What says
 ' the Duke, didst fly many Leagues? Sure
 ' enough, my Lord, for I left *Verſailles* in a
 ' Coach and Six, which drove some Hours a long
 ' Trot; so that I cou'd not be leis than fix
 ' Leagues distant from hence, and yet the Pond
 ' I was thrown into is within a hundred Paces,
 ' as nigh as I can guesſ, of the Town. The
 ' Devil, said the Duke, does not seem to under-
 ' stand his own Interest; for by the Method he
 ' takes, he'll keep thee chaste in ſight of thy
 ' Teeth, and this is rather to be eideem to a
 ' Friend than an Enemy. I beg leave to differ
 ' from the Opinion of your H.igness, replies
 ' *Montmars*, for the Dæmon seems to me to
 ' have a particular Enmity againſt the Cheva-
 ' lier, whom he knows muſt anſwer for the Sin,
 ' without the Satisfaction: For it is not the Action
 ' only, which is criminal, the Intention is equally
 ' ſo especially when we ſtrenuously endeavour
 ' at its Execution, and are ſorry we meet any ob-
 ' ſtacle which prevents us, as I dare ſay its *Gran-*
 ' *dris's* Case. By my Veracity, *Montmars*, an-
 ' ſwer'd the Chevalier you are in the right;
 ' for I am moie griev'd at the Disappointment,
 ' than ever I ſhall be for all the Sins of this na-
 ' ture I ever did, wou'd, may, or ſhall commit,
 ' whether in Intention or Fact. And this
 ' Dæmon, I am ſatisfied, is ſome plebeian Devil;
 ' for he does not act like one of any Rank or
 ' Distinction in treating a Gentleman like a
 ' Pick-pocket. But this Accident I hope, will

' convince your Highness there was nothing of
 ' Abstraction in my former Adventure, as Madam
 ' *de Pourbeau* is pleas'd to aver in spight of all my
 ' Senses. Madam *de Pourbeau*, said the Duke,
 ' is a Lady of profound Literature, and I sub-
 ' scribe to all her Opinions with an implicit
 ' Faith. I dare answer, however, says *Montmars*,
 ' that *Grandis* in this Adventure suffer'd *Per-*
 ' *naliter*, I believe it, replies the Duke, and no
 ' doubt but thete Misfortunes, which attend his
 ' Intrigues, aie to reclaim him, and let him see
 ' the Heinousness of the Vice he's so much ad-
 ' dicted to. Ah, my Lord, answer'd the Che-
 ' valier, it's a false way of arguing, to con-
 ' demn a Life as vicious, because unfortunate;
 ' the contrary is by daily Experience more just;
 ' for we see the most Virtuous persecuted by an
 ' adverse Fortune; and the most glorious De-
 ' signs baffled by a malignant Fate. Let you
 ' alone, said the Duke, and you'll, by the way
 ' of reasoning you're fallen into, tell me For-
 ' nication's a Virtue and Adultery meritorious.
 ' I find thee an incorrigible Sinner, and I don't
 ' know if it is not dangerous to give you the least
 ' Countenance. Your Conversation may infect,
 ' and my own Interest I'm afraid will oblige me
 ' to excuse your Visits. Your Highness threatens
 ' me with the greatest Misfortune, replies the
 ' Chevalier, and I shall willingly recant any
 ' thing which may avert it. I am, my Lord,
 ' very frail, and my Passions very strong; can
 ' your Highness blame me if I endeavour to baffle
 ' a Conscience which wou'd fly in my Face, and
 ' never allow me a Minute's ease, shou'd I give
 ' it the least Encouragement? Believe me, said
 ' the Duke, the only way to quiet your Consci-
 ' ence,

' ence, is to listen to it, and follow its Dictates ;
 ' you may repel it for a while, but it will return
 ' with double Force, and like *Antæus*, Son of the
 ' Earth, gather Strength by being foiled. Well,
 ' my Lord, replied the Chevalier, I will do what
 ' ever your Highness shall command ; it will be
 ' no Difficulty for me to examine my Conscience
 ' which without my Enquiry is ever ready to lay
 ' before me the least Slip as the blackest Crime,
 ' which if I durst say so before your Highness, is
 ' being very impertinent and very injudicious :
 ' It's making Mountains of Mole-hills, endea-
 ' vouring to terrify a Man only for the sake of
 ' making him uneasy, and clapping him into Hell
 ' for venial Sins which don't deserve a Quarter
 ' of an Hour's Stay in Purgatory. Adultery
 ' and Fornication then, said the Duke, are in
 ' your Opinion trifling Sins ? *Distinguo* my Lord,
 ' replied the Chevalier, Circumstances may make
 ' one and the same thing criminal or innocent.
 ' Adultery I look upon a heinous Crime, when
 ' it bastardizes a Family ; but where a Man
 ' shall be invited by the Husband to perpetuate
 ' his Name, as an humble Servant of your High-
 ' ness once was, I am so far from thinking it
 ' criminal, that I look upon it highly laudable,
 ' and a Mark of Charity in the Party condescend-
 ' ing. As to Fornication, my Lord, I than't
 ' defend it, for I know I shou'd plead before a
 ' partial Judge ; but I fancy the Patriarchs did
 ' not believe the thing so bad as our Preachers
 ' tell us ; and I am indeed of Opinion, for all
 ' their Grimace, they themselves don't think the
 ' Consequences so terrible as they speak 'em,
 ' for certain Reasons I don't care to mention.
 ' Your Highness being a declared Patron of our
 ' Ecclesiasticks.

' Ecclesiasticks. Well, tho' I am a good Catho
 ' lick, and hope to live and die in the Bosom of
 ' the Roman and Apostolick Church, yet I can't
 ' but applaud the Reformation in regard of the
 ' Clergy, who with what we call Hereticks, are
 ' thought as meer Mortals as the Laity, and are
 ' therefore never trusted with the Secrets of
 ' their Families, and are allow'd to marry. Why
 ' *Grandris*, answer'd his Friend, thou'rt grown
 ' a downright Heretick; and if these Principles
 ' of thine were known to the Women and
 ' Clergy, the one wou'd pu'l thee piece-meal,
 ' and the other give every Inch of thee by Tale
 ' and Measure to the Devil. Here the Fathers
 ' taking their Leave of the Duke, his Highnes
 ' beckon'd these two Gentlemen, went into
 ' another Room, and they follow'd him. By
 ' *Grandris*'s Getticulations, said the Duke, he
 ' seem'd to speak with some Warmth; may I
 ' ask the Subject of your Conversation? *Montmars*
 ' answer'd, they had no Secrets, and repeated
 ' what had pass'd. Truly, replied his Highnes,
 ' if the Chevalier was never more in the wrong
 ' than in this Opinion, he wou'd have very few,
 ' at least very few among the Men of Sense, to
 ' reprehend him. Your Highnes, said *Grandris*,
 ' in assenting to me, does me an Honour which
 ' rejoices my Heart, and effaces the Memory of
 ' all my Misfortunes. Said the Duke, if the
 ' putting on a Religious Habit, wou'd put off
 ' our Passions, and Chastity were the necessary
 ' Consequence of having vow'd it, I shou'd think
 ' these holy Orders, this entering into Religion,
 ' what every man of Sense wou'd be fond of, and
 ' make his Choice; since it wou'd be a cer-
 ' tain

tain Proof of a future Life, and as certain a
 Method to make it happy to us. The first
 Institution was doubtless with a religious View,
 by zealous Christians; and were none to en-
 ter into Religion but upon the same Motives
 which engaged the Founders of these Orders,
 we shou'd be very far from complaining of their
 Number. I wish, said *Grandris*, his Majesty
 wou'd take my Advice, I wou'd furnish him
 with a considerable Sum of Money, ease his
 People, and raite him an Army without Ex-
 pence. Let's hear your Scheme, cries the
 Duke, I never knew *Grandris* thou wer't a Pro-
 jector. My Lord, replied the Chevalier, I never
 before once thought of State Affairs; but this
 Project is just now come into my Head; I had
 the hint from a Cooper, and I have the Vanity
 to hope your Highness won't disapprove it. I
 wou'd advise his Majesty to put out a Procla-
 mation to this Purport, That whoever had en-
 ter'd into Holy Orders, of either Sex, shou'd
 upon Intimation to proper Officers, be releas'd
 from their Confinement, and absolved from
 their Vows, on condition they wou'd enter
 into the Service. What, said the Duke, woud'st
 have the Women enlisted? I suppose, replied
Montmars, the Chevalier has heard of the *Ama-*
zonian Dames, and is of Opinion the *French*
 Ladies may do as much Execution as the *Scy-*
thian Women. As for that Matter, said *Gran-*
dris, tho' I never was acquainted with those
Amazonian Dames, or *Scythian Women*, I am
 of Opinion those of *France* can do as much
 Mischief as the best of either of them. Either
 of whom? cried the Duke, Either of those
 Women, my Lord, with the cramp Names
 that

' that I just named after *Montmars*. Why, replied his Highness, the *Amazonians* were *Scythian Women*; consequently what you thought two, is but one People. Did it never read *Justin, Grandis?* Yes, my Lord, I have read of Joustings and Tournaments, in several Books of Knight Errantry, but I don't remember any of these Women being seen in them. His Highness burst into a violent Fit of Laughter, which *Montmars* accompanied him in, upon this innocent Answer of the Chevalier's. As he cou'd not imagine the Cause of their sudden Mirth, he was somewhat disconcerted, and turning to *Montmars*, asked him what made him so merry? he answer'd your Joustings and Tournaments. Why, said the Chevalier, where lies the Jest of that? If you fancy there was no such Exercise, because it is now left off, you grossly betray your Ignorance in History, for our *Henry* the second King of France was by Accident killed in one by Count *Montgomery* Captain of his Guards. But I excuse your Ignorance, when your Laugh's out I'll go on with my Project. This encreas'd their fit, and almost dath'd the Chevalier. It was some time before his Highness cou'd re-assume his Gravity, with Difficulty compose his Face, or get out a Word, which was not interrupted by a new fit of Laughter, to which the silly and confus'd Looks of the Chevalier contributed as much as the reprehension he had made *Montmars*. At length he told *Montmars* that they were both in the wrong to laugh at Jousting as a ridiculous Invention of Romances; for it was very certain that *Grandis* was in the right in this Quotation, and had convinced him

so fully of his Error, that he shou'd not for the future be so ready to turn things into ridicule, because he was ignorant of them. I beg your Pardon, *Grandris*, continued the Duke, I own my Error, stand corrected, and beg you will go on with your Scheme. Your Highness, replied *Grandris*, does me too much Honour: But I fear that illiterate Sneezer *Montmars*, who without the least ground for Laughter, gave Birth to the second fit, has put it out of my Head, and done the Publick a considerable, (may be) an irreparable Damage by his nonsensical Mirth and Ignorance. He is incorrigibly dull, or he wou'd, my Lord, since he has kept me Company, have polish'd his Understanding a little, by the Benefit of conversing with me. Hark ye, Sir, turning to *Montmars*, endeavour to repair the Loss the Publick may otherwise suffer, by telling me where I left off. You left off, my dear Tutor, replied he, at the pressing the Women. No, Sir, said the Chevalier, I have no view of the Women's serving but in a civil Capacity; if you will be pleas'd to let me go on, for if you interrupt me a second time, I'll make Interest to let his Majesty know your Impertinence has knock'd the finest Scheme on the Head that ever was projected; a Scheme that wou'd double his Army with Men, and oblige him to underprop his Treasury to support the Weight of Money it wou'd bring in; in short a Scheme that wou'd encourage all his Manufactories, People his Kingdom, by trebly repairing the Number of Men the Wars have swept away, enable him to plant new Colonies abroad, and be as powerful in the Indies as the *Spaniards* in *Batavia*, or

' or the *Dutch* on the Continent of *America*. I
 ' see says the Duke, you are acquainted with the
 ' Colonies of other Nations. No, my Lord, I
 ' own ingenuously to your Highness, I read no
 ' other Book than that of the World, and what
 ' I know of State Affairs is by listening to those
 ' who understand and talk of 'em. But I hope
 ' when his Majesty hears the Injury this open
 ' Throat Laugher has done his Affairs, I shall
 ' see him walk to the Grieve between a Couple
 ' of Capuchins-----he'll surely hang thee, *Mont-*
 ' *mars*, so no more Interruption, as you value
 ' the Reputation of your Family. I said, my
 ' Lord, I wou'd have both Sexes absolved; the
 ' Monks should every one be allowed to marry
 ' two Wives, and be permitted to stay at home
 ' one Year for the sake of propagating, before
 ' they went into the Army; every Monk thus
 ' married, shou'd be allow'd twenty Pounds a
 ' Year, and twenty Pounds a Year for each
 ' Wife, and his Children shou'd be brought up
 ' among the Foundlings, which wou'd add a
 ' great Number of Hands to our Manufactures,
 ' and people the Country with industrious Sub-
 ' jects; thus the King wou'd get at least one half
 ' of the Revenues of the Convents, which wou'd
 ' in time come entirely into his Hands; for on
 ' the death of any marry'd Monk or Nun their
 ' Pension shou'd cease; for as their Children
 ' wou'd be taken care of without any Expence
 ' to them, the Widows or Widowers wou'd not
 ' need to have it continued. The Peplexities
 ' they wou'd meet with in a married State wou'd
 ' in a Year's time make 'em willingly go to the
 ' Army in hopes of being knock'd on the Head
 ' and freed from the Yoke of Matrimony, where
 ' the

' the Ball that takes off one of these, will spare a
 ' braver Man who has not two thirds of his pay.
 ' As to those who wou'd not accept these Con-
 ' ditions, I wou'd have his Majesty incorporate
 ' 'em in the begging Orders, and take their
 ' Estates, which I shou'd advise his selling at
 ' ten Years purchase to those Families whose
 ' Ancestors had foolishly preferr'd these religious
 ' Cheats to their own Children. This, my
 ' Lord, wou'd enrich the Crown and Nobility,
 ' and make the latter, for their own Interest,
 ' stand by his Majesty against the Fulminations
 ' of his Holiness. This was the Policy of *Harry*
 ' the seventh of *England* when he took away the
 ' Church Lands-----there was a Prince of Spi-
 ' rit; he set the Pope at Defiance, and cut off a
 ' Queen of *Scots* Head, tho' a Dowager of *France*;
 ' why? because he wou'd have no Competitors.
 ' I am in love with that Prince's Character, and
 ' were it permitted a Subject to follow his Ex-
 ' ample, and knock his Wise's Head off when-
 ' ever he grew weary of her, I wou'd make no
 ' scruple of marrying to-morrow. I can't say but
 ' your Scheme is excellent, reply'd the Duke,
 ' and I will take an Opportunity to mention it
 ' to his Majesty, and be just enough not to rob
 ' you of the Honour due: But I fear you mistake
 ' in the Example quoted, for it was *Harry* the
 ' eighth who began the pretended Reformation:
 ' and *Mary Queen of Scots* died by the Orders
 ' of his Daughter Queen *Elizabeth*. My Lord,
 ' said *Grandris*, I make no mention of the pre-
 ' tended Reformation; and beside I own I know
 ' nothing of History, but what I've learn'd in
 ' Conversation; however as to the main Point
 ' its little to the purpose whether I mistake or
 ' not

not in my Chronology. Would his Majesty
 follow the Scheme I have laid down, I should
 get a good Parcel of Lands into my Hands at
 an easy rate. Here the Duke interrupted *Gran-*
dris, by changing the Subject to that of Novel
 writing, saying, that the *French* Novels have
 more form than Substance in them, and a
 great deal of Embroidery is laid on very coarse
 Cloth. If, my Lord, said *Montmars*, the *French*
 Novelists are condemn'd in this Point, what
 must we say of the *Spanish* Writers, who are
 prodigiously more prolix, make a Man mad
 with their long Soliloquies, and crucify him
 with a Multiplicity of poor low Puns, Ana-
 grams, and hyperbolical Similies? If your High-
 ness cou'd have the Patience to read the Novels
 of *Don Joseph de la Vega*, entitled, *Rumbos Pe-*
ligrosos, and which the *Spaniards* esteem as a
 Nonpareil of Eloquence, you wou'd have a
 much better Opinion of our *French* Authors,
 who may be excused for length'ning (I won't
 say embellishing, because your Highness does
 not approve it) their Stories with Dialogue,
 because they are commonly wrote for the En-
 tertainment of the younger Sort, and they help
 to form their Stile, give 'em a just way
 of thinking, lay 'em down a Method of
 Reasoning, which they insensibly fall into,
 and makes their Conversation less puerile and
 dry. I'll defy all Mankind to give us a verbal
 Translation of what the *Spaniards* esteem highly
 elegant in this Author. Give me leave to in-
 stance some of the jejune Puns of this celebrated
 Author, *In his Confusion of Pictures*, or Pictures
 of Confusion. You see he plays even in his
 Title: He begins with his Dedication, and
 puns

puns upon his own and his Patron's Name,
 • *La Vega & Belmonte*. I need not tell your
 • Highness the one signifies a Plain, and the other
 • a fine Mountain. For, says he, a Plain to
 • approach a Mountain, wou'd be a Passion of
 • Ambition, were it not a Demonstration of
 • Gratitude. A little further *Mythologists* paint
 • the Muses in Mount *Parnassus*, wherefore my
 • Muse cannot but aspire to place itself in this
 • Mountain. Fame knows your Lordship an
 • *Etnian* Mountain, of compassionate Flames for
 • the Necessitous, and of benevolent Ardour for
 • the Sciences, a Mountain of Loadstone to our
 • Wills.-----I have enough, cried the Duke,
 • I have seen his Works; the *Spaniſh* Ambassador
 • launche'd out at so prodigious a rate in the
 • praises of this Author, that I was impatient till
 • I had him in my Hands, and altogether as im-
 • patient to get rid of him, when good Man-
 • ners wou'd not suffer me to do, till I had heard
 • the very Dedication real which you mention;
 • for the Ambassador himself brought me the
 • Book, pitch'd upon that Dedication, and I was
 • obliged to hear him read it, tho' the Raptures
 • he was in, and his *Spaniſh* Shrugs and Getti-
 • culations made some Amenis for the Pain he
 • gave me. As to our Authors, I think 'em, for
 • the Reason I have given, sometimes very fa-
 • tiguing, but the *Spaniſh* altogether intolerable;
 • I mean in Works of this Nature. Nay, I
 • have observed in their most serious Discourse
 • they will scatter some of these Weeds, which
 • they call Flowers of Rhetorick: But it's time
 • we shou'd go to Madam *de Mornonville's*, and
 • convince *Grandris* of his Mistake. His High-
 • ness took these two Gentlemen into his Coach,

and they alighted at Monsieur *Pourbeau's*
 House ; but as he had formerly been introduced
 by the Door of the Gardens blindsfolded, and
 that they now alighted at the great Gate, and
 did not see the Apartment in which the Chair
 sunk with him, he did not know it again. His
 Highness asked for the Countess, but being
 answer'd she was indisposed, he enquired for
 Mademoiselle her Daughter, who immediately
 came to pay her Respects. They went into a
 Ground Room, and being seated, his Highness
 told the young Lady he had brought with him
 a Gentleman of his Acquaintance to kiss her
 Hands. Has your Highness, said the Lady,
 left him in the Coach ? What a Question is
 that, replied the Duke, it's the Chevalier *de*
Grandis whom you have before your Eyes.
 I have had the Honour, said the beautiful *Mer-*
nonville, to have heard a very advantageous
 Character of that Gentleman, but never had
 that of his Acquaintance. Do you hear that
Grandis? cried the Duke, and turning to him.
 My Lord, answer'd the Chevalier, I have heard
 every like is not the same ; and if this is not
 my adorable Princess, she is as like her as two
 Balls cast in the same Mould. Mademoiselle
 told him he was certainly mistaken, and turning
 to the Duke, she told him Madam *da Pourbeau*
 was in the House, and wou'd be proud of the
 Honour to kiss his Highness's hands, if he
 wou'd permit it. He answer'd he was ever
 glad to see her. She step'd out of the Room,
 and led in a Lady with her own Face, Size,
 Hair and Eyes, and in the same Undress in
 which the Chevalier had seen her. Oh Jupiter,
 cries the Chevalier to the Duke, I own my
 mistake

' mistake, this is my charming Princess, but who
 ' in so great a Likenels wou'd not be deceived?
 ' the Room was very large and *Grandris* was
 ' at the farther end fronting the Door when the
 ' two Ladies came in. Nay, said the Duke, I
 ' am now convinced your Head's wrong. *Mont-
 mars*, do you know that Lady with Ma-
 ' dameiselle? My, Lord, said he, don't I know
 ' Madam *de Pourbeau*? If I am not mad, your
 ' Highness and *Montmars*, said the Chevalier,
 ' will make me so, for either that's my Princess,
 ' or I am under the Power of some Enchanter.
 ' The Ladies seeing 'em engaged did not ad-
 ' vance, till his Highness called to Madam *Pour-
 beau*, and said he wish'd her Joy, for the Che-
 ' valier had made a Princess of her; and placing
 ' himself before *Grandris*, to give her Opportu-
 ' nity to unmask, he continued, don't you think
 ' the Favour worth thanks? as she had wnip'd
 ' off her Mask in a Moment, and appear'd with
 ' her own Face (for the Mask was taken in
 ' Wax from Madamoiselle *Mornonville*'s, with
 ' glass Eyes, exactly answering the Size and
 ' Colour of her's) the Chevalier appear'd like
 ' a Statue, and was so terrified with the sudden
 ' Metamorphose, that he was some time before
 ' he cou'd recover from his Surprize. I am afraid
 ' my Lord, my Titl., if I am obliged to the
 ' Chevalier for it, said Madam *de Pourbeau*, is
 ' as chimerical as his Amours with Ladies of
 ' that Rank. Madam, replied the Chevalier,
 ' I am now satisfied that there are *Sylphs*, *Genii*,
 ' Wizards, and Enchanters, who divert them-
 ' selves at the expence of poor Mortals. I just
 ' now cou'd have sworn that I had seen an suffer'd
 ' for Madamoiselle *de Mornonville*; when you

in, I wou'd have taken my Oath you were the *Ignis Fatuus* which led me to, and left me in the Hands of the Devil and the Doctor, and now I see the Princess vanished; her Face I mean, for you have still her Shape, Dyes and Air, and Madam *de Peurbeau* in her Place, and that while I was under an Illusion, his Highness and *Mortmars* knew you for what you are. I am resolved never to be positive in any thing for the future, without I have the Marks as visible for my Vouchers, as that I have yet recent in my Neck from the inhuman * *Aesculapian* Murderer, under the Protection of the Duke of York, who I hope will meet the Fate of his Ancestor. Mademoiselle pretending to be an entire Stranger to what the Chevalier was speaking of, begg'd she might hear the Story, which, upon the Duke's joining in the Request, he told very concisely. When he came to that part of the Chair sinking with him, a great arm'd Chair at the further end of the Room walk'd into the middle of it. Oh Heavens! cried the Chevalier, does your Highness see that----What? replied the Duke----Yon great arm'd Chair which fronts us walk'd of

* *Aesculapius* was the Son of Apollo by the Nymph *Coronis*; His Fa her gave him into the Hands of Chiron the Centaur to study Phyfick. He had taught Apollo Musick, Hercules Astronomy, was Tutor to Achilles, and at last placed in the Zodiack, he made the sign Sagittary. Under the Tuition of so able a Master, *Aesculapius* became so very skilful in Phyfick that at the Request of Diana he restored Hippolytus to Life, which Jupiter resented, and struck *Aesculapius* dead with a Thunderbolt. After his Death he was worshiped as a God, and had a Temple in Rome, and had there divine Honouris paid him under the shape of a Serpent.

(OVID and VIRGIL.)

* itself

' itself into the Place it now stands in. I see no
 ' Chair, answer'd the Duke, but those in their
 ' Places. No, said *Grandris*. No, rejoind
 ' *Montmars*, I believe no body sees the Chair
 ' you speak of. The Chairs, said Madam *de Pourbeau*, stand as they did when I came in,
 ' and to convince you point to the Place and
 ' I will go directly thither. He did so, and she
 ' walk'd that Way, and the Duke and *Montmars*
 ' getting before *Grandris*, as out of Curiosity,
 ' it sunk down the Traps it stood on, and ano-
 ' ther rose in the Place by the Wall it had left,
 ' without his perceiving it. Look ye, said Ma-
 ' dam *de Pourbeau*, you see I have met no Ob-
 ' stacle, and went out to dispose of her Mask,
 ' which was given to Mademoiselle *Mernonville*'s
 ' Woman, who was of her Shape, and acted a
 ' Part in the Comedy, which was disposed by,
 ' and for the Diversion of his Highness. *Gran-*
 ' *dris* seeing the Chair as he thought in its Place,
 ' and not knowing how it possibly cou'd get
 ' there, finding he cou'd not conceal the Agony
 ' he was in, said I own, my Lord, I have not
 ' Courage enough to deal with the Devil, and
 ' these supernatural Events strike me with an
 ' uncommon Terror. I fear, said the Duke,
 ' you are distract'd in your Senses, for it's strange
 ' none of the Company shou'd see these things
 ' but yourself; and really I begin to suspect this
 ' Story of yours is the raving of a distemper'd
 ' Brain. But what think you of the Blister, my
 ' Lord, cried *Montmars*? That Mark, replied
 ' Madam *de Pourbeau*, who was return'd, may be
 ' by the Force of Imagination, as I've already
 ' told, and I give for Proof the Strength it has
 ' upon Women with Child. True, Madam,
 ' answer'd *Grandris*, had my Mother big with
 ' me

' me fallen into the Hands of that diabolical
 ' Doctor, it had been no Wonder to have seen
 ' me marked, but this is a quite different case.
 ' Why, said Mademoiselle, I've heard of a Man
 ' turning grey with a Fright; and Monsieur
 ' owning he was under Apprehensions, while in
 ' the imaginary Hands of a cruel Doctor, why
 ' might not that Fear cause as well the Mark of
 ' a Blister? I think, replied the Duke, there is
 ' as much Reason to be given for the one as the
 ' the other. I am, said the Chevalier, no Phi-
 ' losopher to account for these things, or to con-
 ' tradict those who pretend to do it; but, as I
 ' have already said, I will never be positive of any
 ' thing for the future. As he was speaking, the
 ' great arm'd Chair rose again with *Mornonville's*
 ' Woman, wearing the Wax Mask, and leaning
 ' in a melancholy Posture. *Grandris*, at this
 ' sight, got close to *Montmars*, and the whole
 ' Company seem'd in a Consternation. It sunk
 ' a second Time, and a Cloud of Perfumes com-
 ' ing up darken'd the Room, and hinder'd his
 ' seeing the Trap close. Am I now, said the
 ' Chevalier, the only one possessed with the
 ' strength of Imagination? Or did none but my-
 ' self see this beautiful Apparition? I am, an-
 ' swer'd the Duke, convinced; there is something
 ' preternatural in this, and I believe all you have
 ' told me. The Ladies pretended to faint away,
 ' and Servants were called to bring Water.
 ' *Grandris* was under such Apprehensions that he
 ' hardly durst leave *Montmars* side, tho' the Duke
 ' called him to help in supporting Mademoiselle
 ' *Mornonville*. When the Servants came, and
 ' were pretendedly busy in the recovering the two
 ' Ladies, an old Woman pull'd *Grandris* by the
 ' Coat,

Coat, slipp'd a Letter into his Hand, and bid him not stir out of his Lodgings after he had got to 'em, and to read what she gave him with Attention. The Ladies being come to themselves, the Duke said he wou'd leave 'em to their Repose, and carried *Mortmars* and *Gran-*
dis with him. As the Duke must necessarily pass the Lodging of the latter, he desired his Highnes wou'd there set him down, which he wou'd not consent to, till *Mortmars* said he knew the Chevalier had a Challenge (to answer that Night) from a fair Lady. No sooner had he reach'd his Room but he lock'd himself up, and open'd the Letter, which began thus:

S I R,

I Was formerly Housekeeper to my Lady your Mother, and am in that Station at present with Madam *de Pourbeau*. I am sorry to see you made the Jeft and Diversion of the Court, and thought a Tool to be play'd upon. As I have Obligations to your Family, I think in Justice I am obliged to let you know how you are imposed on, and that your own Servants are in Plots against you to make you ridiculous. *Here she told him the Secret of all his Enchantments, and the Authors of his Misfortunes ; and added,* if you go in Search to night of an imaginary *Emilia*, you will meet with nothing agreeable. Don't betray me for giving you this Notice, who am

Sir,

Your humble Servant,
 MARY LA BONNE.

This

' This Woman being in the Family, h^dd
 ' learn'd from the Servants entrusted, the several
 ' Tricks play'd the Chevalier- --- The reading
 ' this Letter put him in a violent Rage, and he
 ' had rather than have undergone such Affronts,
 ' have it really what it appear'd to him, down-
 ' right Witchcraft. He resolved to revenge him-
 ' self where he cou'd, and leave the Court. He
 ' called for his Valet de Chambre, but he not
 ' being at home he went to bed, and gave Or-
 ' ders not to be disturb'd, tho' the King himself
 ' shou'd want him, for he was out of Order.
 ' Soon after *Montmars* came, who hearing what
 ' Orders he had given, was afraid his Fright had
 ' made him ill, and was resolved to see him
 ' early in the Morning: He went back and told
 ' the Duke his Apprehensions, who was really
 ' concern'd, and desired *Montmars* wou'd not
 ' fail being with him betimes, and bringing him
 ' Word how he found himself. The next
 ' Morning he was at *Grandris*'s by seven o'Clock,
 ' and was told that he had beat his Valet de
 ' Chambre severely, ordered his Horses to be
 ' saddled, and was gone out; as indeed he was to
 ' *Montmars* Lodgings, where not finding him he
 ' return'd, and met him in the Yard. *Montmars*
 ' asked after his r^halth; he said he was never
 ' better, and heartily glad he had no greater
 ' Devils to deal with than himself. *Montmars*
 ' saying he did not understand him. Look ye,
 ' cried the Chevalier, Monsieur *Grandris* is a
 ' Gentleman, and if his Highness is above my
 ' Resentment, his Tools are not. I have given
 ' a Scoundrel the Hire he merits for playing on
 ' his Master, and I shall endeavour, Sir, to teach
 ' you what it is to jest on your Friends; Mon-
 ' sieur *Pourbeau*'s Engines and wooden Guards

' won't avail you here ; Law, or by this blessed
 ' Light, I shan't think I do a base thing to sacri-
 ' fice you. On saying this, he drew. *Montmars*,
 ' tho' he did not want Courage, knowing how
 ' just Reason *Grandris* had for his Resentment,
 ' wou'd have beat a Parley ; but *Grandris* was
 ' too much exasperated, and he was forced to
 ' defend him'self. For some little Space he en-
 ' deavoured by retreating, and d'siring to be
 ' heard, to pacify him, but getting a slight
 ' Wound, which rais'd the Skin of his Shoulder,
 ' he found there was no dallying. In a Word,
 ' poor *Montmars* received two deep Wounds,
 ' which laid him on the Pavement, and which
 ' every one thought for a long Time it was im-
 ' possible for him to recover from. The Che-
 ' valier immediately mounted, and getting off,
 ' he lay some time conceal'd at a Friend's House
 ' not far from *Calais*, that he might make his
 ' escape to *England* in case of his Antagonist's
 ' Death. The Duke being acquainted with this
 ' unhappy Accident, went to see the poor wound-
 ' ed Gentleman, whom he found speechless.
 ' The King was told the whole Story, and said,
 ' *Grandris* did what he ought, and as it was a
 ' Re-encounter, shou'd *Montmars* die, he wou'd
 ' forgive him ; but he very severely reprimanded
 ' the Duke of *Chartres* for his Frolicks. The
 ' Chevalier hearing from his Friends the King's
 ' favouraole Disposition towards him, went to
 ' *Dunkirk*. In the Road he was set upon by
 ' Highwaymen ; they made off at the first Fire,
 ' but his Man received a Ball, which grazed on
 ' one of his Ribs : I dress'd this Man at the Inn
 ' where the Chevalier lay, while he staid at *Dun-
 ' kirk*. The Gentleman who is with him is his
 ' Son's

' Son's Friend, where he absconded, a gallant
 ' pretty Gentleman. About four Months after
 ' the Chevalier left the Court; and about a
 ' Week after his Arrival at the above mentioned
 ' Town, he had news of *Montmars* Recovery,
 ' tho' he was still very weak. But heark ye,
 ' interrupted the Inn-keeper, how was it possible
 ' that same Chair you talk'd of shou'd walk into
 ' middle of the Room. The seat and the four
 ' Feet of that Chair, were a Man cover'd, and
 ' fitted out so exactly, that without near Examina-
 ' nation the Deceit was not to be discovered.
 ' Your present Lodger took up his Quarters at
 ' ----but I won't name the Landlord, because it
 ' wou'd look like Defamation: He is a crusty,
 ' ill natur'd old Fellow, as rich as *Cræsus*, and
 ' as covetous as the Miser who made his Friend
 ' pay for cutting the Rope he had hang'd himself
 ' in. By his Money he had got a very pretty
 ' Wife, and by his first Marriage a very pretty
 ' Daughter. He was very fond, and very jea-
 ' lous of Both. The Mother and Daughter-in-
 ' Law were much of an Age, and had contracted
 ' a great Friendship since the Father had made
 ' 'em so near Relations by his Marriage. Major
 ' *Flote*, who had been sometime quarter'd in the
 ' House, cou'd not see with an indifferent Eye
 ' the Charms of the beautiful *Marianna*, for thus
 ' give me leave to call the Mother, and to make
 ' use of fictitious Names in my Story, for the
 ' Reason I have already given. He watch'd all
 ' Opportunities to converse with and gain her
 ' good Opinion, before he wou'd give her any
 ' hint of the Power she had over him; and this
 ' prudent Management not only gained him the
 ' Esteem of his beloved *Marianna*, for he was
 ' well

well made, and as well bred, gay and lively in Company, quick at Repartee, had a smooth Tongue and an insinuating Behaviour but it gained him also the Confidence of her Husband, who had often left 'em together, and listened to their Conversation; which finding always innocent, and the Major being a generous Customer, he grew very fond of him, and very easy, fearing no Danger from a Man who shew'd no Inclination to Women, and who, had he any Design upon his Wife, wou'd certainly not have let slip the many Opportunities he had purposely given him to make a Declaration. Monsieur *Flote* however was the only one of whom he had so good an Opinion; for no other of his Customers were ever permitted to speak to *Marianna*, whom he kept in a manner imprison'd in her Chamber, where she had no other Diversions but what her Work and *Leonora*'s Conversation, who was lock'd up with her, and sometimes a Visit from the Major, cou'd afford her, excepting at meals: Hold, said the Inn-keeper, who is that *Leonora*? I mean by that Name the Daughter, answer'd the Surgeon. This Confinement cou'd not be very agreeable to nineteen; and tho' she made no Complaint, yet was she not less sensible of her Restraint. One Day when the Husband, whom we'll call *Crasseux*, was obliged to go out, and had left the Major engaged at *Ombre* with his Wife and Daughter (for beside the Confidence he had in Monsieur *Flote*, he look'd upon her being with his Wife a farther Security against any Attempts upon his Honour.) This Gentleman said, he cou'd not conceive how any Man cou'd value a Woman he durst not trust

' trust to her Conduct ; and that let her Husband
 ' pretend what Tenderness he pleas'd for a Wife,
 ' he thought it impossible his Love cou'd surpass
 ' that of a brutal Passion, when he denied her
 ' all the Pleasures of Life, by debarring her of
 ' the chief, which was her Liberty. That no-
 ' thing on the one side was more inhuman, and
 ' spoke a meaner Opinion, and on the other,
 ' (to a generous Mind, which cou'd not with-
 ' Patience bear to be suspected,) nothing was
 ' more intollerable or more likely to excite Re-
 ' venge, and make the Prisoner try all methods
 ' to purchase a Liberty, which Beasts themselves
 ' having nothing but their Senses to gratify,
 ' cou'd not bear with Patience to be deprived of,
 ' and which even in the hardest Seasons they
 ' prefer'd, tho' accompanied with the sharpest
 ' Hunger, to Confinement and a plentiful Pro-
 ' vision. It must then be certainly so much
 ' more grievous to a rational Creature, as the
 ' Pain of the mind exceeds that of the Body. I
 ' am, said *Marianna*, entirely of your Opinion,
 ' that it's entertaining low Thoughts of a Wife,
 ' to imagine Stone Walls are a greater Safe-
 ' guard to the Husband's Honour than her own
 ' Principles ; but I can't join with you when you
 ' say it is a method to stir up a Woman to Re-
 ' venge and endeavour at any rate to procure her
 ' lost Liberty ; for who cou'd not by Reason,
 ' and the Knowledge of her Duty submit to re-
 ' straint, I am afraid wou'd make but ill use of
 ' her Liberty ; she might plead, but not be ex-
 ' cused by the capricious Humour of her Huf-
 ' band. I must own, said *Leonora*, the World is
 ' very partial in regard to our Sex ; and the poor
 ' Women are look'd upon as Creatures who have
 ' not

* not, or at least ought not to have any Resent-
 * ment, let our Provocations be never so great ;
 * and really some Husbands give us such as are
 * not to be born, treating us like irrational Be-
 * ings, designed only for the Amusement of their
 * Leisure Hours. For my part, I can't think the
 * Vow of Obedience exacted in that time of Mar-
 * riage, extends beyond what's reasonable ; for
 * to imagine otherwise is denying our Sex com-
 * mon Sense ; for who to whom it is allowed,
 * wou'd bind herself to a certain slavery for her
 * own or her Husband's Life ? If ever I am mar-
 * ried, I shall let my Husband know I am his
 * Helpmate, and not his Slave ; and that I'll obey
 * while he's reasonable : But shou'd he ever
 * come to follow my Father's Example, lock me
 * up for fear I shou'd make an ill Use of Liberty,
 * and deny me innocent Diversions, under Ap-
 * prehension of my converting 'em into unlaw-
 * ful Pleasures, and by this Method tell me by
 * his Actions, that he thinks me vicious in my
 * Inclinations, my Resentment might have more
 * Power than my Principles ; and if I had never
 * before had the least Thought of guilty Plea-
 * sures, Revenge might represent 'em to my
 * Imagination in an advantageous Light, his Pre-
 * caution might awaken my curiosity, and his
 * Apprehension bring upon him the very thing
 * he dreads, and was most upon his guard to
 * prevent ; and thus by his over Care be the Au-
 * thor of his own Misfortune. If jealous Men
 * wou'd consult Reason, but then indeed they
 * wou'd not be jealous Men, but were Reason
 * and Jealousy but for a little time compatible,
 * they wou'd find the surest Guard over a Wo-
 * man is herself ; they wou'd as the *English Po-*

Poet says, *Clap the Padlock upon the Mind.* The Woman of Honour needs no Bolts to secure her, and they are not sufficient, where Honour does not stand as a Guard over all her Actions. *Craffoux*, who went to pay some Money, had not gone twenty Steps from the Door, when he reflected he wanted his Receipt Book, in which he took Acquittance for all Money paid; and turning back, his Jealousy prompted him to go up Stairs softly, and listen to the Discourse of these three. As ill Luck wou'd have it, he heard every Word that *Leonora* said; it put him into a violent Passion, and he came abruptly into the Room, saying he was glad he knew *Leonora*'s virtuous Principles; that she was an excellent Advocate for Cuckoldom, and no doubt wou'd be as ready an Instrument in the carrying on an Intrigue, as she was an excellent Oratrix for, and Trumper of conjugal Rebellion: That he would take care for the future she should have no Opportunity of instilling her pernicious Precepts, where he was so nearly concerned; and if Locks and Bolts would not keep her virtuous when she was married, however he'd try what Efficacy they might have on her in a single State: Then pulling her roughly off her Chair, with a sound Thump o're her Shoulders, he thrust her out of the Room before him, desired the Major to walk down, double lock'd his Wife's Door, and made a close Prisoner of *Leonora* in the Garret. Having secured them both he came down, and begg'd the Major's Pardon, if he had been guilty of any Rudeness, went out of the House, did his Busineſs, returned immediately, and begg'd the Favour of

‘ Monsieur

' Monsieur *Elte* to take a Bottle of *Bugundy*
 ' with him in his Wife's Room, and as he
 ' esteem'd him his Friend, to advise what he
 ' shou'd do. As soon as they were sat down,
 ' he asked his Wife what cou'd induce that
 ' Gypsy, his Daughter, to give her Tongue
 ' so great a loose. The Major answering for
 ' her, said, Monsieur *Craffoux*, I am, tho' inao-
 ' cently, the unfortunate Cause of poor *Leonna*'s
 ' Confinement, by mentioning that of the *Italian*
 ' Wives, whose Husbands are to jealois that a
 ' Lady run's the risk of a Poniard in her Breast,
 ' if ihe, tho' by Accident, casts a Look upon any
 ' other Cavalier. It was against this Rigoar
 ' and unreasonable Jealousy your Daughter in-
 ' veigh'd, and what she said you ought not to
 ' esteem her real Sentiments, but only Words
 ' of course. Indeed, Major, replied *Craffoux*,
 ' I think the *Italians* carry things to a great
 ' length, but yet I am not of Opinion they merit
 ' such a Return as my Cockatrice Daughter
 ' was preaching up by a most abominable
 ' Doctrine, ten Degrees worse than that of the
 ' worst of Dissenters, for it's certain that Jealousy
 ' springs from Love, and the different Degrees
 ' of the one, shew either the Coolnes or Warmth
 ' of the other. I love my dear Wife here pre-
 ' sent tenderly well, and I am against her being
 ' publickly seen; not because I am jealous of
 ' her, that I mistrust her Virtue, not at all; but
 ' that I think her being seen by every Body,
 ' robs me of part of that Pleasure I find in look-
 ' ing at her myself; and as it is hard to gaze
 ' upon her without Desire, except for Men of
 ' your Honour and Probity, even the Thoughts
 ' of other People's enjoying her, even in Imagi-
 ' nation,

' Imagination, is a mortal Stab to me, therefore
 ' it's not for my Security but my Ease; not
 ' from the least ill Opinion of her Virtue, but
 ' from the tenderest Regard for her Person, to
 ' prevent the Impertinencies which the Sight of
 ' so agreeable a Woman would often expose her
 ' to, and to free me from the Trouble which is
 ' inseparable to our Business, that I have advised,
 ' not command'd her to keep retired, and I am
 ' satisfied she can complain of nothing. She
 ' has furnished her Apartment after her own fan-
 ' cy, has what she pleases for her Table, and a
 ' Servant who has nothing else to do than to
 ' wait on her; nay, I may say a Couple, for till
 ' just now that I have taken away that, that----
 ' I don't know what to call her bad enough,
 ' that Snake in my Bosom, I know nothing else
 ' she had to do, but what her Mother ordered
 ' her. But hearkye, said the Inn-keeper, how
 ' came you to be so well inform'd in these Par-
 ' ticulars? for the Servant who told you this
 ' Story could not be present to hear 'em. True,
 ' replied the Surgeon, but the Servant Maid, who
 ' was present and heard them, whom I have just
 ' now mentioned, and is just now in your House,
 ' told them to the Man from whom I learn'd
 ' them. But if you interrupt me any more with
 ' your Questions, which are nothing at all to the
 ' Purpose, I shall not only not answer you, but
 ' even not proceed any farther with my Narra-
 ' tion. I beg your Pardon, cried the Host, you
 ' have clapp'd a Padlock on my Mouth, and I
 ' will be as mute as a Fish. Pray go on. A
 ' Number of Horsemen coming into the Yard,
 ' who were *Grandris*, his Friend, and Son (who
 ' is now with him) and Servants, *Crasseux*, ever
 ' vigilant

‘ vigilant in his Businets, ran hastily to receive
 ‘ them, and having accommodated the Gentle-
 ‘ men, and given his Orders, return’d and catch’d
 ‘ Monsieur Flote at his Wife’s Feet. What he
 ‘ said to her, as yet I have not learn’d. I shall
 ‘ suppose from the Sequel to have been a moving
 ‘ Declaration of a violent Passion. *Crassieux* was
 ‘ petrified at the sight, but thinking he was not
 ‘ perceived, for neither moved, he drew the
 ‘ Door softly to, and peep’d thro’ the Key-hole.
 ‘ The Major, who by the means of a great Pier
 ‘ glass perceived the first glance of him, winking
 ‘ on *Marianna*, who for her own Quiet took the
 ‘ hint, said in a loud Voice,

‘ Can nothing then my *Ofalinda* move,
 ‘ And must I fall a Sacrifice to Love?
 ‘ Ah speak, my Fair, for tho’ thy bamy Breath,
 ‘ Denies me Hope, and dooms me to my Death,
 ‘ Yet from thy Mouth, Death wou’d it self look
 ‘ gay,
 ‘ Bless’d I can please and readily obey.
 ‘ Then Madam *Ofalinda*, who is in the greatest
 ‘ Struggle between her Love and Duty, an-
 ‘ swers :
 ‘ Too well alas ! you know the Power you have,
 ‘ My salt’ring Tongue condemns, my yielding
 ‘ Heart wou’d save.
 ‘ Duty wou’d draw me hence, but Love cries
 ‘ stay,
 ‘ Duty pronounce thy Doom, but Love says nay ;
 ‘ So the t’rt Mariner, who views the Land,
 ‘ Fears the swol’n Deep, and dreads the dan-
 ‘ gerous Strand.

' Said *Marianna*, if my Husband shou'd come in
 ' and see you in this Posture, what Opinion
 ' would he have of me, being ignorant of your
 ' Complaisance? I desire you will re-assume your
 ' Seat, and then go on with your Tragedy.
 ' Faith, Madam, replied the Major, I wish he
 ' knew the Play, then wou'd he come in, start
 ' at the Sight, and make use of the Emperor
 ' *Pantagoras* his Words, who surprizes *Alonzo*
 ' kissing his Daughter's Hand, I must now speak
 ' his Rage and change my Posture, then rising
 ' and exalting his Voice, went on.

' Death to my Eyes, and Poison to my Soul!
 ' My sick'ning Heart scarce can support the
 ' fight,
 ' My Limbs grow stiff, my starting Eye-balls
 ' rowl,
 ' And to avoid this Scene wou'd chuse eternal
 ' Night.
 ' But do I wake?-----
 ' Are things here real? are they what they seem?
 ' Or only Phantoms of a cruel Dream.

' Here *Crasfeux* came in, and said, I can assure
 ' your Majesty I was making myself the same
 ' Questions, when Major *Flote* was at my Wife's
 ' Feet, but as I found by the Sequel that it was
 ' *Alonzo* at these of your Majesty's Daughter
 ' *Osolinda*, my sick'ning Heart and rolling Eye-
 ' balls, for I was in the same Condition with the
 ' great *Pantagoras*, began to expel the Poisoin
 ' from my Soul and Death from my Sight. But
 ' pray, Major, how came you into this Humour
 ' of acting Plays? Was it to frighten me? The
 ' coming in of your new Guests, whom I take
 ' to

to be Strollers, put me on the Subject, and
 your Spouse saying she had no Notion of the-
 atrical Performances, I repeated a Part of the
 Play, call'd, *The Fatal Constancy*; or, *Love and*
Duty: A Tragedy. To shew her how very idle
 the Diversion is, for what is not an Imitation
 of Nature can never affect me with the least
 Pleasure. Now first, nothing is more ridiculous
 than the common Dialogue of Plays (which
 ought to be just Representations of human
 Life) being in Verse; since we never heard of
 any Nation or People, Ranks or Orders of
 Men, who ever took the Pains to put their
 thoughts in Rhime, or that it was ever esteem'd
 a more intelligible Way of Expression. Next
 the Exaggerations of the Stage are insufferable,
 their Heroes are Gods, their Villains Devils;
 their fiery Man will (you wou'd think) dispeople
 the Firmament in his Passion, and the Man of
 Virtue is, you wou'd suppose, brought into the
 World without Passion, and at his Nurse's
 Breast was a consummate Philosopher. I was
 saying this to Mademoiselle *Crayeux*, and to
 give her a Specimen, fell upon a Rant of the
 Tragedy I mentioned; and that she might have
 a just Idea of these tailely admired Entertain-
 ments, which in my Opinion ought to be put
 down, as they debauch the Minds of our
 Youth, and divert their Thoughts from solid
 Studies, I personated an Actor on the Stage.
 Your coming in broke off my Rant, of which
 I'll carry on four Lines farther, that you may
 be convinced it's not without Reason I condemn
 the Stage.

‘ If

- If then I wake, Power and Vengeance nod,
- But I'll rouse both, and speak my self a God :
- For Kings are such on Earth, and he shall know
- If Jove has drop'd his Thunder, I grasp mine below.

' You say very right, Major, replied *Crasseux*,
 ' they are very prophane, and fit for nothing but
 ' to teach Children to trick their Parents, and
 ' Wives to cuckold their Husbands. I have seen
 ' a great many Comedies in my Time, and these
 ' I ever found the Drift of all. *Marianna*, what
 ' the Major said I wou'd have you consider on
 ' very seriously ; a virtuous Woman ought never
 ' to be seen at a Stage Play. But these who
 ' came in are no Actors, they are Gentlemen and
 ' their Servants ; the one is the Chevalier *de Gran-*
 ' *dris*, the others are Monsieur *Bellebranche* and
 ' his Son, who live between *Bologne* and *Mar-*
 ' *quise*, a little to the left of the Road. But
 ' faith, Major, if I had not had some Government
 ' of my self when I saw you in that indecent
 ' Posture, kneeling to my Wife, for all I am no
 ' more than a Subject and an Inn-keeper, I shou'd
 ' have begun a Rant (without Reason, I am now
 ' convinced) as extravagant as e're a King *Pan-*
 ' *tagoras* in *Europe*, and tho' my Rank would not
 ' let me personate a God, yet I shou'd have done
 ' as they do who pretend to it, and have play'd
 ' the Devil. I am glad, replied Monsieur *Flate*,
 ' your Prudence gave you Patience for a right
 ' Understanding, and that your Reason, was not
 ' overcome by your Passion ; however what you
 ' say shall for the future make me have a Guard
 ' upon

upon my Actions, and never suffer me to tak^e
 innocent Freedoms with married Women,
 since Appearances only, with Men less consi-
 derate than yourself, may be attended by very
 ill Consequences. Tho' *Craffoux* did not ap-
 pear alarm'd at what he saw, and allow'd with
 himself all that the Major said might be true,
 yet considering it also in Probability might be
 only a good Turn, and that he had seen him
 when he really did, he took care to keep his
 Wife rather closter confined ; and being jealous
 that his Daughter was in the Plot against him,
 he wou'd not suffer their being seen about the
 House, or even being in the same Room toge-
 ther, so that *Marianna* had no other Company
 than that of her Husband's (which she began
 every Day to like less than other) and her
 Maid's, while poor *Leonora* was a close Prisoner
 in the Garret. *Grandris* knew the Major, and
 invited him that Night to Supper ; and the
 next Day they made a little Tour together with
 young *Bellebranche* to St. Omers, where they
 staid that Night, and return'd by the next Day's
 Bark. In this little Voyage the Major made
 the Chevalier acquainted with his Design on
Marianna. His Confidant immediately offered
 him his Assistance, if he could be serviceable ;
 and hearing that *Craffoux* was a very *Argos*, and
 his Wife as beautiful as he watchful, like a true
 Knight errant, he immediately form'd the De-
 sign of releasing her from the enchanted Tower
 where she lay in Durance. They concluded
 the first Step to be made was to gain the Ser-
 vant to their Party, who was the only one ad-
 mitted to these two Paragons of Beauty. This
 was the Province in which *Bellebranche* was to
 act

act, who as the Girl was little inferior to either
 of the Mistresses, very readily engaged in the
 Service. *Horatio* watch'd all Opportunities to
 engage *Nanste*, that is the Servant's Name,
 and as he had no Spes upon her, is of an amo-
 rous Complexion, an Enemy to a laborious
 Life, and *Horatio* as you see a very pretty Gen-
 tleman, who wanted no money; he in little
 time gained upon her so far as to hear his De-
 clarations without Resentment, which gave
 the Lover hopes the Citadel wou'd not hold
 out long. And indeed he was, in my Opinion,
 very right in his Judgment, for when once a
 Woman is engaged so far as to listen with
 Calmness to the Man who has a Design upon
 her Honour, that the Sting of the Affront is
 lost, and she can hear him without Abhorrence,
 not to say with Pleasure; I esteem it as sure a
 Prelude to her Ruin as the beating the Chamade
 to the Surrender of a Town. A Woman's
 Chastity is like a Man's Courage, one false
 Step, or one Affront put up, is the irretrievable
 Loss of their Character; and a Woman ought
 to resent the first Advance made to her Ruin,
 as a Man of Honour would the Lie given him;
 I mean after such a manner as should be a Bar-
 rier against a second Attack, either from the
 same or any other Person. But when all's
 said, Landlord, few Women have been de-
 bauch'd, whose ill Conduit has not been Bawd
 to 'em; as few Men are found Cowards whose
 Folly has not betray'd the Secret: But I di-
 gress too far. But that I may cut short Inter-
 est, the agreeable Ideas she had form'd of a
 Life, which presented to her nothing but Ease,
 Plenty and a continual Round of Pleasure,
 made

' made her esteem the Precepts of Virtue and
 ' Religion as Obstacles to a certain Happiness,
 ' promising only those which were precarious.
 ' She was in a servile State, had the Offer of be-
 ' ing Mistress of her own Actions, and of com-
 ' manding others, instead of being commanded :
 ' Every Temptation was laid in her Way, and
 ' every Disadvantage of Life she labour'd under
 ' represented in the most disagreeable Colours,
 ' by a cunning, assiduous, and an agreeable Ad-
 ' vocate, whose Person and Address were no
 ' small Auxiliaries to his Arguments. Nor did
 ' it a little please her Vanity, to see a Gentle-
 ' man of a distinguish'd Birth, an easy Fortune,
 ' and whose Figure and Eloquence might Excuse
 ' the Frailty of the most reserved living at her
 ' Feet, and court her to embrace the Sweets of
 ' Life, while she tasted only the bitter, and had
 ' not the least Prospect of rising above the mean-
 ' est Station. All considered, I can't in my
 ' Heart condemn a Girl without Education,
 ' under the Pressures which Custom made her
 ' insensible of, till her Eyes were opened to 'em
 ' by the glaring and opposite Scene of all those
 ' Pleasures which cajole and allure the Senses,
 ' if she had not the Force to resist the Strength
 ' of the Temptation. A Fortnight's Affiduity
 ' made him Master of his Wishes ; and *Nanette*,
 ' who had given herself, could now deny her
 ' dear *Horatio*. (for she had and still has a tender
 ' Passion for him) nothing ; she was entirely at
 ' his Disposal. Things being on this Foot, and
 ' she engaged in the Major's Interest, there was
 ' great Hopes in the junto of baffling, by this
 ' quadruple Alliance, all the Precaution of the
 ' jealous

jealous *Craffeux*. The Major wrote, and *Nan-*
note charged herself with the Delivery of the
 following Letter.

TILL your Modesty will permit you to open
 your Eyes to the Power of your own
 Charms, or that our Language is furnished
 with Words of much greater Energy, I find
 it impossible to give you any adequate Idea of
 that Passion you have inspired, or of the Pain
 which your Confinement gives me, and of
 which I accuse myself as the unhappy Author.
 If Beauty and Compassion are incompatible,
 I see myself doomed to a life of Misery; but if
 you have any Pity for yourself, tho' you are
 deaf to my Sufferings, make me happy by em-
 ploying me in your Service, my being capable
 of rendering you any, and the Thoughts that
 you consent to make me an Instrument, I shall
 lock upon as Blessings which I can never suffi-
 ciently acknowledge, tho' I shall ever be as
 much your

Devoted Servant, as I am

Your passionate Admirer,

FLOTE.

Nanote delivered the Letter, and back'd it
 with all her Rhetorick. She put her in Mind
 of the Confinement she was under, and set be-
 fore her the disinterested Passion of the Major,
 and the brutal Fondness of her Husband, who
 said she, keeps you as an Instrument of his Plea-
 sure. I can't compare you, continued she, to
 any

any thing better than a Fiddle, which is sometimes taken out to play upon, and then return'd to, and lock'd up in it's Case. She shew'd her the Difference there was between the Men, and begg'd she wou'd have Compassion on herself, and receive her Liberty from him, who aspired to no greater Happiness than that of serving her, and repairing the innocent Fault he had been guilty of. With much ado she persuaded her to write an Answer, when she was assured that *Craffieux* was gone to Market, for she apprehended his coming into her Chamber and surprizing her. *Nanote* having watch'd him out she brought her Mistress Pen, Ink and Paper, and she wrote the following Answer.

To Major FLOTE.

If you have that Tenderness for me you express, you will not proceed in troubling me with a Declaration which my Duty forbids my giving ear to, and which may possibly make my Life still more miserable. I have ever abhorred all Disguise, and therefore make no Scruple to own, I am not insensible of the Treatment I meet with from my Husband; but this ought to give you no Hopes. Could I find a Remedy, which wou'd not be a greater Misfortune than that of his Jealousy, I should readily embrace it, but as I look upon that impossible, I acquiesce in what my Fortune has allotted me, and beg you will not contribute to make it more miserable, if you would continue the election of

MARIANNA.
The

Y

' The Major received her Letter with Transport, which were somewhat allayed when he
 ' read the Contents, for the Openess with which
 ' his Charmer wrote, made him apprehend he had
 ' a rigid Virtue to struggle with, which he should
 ' find no easy Matter to subdue. But *Grandris* and
 ' *Horatio* bid him hope the best, Esteem being
 ' the Harbinger of Love. I fear, said Monsieur *Flote*, where an Esteem is so readily and
 ' frankly acknowledg'd, the Bounds are there
 ' fix'd, which it will never pass. I really love
 ' *Marianna*, and I doubt I shall have Reason to
 ' count it as one of the greatest Misfortunes of
 ' my Life. You are not concern'd, have nothing
 ' to fear, and only look upon what may flatter
 ' my Hopes; but I who have my future Ease at
 ' Stake, perceive in every Line of her Letter an
 ' Insensibility which gives me greater Apprehen-
 ' sions than I shou'd have been under, had she
 ' refus'd me any Answer. And what Compassion
 ' can I expect from one who is
 ' obstinately resolved to have no Pity on herself?
 ' as you may observe by her owning she thinks
 ' herself unhappy, yet fix'd to continue so, with-
 ' out she cou'd find an honourable Redress to
 ' her Misfortune; for that's the Sense of what
 ' she says. I never, cried *Grandris*, saw a Man
 ' so soon dejected; write to her again, I'll stand
 ' bound she'll not be angry you disobey her:
 ' However they may seem to resent it, I am satis-
 ' fied Women must have a secret Pleasure in
 ' knowing they can inspire a Passion; that they
 ' are beloved. I'll follow your Advice, answer'd
 ' the Major, tho' I am so much her Slave, that
 ' I tremble at the Thoughts of her Anger. He
 ' wrote the following Letter:

‘ Cou'd

‘ COULD you find no other way to prove
 ‘ my Readiness to obey you, than that of
 ‘ commanding Impossibilities? Cruel, do you fear
 ‘ my Complaints too great an Ease, that you
 ‘ command my Silence? As you cannot be un-
 ‘ acquainted with the Charms of the Object
 ‘ which has given Birth to my Passion, so you
 ‘ cannot but imagine it equilly violent, as they
 ‘ are irresistible. And can you, without giving
 ‘ Proofs of uncommon Cruelty, deny me the
 ‘ only Satisfaction the Severity of my Fate al-
 ‘ lows me? Permit me then, adorable *Marianna*,
 ‘ at least to speak the Power you have over me,
 ‘ and in return command me any thing, nay,
 ‘ where Death itself must be the Consequence,
 ‘ and you shall prove the Sincerity of my Pro-
 ‘ fessions, by the Readiness of my Obedience:
 ‘ For tho’ you are obstinately resolved to be in-
 ‘ exorable, yet will it be impossible for me to
 ‘ know a greater Happiness than that of being

Your devoted

and passionate Adorer,

‘ *FLOTZ*.

‘ *Nanote* gave her the Letter; she read it, and
 ‘ smiling, said, did Monsieur *Flotz* know me, he
 ‘ wou’d spare himself the Trouble of a vain Pur-
 ‘ suit. However, I’ll answer his Letter; and
 ‘ accordingly she sent him this which follows.

‘ To

To Major FL. TE.

I Cannot doubt what a Man of Honour says,
 and therefore believe the Passion you profess
 for me as sincere and violent as you speak it,
 and think myself happy in the Esteem of so ac-
 cemplish'd a Cavalier; nay, I shou'd be sensi-
 bly afflicted cou'd I be guilty of any thing
 which wou'd in pair or deprive me of it; and
 (for I have ever been taught to speak my Sen-
 timents with Openness) I have a more parti-
 cu'ar Regard for your Merit, than ever I had
 for any other of your Sex, excepting him whom
 the Laws, Religion, and my own Consent,
 have made Master of my Will and Actions.
 If your Love is without Desire, I own I am far
 from being displeased; nay, I make a grateful
 Return, and love you, as I ought, as it's per-
 mitted me; that is, as a Friend, (if the Ex-
 pression is not shocking from one who acts in a
 Sphere so much below you.) But if your de-
 clared Passion has any Views derogatory to the
 strictest Virtue, I shall look upon you my Ene-
 my, and despise you as unworthy the Dignity
 of your Birth, the Character you bear of a
 Gentleman, and too mean to hold a Correipon-
 dence with, even the Wife of an Inn-keeper.
 If my Esteem is worth your Care, it is in your
 Power to continue it.

I am, Sir,

Your very Humble Servant,

MARIANNA.
The

The Major shew'd this Letter to his two Companions. What think you now, said he, did I not make too true a Judgment of her first Letter, and had I not Grounds for my Apprehensions? What, in the Devil's Name, cried *Grandris*, has the Wife of an Inn-keeper to do with Notions so contrary to her Interest? Why she cou'd not write in a higher Strain were she Daughter of *Prester John*. However continued he, this may be false Fire, and it may be, she only seems resolute in her Defence, that she may surrender with more Honour. You will possibly have a tedious Siege; but I don't question the Reduction of the Town. Women know we are too apt to slight an easy Conquest, and the Difficulties we meet ever enhance the Favour. As, said *Horatio*, I've learnt her Story from *Nanote*, I really despair of your succeeding, Monsieur *Flote*; when I engaged my Charmer in your Affair, she told me she wou'd not refuse what I desired, tho' she look'd upon all Attempts on her Mistress to no Purpose, and upon the first Answer you received, she asked me if you had met with any Encouragement; I told her my Opinion, that you had not. You'll find, replied *Nanote*, what I said true; my Mistress; tho' Wife of an Inn-keeper, has had a very good Education, is of a good Family, and has great Notions of Honour. I ask'd her Story, and I will tell it you as I learnt it from her.

By the Father's Side *Marianna* is descended from an ancient and noble *English* Family; her Grandfather, who had taken up Arms for his Royal Master *Charles II.* was invloped in his Misfortunes, and after the Loss of the Battle of

Worcester, was obliged to save his Life, to quit
 his native Soil, deprived of his Estate, and
 charged with a Wife and two Children. He
 had some small Matter of ready Money, with
 which having escaped into *Holland*, he endeavoured
 to maintain his unhappy Family by
 Trade. He turn'd Merchant, and dealt in
 Wines; Providence, who never abandons the
 just, blest'd his Undertakings, and he had the
 Comfort to see his small Stock encrease so far
 as to allow his Family what was necessary for
 its Support, and the Education of his Children.
 He had been settled in this way of low Life,
 (for he dealt for no great Sums) about four
 Years; in which time he had gained the Char-
 acter of a very fair and honest Dealer; when
 it pleas'd the Almighty to take away his Wife,
 who was a Lady of unparalleled Resignation.
 Soon after this Affliction a *Dutch* Merchant,
 who had learnt his Birth and Character, and
 pitied his Misfortunes, propos'd his settling in
Bourdeaux, as his Factor, promising him that
 his Commissions shou'd be far more considera-
 ble than what he possibly cou'd make by the
 small Capital he was able to employ in Trade.
 The honest Gentleman very thankfully and
 readily accepted the Condition, and turning
 what Household Goods and Stock he had, into
 ready Money, embark'd for *Bourdeaux*, taking
 with him his Son and Daughter, the former
 Father to *Marianna*. They arrived without
 any Accident; and Mr. *Baker* (that was the
 Gentleman's Name) taking a house, carried
 on the Merchant's Business who employ'd him,
 and lived in good Esteem and with a fair Char-
 acter, bringing up his Son in that Business
 which

which his Misfortunes had obliged him to
 make choice of. When the King was re-
 stored, he left his Son to manage his Affairs,
 and went to *Holland* settled, his Accounts with
 the *Dutch Merchant*, thank'd him for the Con-
 fidence he had in him, and the Friendship he
 had shewn him in a time that it was with great
 Difficulty and Parsimony he provided for the
 Support of his Family; and added, that since
 it had pleas'd God to restore his royal Master,
 he hoped once more to be Master of an Estate,
 and that he wou'd then acknowledge the Obli-
 gations he had to him, otherwise than by
 Words. The Merchant told him he lay un-
 der none; and that he shou'd be glad to hear
 of his good Fortune. Mr. *Baker* had mortgaged
 his Estate for near the Value, to raise a Regi-
 ment for the King's Service, and to supply him
 (as many others did) in his Straightts. He
 went directly for *England*, and being presented
 to the King, he made his Case known in the
 Petition he deliver'd, but got nothing after
 three Years Solicitation, but reiterated Pro-
 mises of being provided for. Wearied with this
 Disappointment, and drain'd of the greater part
 of his small Stock, resolving no longer to fol-
 low an ungrateful Court, he return'd to *Hol-
 land*, and acquainted his *Dutch* Friend with the
 unexpected Treatment he had met with, and
 the Necessity of continuing his Business, in
 which he hoped he wou'd continue him. The
 Merchant condoli'd with him, and promised
 him his Friendship. He return'd to his Chil-
 dren to *Beau-deux*, where he soon after died, as
 it's said, with Grief. The Son sent the *Dutch*
 Merchant Word of his Misfortune, who being
 obliged

' obliged to go to *Paris*, after he had there done
 ' his Business, went on to *Bourdeaux*, and made
 ' up Accounts with his young Factor. He was
 ' charm'd with the Probity of the Brother, and
 ' as much taken with the Charms of the Sister,
 ' to whom he made his Addresses, married, and
 ' carried back with him to *Holland*, promising to
 ' assist the young Gentleman in what lay in his
 ' Power. Mr. *Baker*, who was a Stranger to
 ' *England*, and had in a Manner lost his Mother-
 ' tongue, judged if his Father cou'd not, that it
 ' was very little probable he shou'd succeed in
 ' petitioning the *English* Court; therefore pru-
 ' dently resolved to lay aside all Thoughts of that
 ' Nature, and be content in the Station which
 ' Providence had allotted him, to whom he re-
 ' turn'd hearty Thanks for having so mercifully
 ' provided for his Sister. He lived with that
 ' Oeconomy and Prudence in his House and
 ' Business, dealt with that Exactness, Diligence,
 ' and Uprightness, and his Brother in Law pro-
 ' cured him so many Comissions, that he not
 ' only gained a general Esteem, but all the *Dutch*
 ' Business, and rais'd an easy Fortune. Mon-
 ' sieur *Beaulieu*, a neighbouring Gentleman, who
 ' knew his Birth, and the Misfortunes which
 ' had forced himself and Father to turn Mer-
 ' chants, from the Observation he had made of
 ' his Way of Life, from the universal good Cha-
 ' racter he bore, was induced to give him his
 ' Daughter, one of the most agreeable young
 ' Ladies of that Province, and with her a very
 ' handsome Fortune. Mr. *Baker* had by this
 ' Marriage two Children, a Son and a Daughter,
 ' who is *Marianna*, the present Mistress of this
 ' House, of whose Education he took the greatest
 ' Care.

Care. The Son he bred up to the Business he
 himself follow'd, and left it to him: For at his
 Death, which was that Day twelvemonth after
 his Wife's Departure, young *Baker* was twen-
 ty, and *Marianna* fifteen Years old; to the
 latter he left 1500*l.* and the Remainder of his
 Estate to his Son. He continued the Business;
 but by pushing too much, and endeavouring
 to be rich too fast, by several Losses at Sea,
 and several Bankrupts, was in eighteen Months
 time reduced to beg his Sister wou'd entrust
 him with her Fortune, or he must infallibly
 become one himself. She who had it in her
 own Hands, and tenderly loved her Brother,
 readily consented to the putting it into his to
 save his Credit; but even this did but patch it
 for a very little Time, and he was forced to go
 off. *Marianna* having now nothing to depend
 upon, without acquainting any of her Friends
 with the Indiscretion her Affection had made
 her guilty of, took a Passage privately in a Ship
 which was bound to *Calais* with Wine, where,
 when she arrived, she hir'd herself in a Mer-
 chant's Family, as a common Servant. She
 was not long in her Place e're her Mistress
 perceived she had not been used to Drudgery,
 and that she was very awkward about, tho' very
 industrious in her Business. One Day she
 therefore told her that she did not seem to be
 used to servile Work, and that there was some-
 thing in her Air which spoke her above what
 she pass'd for; she desired to know if she had
 met with any Misfortunes which had thus
 reduced her, to entrust her with the Secret, and
 assure herself she wou'd make no ill use of the
 Confidence. *Marianna* replied, that she did
 design

design to have concealed from all the World,
 the unhappy Accident which had brought her
 to so mean a Station, but that her Mistress
 made the Enquiry after so obliging a Manner,
 she cou'd not but satisfy her Curiosity, on Con-
 dition that she wou'd promise not to divulge
 what might do Injury, but cou'd no way assist
 her, by being render'd publick. Mademoiselle
la Mouche, that being the Name of the Mer-
 chant whom she served, assured her she wou'd
 not mention what she wou'd hear to any breath-
 ing, if not for her Service, and with her Per-
 mission, except to her Husband, whose Secrecy
 she wou'd answer for ; and press'd her to hide
 nothing ; saying she was inclined to serve her,
 the Diligence she used having gained her Esteem,
 and made her overlook the unhandy Way she
 set about her Work, which together with her
 Mein, were two certain Indications that she
 was not design'd for that she had undertaken.
Marianna told her Story as I have here related
 it, to her Mistress, who, reflecting upon her
 Maid's Misfortunes, and how unlikely it was
 to imagine but a very little time before that so
 great a Change shou'd happen to the unfortu-
 nate *Marianna*, what a weak Barrier the Care
 and Tenderness of Parents to provide for their
 Children, was against the Turns of Fortune,
 and how little she knew what might be the
 Fate of her own, notwithstanding their Fa-
 ther's Opulence, having before her Eyes an
 Example of the little Trust to be reposed in the
 Goods of this World, and giving intire Credit
 to all *Marianna* said, it carrying with it such
 an Air of Probability and Truth, burst into a
 Flood of Tears, and rising from her Seat, told

" *Marianna*

' *Marianna* had she sooner trusted her with her
 ' Secret, she wou'd sooner have put an End to
 ' the dirty Work she had by Ignorance of her
 ' Family been employ'd in: She said no more,
 ' but dress'd herself, went out to the Shops,
 ' where she bought two handsome Suits of Silk,
 ' and bespoke Linen answerable both in Quality
 ' and Quantity to *Marianna's* Character, as
 ' Daughter to Mr. *Baker* and Madam *Beaulieux*
 ' who had been very well known to her Hus-
 ' band; for he formerly went to *Bourdeaux* him-
 ' self once a Year to buy his Wines. She ac-
 ' quainted her Spouse with what she had heard,
 ' done, and intended to do, which he was ge-
 ' norous enough not only to approve, but com-
 ' mend. At her return home she sent for *Ma-*
 ' *rianna*, and told her she wou'd endeavour for
 ' the future to make Amends for the Fault her
 ' Ignorance had made her guilty of; that she
 ' wou'd not offer any Cloaths she had worn, but
 ' had brought with her some Silks which shou'd
 ' be made up with all Expedition, which she
 ' desired she wou'd accept, and till Fortune
 ' changed in her Favour, look upon herself in
 ' her Parents House; for she shou'd find to the
 ' utmost of their Power, a Father and Mother in
 ' her Husband and self. *Marianna* answer'd,
 ' that so uncommon and generous a Procedure
 ' was what she had little Reason to expect from
 ' entire Strangers; that the Obligation wou'd
 ' have been very great in her present Circum-
 ' stances from a near Relation, but from them,
 ' it was beyond all Expressions of Gratitude;
 ' and she fear'd her ill Fortune wou'd never plea-
 ' sure her with any Opportunity to speak by her
 ' Services the just Sense she had of such unpa-
 ' rallell'd

' rallell'd Humanity, such extraordinary Good-
 ' ness: That she was sorry Mademoiselle *La*
 ' *Mouche* had laid out so much, which she might
 ' have prevented cou'd she have had the Vanity
 ' to hope so great a Turn of Fortune in her Fa-
 ' vour; for she had, where she bought the or-
 ' dinary Stuffs, which best suited her then Con-
 ' ditions, left the Cloaths and Linen she had,
 ' before her Brother's Losses involved her, in
 ' his Ruin. Mademoiselle answer'd her, that
 ' there was nothing lost; the small Addition she
 ' made wou'd make it longer before she wou'd
 ' want a Supply. They sent for her Trunks,
 ' which were immediately deliver'd; and tho'
 ' Monsieur *la Mouche* did not question the Truth
 ' of what he had heard from her by his Wife,
 ' yet was it a corroborating Circumstance; for
 ' she had a considerable Stock of very handsome
 ' Cloaths and fine Linen. Mademoiselle, by her
 ' Husband's Orders, ask'd why she kept her Mis-
 ' fortune from the Knowledge of her Uncle Co-
 ' lonel *Beaulieu*. She said that her Uncle had
 ' always lived above his Estate, and that not-
 ' withstanding his Post, the Army had done him
 ' in his Circumstances much more harm than
 ' Good; for he had mortgaged his Patrimony for
 ' near the Worth: Beside she chose the most
 ' servile State of Life, which Custom she thought
 ' wou'd render tolerable, and to live unknown,
 ' as much preferable to a cold Reception from
 ' a Relation, especially where she must be a Bur-
 ' then, as she must be to the Colonel, who was
 ' so ill a Manager of his Affairs, as to be always
 ' needy. Mademoiselle treated *Marianna* as a
 ' Child and Companion; and *Marianna*, who
 ' had always before her Eyes the Generosity of

' her

her late Mistress, endeav'rd to ease her as
 much as possible of the Care of the Family, and
 was ever watchful over the interest of the Family,
 that they both thought themselves as happy in
 her Management, as she thought herself obliged
 to their Humanity. It was here old *Craffeux*,
 who takes all his Wine of Monsieur *la Mouche*,
 saw and fell in Love with her; he made his
 Merchant his Confidant, who knowing the old
 Fellow very rich, cou'd not propose, as he had
 Children, to do more for her than he did, and
 saw no Likelihood of her matching equal to her
 Birth, proposed the Affair to his Wife, as ad-
 vantageous; and they both press'd *Marianna* to
 accept the Party. She, who was conscious of
 the Obligations she had to 'em, and that she was
 virginsome, (tho' unwillingly) said she wou'd
 have no Will but what was theirs; that she
 wou'd be intirely govern'd by them, who she
 was sensible cou'd have no other View than her
 Welfare, and to whom she had the greatest
 Obligations. Upon this Answer Monsieur *la
Mouche* asked *Craffeux* in case he cou'd prevail
 for him, what Settlement he wou'd make her.
 The old Man answer'd, he had a Daughter to
 marry, to whom he never propos'd the giving
 more than 1000*l.* which he look'd upon suffi-
 cient to marry her extreamly well, to a good
 Citizen; and having no Views of setting her
 above her Birth, he propos'd to leave the rest of
 his Substance, shou'd he die Single, to some
 distant Relations he had, and to charitable
 Uses: That he wou'd prove to Monsieur *la
Mouche* he was in Land and Money, worth
 6000*l.* four of which he wou'd settle on *Mari-
anna* and her Children, shou'd he have any, and
 reserve one Thousand to his own Disposal;

adding, he wou'd make the Value of that Sum
 over to Monsieur *la Mouche* in trust for his
 Wife, in case he was happy enough to make
 her so; and that she out-liv'd him. Monsieur
la Mouche thought the Proposal not to be re-
 jected: He consulted his Wife and *Marianna*
 upon it, the former being of her Husband's Op-
 nion, and the latter saying she wou'd in every
 thinz be guided by them; tho' she fear'd her
 Uncle's Resentment, shou'd he know she
 brought the Disgrace upon him of marrying an
 Inn-keeper. It was resolved that *Crasfeux*
 shou'd never be let into the Secret of her Birth,
 which he was then and still is ignorant of; and
 that he shou'd be told she was a Relation of
 theirs. In a Word, the Gallant was intro-
 duced, the Settlement made, and the Marriage
 consummated at Monsieur *la Mouche*'s House,
 where she continued three Months till *Crasfeux*
 had fitted her up a Prison in his own. *Nanote*
 was a Servant to Mademoiselle *la Mouche* when
Marianna was so, and she was intrusted with
 the Secret; as she suspected there was some
 extraordinary Reason for the sudden Change,
 she cou'd not but take Notice of. both Ma-
 damoiselle and *Marianna* thought it better to
 engage her Silence by reposing a Confidence in
 her, than to make this Alteration publick, and
 fill the Town with Conjectures. Now Major,
 continued *Horatio*, what think you? I think,
 answer'd he, *Crasfeux* is a happy, and I a very
 wretched Fellow; what wou'd I not give to
 have seen this charming Woman, and known
 her Family, before this old Rascal set Eyes on
 her; what a Misfortune was it that *la Mouche*
 was so hasty, and *Marianna* so condescending.

I might

I might perhaps have seen her, had *la Mouche* had more Patience ; and as it wou'd have been impossible not at the same time to have loved her, I might possibly have been happy, and she wou'd have had a Gentleman, who iensible of her Value, wou'd have treated her as became his own Character and her Merit. O *Horatio*, notwithstanding I see no hopes of gaining her, I despair of getting the better of my Passion ; and that which ought to quench the Flame, the insuperable Obstacle of her Virtue, proves Oil to heighten it. It being pretty late, they broke up and retired to their Beds. The next Day Monsieur *Elste* wrote the following Letter.

• GIVE me Leave, my charming *Marianna*,
 • I still to love, and count a Passion which I
 • am too sensible nothing can diminish, and I'll
 • accept the Permission on any Terms : But to
 • love and not desire, is as impossible as to sepa-
 • rate the Accident and leave the Substance ;
 • that Desire shall however never pass the Bounds
 • you have prescribed, the strictest Virtue. Hea-
 • ven, who knows the Purity of my Flame, may
 • have pity on me, and releasing you from your
 • present Tyrant, leave you again at your own
 • Disposal. Give me leave then to hope it may
 • be possible for me by my Services, by the Sin-
 • cerity and Tendernels of my Affection (for I
 • can plead no other Merit) to raise that Esteem
 • which you so generously have own'd, into a Re-
 • ward of the Pain I must inevitably suffer till
 • bountiful Heaven, in Companion to me, sets you
 • at Liberty. Permit me to cherish this Hope,
 • which alone has Power to support me ; and in
 • the Interim allow me to think Absence will
 • not

not diminish your Friendship, which I value
beyond every thing but the Possession of what
I esteem beyond the greatest Treasures, and
believe neither Time nor Absence can make me
other than

Your devoted and
passionate Admirer,

FLOTE.

She return'd this Answer.

If my Esteem (as you say you value it) can
content you, I think I may without the least
Wound either to my Duty or Honour, assure
you of it, while you keep within those Bounds
which a just Friendship will itself prescribe you ;
for it's impossible you can have the Regard for
me you endeavour to persuade my Belief of,
co'd you harbour a mean Opinion of my Con-
duct. As I have now a Husband, it is not law-
ful for me to ask myself what I wou'd do ; shou'd
it please Heaven to deprive me of him ; which
Lois, both Duty and Gratitude oblige me to
think a Misfortune I ought to dread as the
greatest, and to offer up my constant Prayers to
avert ; a Thought contrary to this, fills me with
Horror : For tho' my Husband dares not trust
my Virtue, and his groundless Jealousy gives me
some Uneasiness, (the only Fault I can lay to
his Charge) yet how much greater is the Obli-
gation I have to him, than the little Chagrine
I receive from him ? From a Servant he has
made me Mistress of Servants ; and from the
want

want of every thing he has given me every thing
 I ought to desire. And can I not in in Return
 bear with one Infirmitiy? Must a Weakness
 which too I am sensible proceeds from Love,
 erase the Memory of so great Obligations? No;
 had I still greater Reason of Complaint, nay,
 were I not bound down by this Generosity, it
 is sufficient that I am a Wife, and as such, if I
 value myself, obliged to bear with the most ca-
 pricious Humours of a Husband. I shall ever
 be sensible of your Merit, and hope your Con-
 duct by not changing the Principles which you
 profess, will give no Room to repent the Inter-
 est I take in your Welfare. I am

Your very humble Servant,

MARIANNA.

The Major being convinced by *Marianna's*
 powerful reasoning that her virtue was impreg-
 nable, ceased any farther importunity, but ever
 after held her in high Estimation. But to re-
 turn to *Grandris*: He, by *Nanote's* Friendship,
 had several times an Opportunity of entertain-
 ing *Leonora* in her Chamber, when the late time
 of Night had suffer'd Silence to succeed to
 Noife and Hurry. And he had often refused
 to sup with Company, that he, *Horatio*, and
Nanote might make a Collation together in her
 Garret: You may guess by having seen *Leonora*,
 that the Chevalier was soon susceptible of her
 Charms; and by the Character of the Man you
 may imagine he did not smother his Passion.
 He declared it the second time he had the Op-
 portunity of seeing her; and *Leonora* received

the Declaration in a Manner which did not
 make him despair. In the mean while, *Craſſeur*
 who had often proposed to her the marrying a
 Mercer in the Town, began to be very pressing
 with her; for what he had over-heard gave him
 no very great Opinion of her Virtue, of which
 he thought a Husband might be a more watch-
 ful Guardian. The Man proposed was really
 in Love with *Leonora*, in good Circumstances,
 but both disagreeable in his Person and a Lover
 of his Bottle, not to say a Sot. *Leonora* cou'd
 not bear the Thoughts of this Match; and the
 Chevalier's Addresses, to which the Lover's
 Pretensions served as a Foil, made her still more
 averse. The Father let her know she was
 either to acquiesce in the Choice he had made
 for her, or keep her Chamber as long as he
 lived; and *Grandis* on the other Hand shew'd
 her that she only changed her Prison, and was
 likely to fall into the Hands of a more severe
 Gaoler. He exhausted all his Rhetorick to
 prove to her the Charms of Liberty, and laid
 both himself and Estate at her Feet, which he
 swore shou'd ever be at her Disposal. That
 the Ceremonies of the Church were only politi-
 cal Inventions; that the Persons themselves
 were the Ministers of their own Marriage; and
 that a solemn Promise of never separating, was
 as binding with those of Honour, and as lawful
 in the Eyes of God, as the muttering a few
 Words by a Priest, which was an Institution
 of the Church for their own Profit, and to bind
 down Villains. In a Word, *Leonora* did not
 dislike the Chevalier, and abhor'd her design'd
 Husband. This, together with *Nanote's* letting
 her

her into the Secret of her Amour, and assuring
 her she wou'd be the Companion of her Flight,
 exaggerating every Day the Advantages the
 Chevalier had over her Lover, the inexpressible
 Pleasure of a reciprocal Affection, which she
 had experienced with *Horatio*, that of being
 Mistress of her own Actions, and having the
 Disposal of a great Estate, the Charms of Li-
 berty, and the Misery of being tied for Life to
 an Object she abhor'd, and the Chevalier push-
 ing his Suit every Night with the Affection of
 an ardent Lover, brought her at length to the
 Resolution of quitting her Father's House on
 the repeated Vows which *Grandris* made of an
 inviolable Constancy, and of following him,
 as her Guide to that Scene of Pleasure he had
 painted in her Imagination. While Means
 were continuing for their going off with Safety,
Grandris received News of his Aunt being dan-
 gerously ill at her Seat; and he was required to
 make all possible Haste, if he had a Desire to
 see her alive, and any Regard for his Interest.
 He shew'd *Leonora* this Letter, and press'd her
 giving him an Earnest of her Tenderness that
 Night, which he cou'd not prevail upon her to
 content to; but when she was in Bed *Nanote*,
 who used to lie with her, being with her dear
Horatio, the Chevalier with her Key got into
 her Room, where with repeated Oaths of Con-
 stancy, some Force, and no doubt a little Incli-
 nation, he ridded the Charms of his adorable
Leonora. The next Day it was concluded that
 in case the Father before the Chevalier's Re-
 turn shou'd press the Marriage he meditated,
Horatio shou'd carry her off, and let him know
 where he had secured for him this Treasure
 ‘ of

of Beauty. Notwithstanding his Aunt's Illness,
 he cou'd not prevail upon himself to leave *Leonora* without concerting Measures for her Escape ; and it was concluded the following Night, that *Horatio* shou'd get Boy's Cloaths made for her and *Nanote* ; and as an old Servant of his Father's had a House in *Dunkirk*, he shou'd hire that House, send for a Servant whom he cou'd trust, and stay there till the Heat of the Search was over ; for they concluded *Craffeux* and her Lover wou'd way-lay all the Roads. This being concluded, and it growing late, *Nanote* and *Horatio* retired, and the Chevalier with some Entreaty was permitted to reiterate his Vows on the snowy Breast of the charming *Leonora*. The next Morning *Grandris* took Leave of his Friend, who immediately bespoke the Cloaths, as agreed, and after a little Enquiry, found the above-mention'd Servant. She was a Widow, and kept a little Shop of Mercery Wares. When he had found her House, for fear of being seen, he stayed till it was dark before he went and made himself known to her, when he told her he had some Friends engaged in an Affair of Honour, who lay absconded not many Leagues from thence ; and that if she wou'd let him have her House to conceal 'em in, and keep the Secret, she wou'd be handsomely rewarded ; and as an Earnest, clapped ten Pistoles into her Hand. The Woman said she shou'd be glad to render him any Service ; and that if his Friends cou'd keep themselves concealed a few Days longer, she eou'd accommodate 'em much better than in her own House ; for Monsieur *Palete*, who had a very handsome one, was

‘ going

' going to his Country-Seat with his Family, and
 ' left a House-keeper to look after it, and take
 ' down the Hangings, with the rest of the rich
 ' Furniture; that this Woman was her particular
 ' Acquaintance, and wou'd be glad of such an
 ' Opportunity to make a little Money; that he
 ' might depend on her Secrecy; that she wou'd
 ' propose it to her the next Day, and he wou'd
 ' have an Answer in the Evening, if he wou'd be
 ' pleas'd to call at her House. This was approved
 ' by *Leonora* and *Nanote*, they resolved to stay for
 ' Monsieur *Bolte's* Houie: And to the end
 ' *Graffeur* might not exert the Authority of a
 ' Father, and oblige 'em to go off before they
 ' cou'd do it with Security, it was thought ad-
 ' visable for *Leonora* to seem less averse to the
 ' Match he design'd for her. The next Day
 ' *Horatio* went to the old Servant, and the told
 ' him her Friend readily embraced the Offer she
 ' made her of two Pistoles a Month, on condition
 ' the Gentlemen wou'd not appear at the Win-
 ' dows, which she propos'd for their own Sake
 ' they wou'd not do: That none shou'd go to or
 ' come from them but herself, who was ready to
 ' go to Market do what other Bus'ness they shou'd
 ' require in the Town, and cress their Victuals,
 ' if they wou'd allow her a Pistole more for her
 ' Trouble: That Monsieur *Bolte* and his Family
 ' went away that Day tevenight, and she wou'd
 ' the next Morning be ready to receive 'em; but
 ' they must go into the House late, and one after
 ' another; for shou'd it be known that she took
 ' the Liberty to lett it, she fear'd the being turn'd
 ' out of her Place. You may assure her, said
 ' *Horatio*, the Gentlemen are as cautious of being
 ' seen, as she is of disobligring her Master; and
 ' added,

' added, it will be a Satisfaction to my Friend
 ' to know it is her Interest to conceal their being
 ' in the Houle. As to the additional Pistole, he
 ' was willing to give it; but he did not know
 ' what to say to her lying and being in the Houle,
 ' for his Friends, he was sure, wou'd be shy of
 ' being seen. As for that Matter, replied the
 ' old Woman, she never lies in the House when
 ' the Family is not in Town, but takes part of
 ' my Bed, as we are old Friends and Acquaint-
 ' ance; but she is all Day in it, brushing and
 ' cleaning the Furniture. Let the Gentlemen
 ' keep above Stairs, and she, as she is not curi-
 ' ous, and will have no Businels in their Roms
 ' but to sweep 'em and make the Beds, will
 ' never see them; for there are Rooms
 ' enough for 'em to go into while she dusts out
 ' those they lie in. This was concluded on,
 ' and *Horatio* sent the Housekeeper a Pistole ear-
 ' nest. The next Day he bid *Nanote* get leave
 ' of her Master and Mistress to go abroad for the
 ' Afternoon, and stay somewhere near the Arch
 ' of the great Tower, and follow him at a Dis-
 ' tance when she saw him go thro', that she
 ' might know where the old Woman dwelt, and
 ' where Monsieur *Balote*'s House stood, in case
 ' any Accident shou'd separate 'em, or that they
 ' shou'd think it proper to go out singly. She
 ' did accordingly, saw him go into the old Wo-
 ' man's, and soon after they coming out together,
 ' went to a great House, where she stopping, en-
 ' quired for the House-keeper, and *Horatio* went
 ' on and return'd to his Inn. *Nanote* having thus
 ' learnt the way to these two Houles, *Leonora* was
 ' desirous to go out at Midnight that she might
 ' also be acquainted with their Situation. *Horatio*
 ' was

' was against her running so great a Hazard of
 ' disconcerting all their Measures, but she seem-
 ' ing a little out of Humour at his Scruples, he
 ' was obliged to comply. The Moon shone
 ' very bright, and they got out of the House with-
 ' out being perceived by any in it, leaving *Nanette*
 ' *Centinel* at the Door to let 'em in, but had the
 ' Precaution in case they shou'd be discover'd,
 ' to leave a Rope hanging at the Garret Win-
 ' dow, which reach'd the Ground, to secure *Nan-*
 ' *note* from Suspicion, which wou'd have made
 ' *Leonora's* Escape impossible. However, no Ac-
 ' cident happened, and they return'd without any
 ' one having the least Notion of their Sally. In
 ' the mean while *Craffoux* asked his Daughter if
 ' she still continued obstinate, or wou'd think of
 ' obliging him by consenting to her own Good ?
 ' She answer'd that she was yet but young, and
 ' for that Reason not fit to manage a Family ;
 ' but since he was pleas'd to command her, she
 ' shou'd endeavour to make her Obedience easy,
 ' tho' she thought it very strange he shou'd press
 ' her marrying a Man who had never yet told
 ' her she wou'd be agreeable to him ; that when
 ' once she was acquainted with Monsieur *Boustout*,
 ' she might have less Repugnance to Marriage
 ' than she now had, being in a Manner a Stranger
 ' to him. Well, well, replied *Craffoux*, when
 ' you speak Reason I can hear with Patience ;
 ' there may be, I confess, something in what you
 ' say. He shall visit you to-morrow in your
 ' Mother's Apartment : You'll find him a pretty
 ' Fellow. Accordingly Monsieur *Boustout* was
 ' the next Day introduced, and after some little
 ' time spent in the common Topicks, *Marianna*
 ' retired to her Bed-chamber, and left the Gal-
 ' lant

went to make his Addresses, which he did in a
 Manner very advantageous to the absent Che-
 valier, with whom *Leonora* in her Thoughts
 compared him. She treated him civilly, and
 when he press'd her, as he immediately did,
 to consent to Marriage, she told him she cou'd
 not fall in Love at first Sight, and that he ought
 to content himself that she thought neither his
 Person or Conversation disagreeable. When
 the Lover made this Report to the Father, he
 was overjoy'd to find she had come that Length,
 and told *Boistout* some little time for Decency
 sake was to be allowed her before she gave her
 Consent, and that he cou'd not fancy a modest
 Woman wou'd say yes the first time of asking.
 This procedure gave *Leonora* once more the
 Liberty of coming down to *Marianna*'s Apart-
 ment, which put an End to the Major's Cor-
 respondence with her; for tho' he continued to
 write to, he neither did, nor cou'd expect
 to have an Answer from her. *Boistout* once a
 Day made his Visits, and as *Leonora* seem'd to
 be complying, the Father was thinking in a few
 Days to propose that of her Wedding, when he
 fell ill of the Gout, which was a Reprieve to
 his Daughter, the time being very near expired
 set for her Flight. *Horatio* went to see if he
 might depend on Monsieur *Balote*'s Departure,
 but to his great Mortification he heard his Lady
 had been frighten'd by a Monkey coming into
 her Window, and jumping on her Neck, which
 occasioned her Miscarriage, and wou'd retard
 their Departure till Madam was in a Conditi-
 on to travel. However, *Nanote* assured him
 that there was no Danger of *Crazeux* his pressing
 the Marriage, (which for that Reason *Leonora*,
 her

had consented to,) till he was recovered of his Fit, which seldom held him less than three Months. He was pretty easy under the Dis- appointment of the House, and they resolv'd to defer the Execution of their Design till Madam *Balote* was recover'd, in which time they hoped the Chevalier's Return; and it was concluded to the End Horses might be ready, that *Horatio* shou'd send his, and the Chevalier's Servant, whom he left behind, to *Ghent*, whither they wou'd go by Water, with Orders to wait their coming at the *Imperial Crown* right against St. *Bavo*'s Church, and shou'd (fear by his long Stay he might give Umbrage) go by Bark to St. *Omers*, and stay there a Fort-night at a pretended Relation's House, without he had Notice sooner of *Grandis*'s Return. The Servants and Horses were accordingly sent away, and *Horatio* taking leave of his gouty Host, went on Board the Bark. About a Week after his Departure, a Servant came back from the Chevalier to enquire for him, with Letters. He was directed to the Town-house at St. *Omers*, where he met with and deliver'd his Pacquet to *Horatio*, which enclos'd one to his lovely *Leenora*. He learnt by that to himself, the Countess de *Bourdon*'s Recovery and his setting out for *Dunkirk*, but that calling on a Relation, he was obliged to stay to be a Witness to the Wedding of his two Daughters, however begg'd he wou'd tell *Leenora* it was his Aunt's Illness detained him: That as soon as the Ceremony was over, he wou'd make all possible Haste to join him; and desired in the mean while he wou'd have an Eye to his Affair., and keep his Servant with

' him till he came. This *Horatio* did not think
 ' proper; for he looked on Servants as so many
 ' corruptible Spies, and therefore told him his
 ' Master order'd his going to St. *Andre*, and that
 ' he himself wou'd follow him as his Master
 ' desired, but cou'd not go as yet some Days.
 ' But let us leave *Horatio* to look a while after
 ' the Chevalier-----Here, said *Protens*, is in-
 ' troduced his Amours at *Mensieur Blanchard's*
 ' and a little Account of the two Brothers,
 ' which as you have already heard 'em, I shall
 ' pass by. It goes on thus: The Day after the
 ' Ceremony of his Cousins Weddings, he took
 ' Leave; and tho' both Families were very
 ' pressing to keep him some little time longer,
 ' they cou'd not prevail: He took Horse, and
 ' the shortest Road to receive the adorable *Leo-*
 ' *nora* to his Arms. About two Leagues distant
 ' from his Cousin's he entered a Common, and a
 ' handsome Horse pass'd by him without a Rider,
 ' whom he suppos'd was thrown. At the Bot-
 ' tom of a small Declivity, a Quarter of a League
 ' farther, he saw a Coach and Six standing, and
 ' some People on Foot about it: As he came up
 ' to them, he found three Servants helping a
 ' wounded Man into the Coach, and a Lady of
 ' about forty Years of Age in the greatest
 ' Affliction imaginable. She had torn her Head-
 ' cloaths off her Head, her Hair was dishevell'd,
 ' and her Face was bathed in Tears. The Che-
 ' valier addressing himself to her, asked if she had
 ' been set on by Robbers, and if he cou'd
 ' be of any Service to her offering her all
 ' that lay in his Power. I thank your generous
 ' Offer, replied the Lady, but I fear my Misfor-
 ' tune is past Redress: You see the unhappy Mo-
 ' ther of an expiring and a tenderly beloved Son,

and of a Daughter not less dear to me ; whom
 the Violence of her Ravisher has deprived me
 of, after his Companions had murdered my Son,
 who vainly endeavour'd her Defence. Madam,
 said *Grandris*, I am sincerely touch'd with your
 Misfortune ; let me know which way they
 took, and to whom I may restore the Lady, if
 I am happy enough to overtake 'em and suc-
 ceed : I will this Minute pursue the Villains.
 They went straight on the Road you are in an-
 swer'd the Lady ; my Name is *Grandpres*, and
 my House is within half a League of this Place :
 But alas ! I fear your Charity, which I am
 obliged to, will little avail me ; for the Count
de Barchon, who is the Ravisher of my Daugh-
 ter, carried her off in a little Chaife and six,
 which drove with the utmost Speed the Horses
 were capable of. But shou'd you overtake 'em,
 what can one Gentleman and a servant do
 against him, who has eight well arm'd and
 mounted. I'll do, said *Grandris*, what becomes
 a Gentleman ; and without saying more, he
 bow'd to the Lady and went off with such
 Swiftness, that he was soon out of Sight. Ma-
 dam *de Granipres* went into her Coach to her
 Son, who was shot in the Beily, and drove
 softly home. *Grandris* had rode about two
 Leagues, when he heard several Discharges of
 Pistols ; he stood still to listen from whence the
 Report came, and judging it to proceed from a
 Lane on his Right Hand, he turn'd his Horsie
 that Way, and made up to the Place. At the
 End of this Lane he enter'd another Common,
 here he saw several Horses with Furniture run-
 ning without Masters, and at a little Distance
 from him a Chaife and six accompanied by se-
 veral

veral Men, which he concluded belong'd to the Ravisher, as indeed it did. When he came up close to 'em, he saw two Men stretched upon the Ground, one shot thro' the Head, the other lay on his Back, and had a large Wound in the Breast, with three Servants supporting a Gentleman dangerously wounded, who seem'd to be Master of these about him. The Chevalier look'd for the Lady, but not seeing any Woman with 'em, he fancied he was mistaken in the Conjecture he made: Howe'er, he asked a Servant how those Men were kill'd, and the Gentleman wounded. Sir, said the last mention'd, we were just now set upon by Monsieur *de Morignon* and his Servants, who has----but Heaven is just-----I shou'd die satisfied cou'd I---- Here his Speech falter'd, and he expired. *Grandris* was about to ask the Gentleman's Name, but hearing a Man cry out, is there no Help! for Heaven's Sake endeavour to procure me a Confessor; he turn'd his Head, and at about ten Paces from him, saw a Servant welt'ring in his Blood, and not far from him another who had his Leg broke. He and his Servant help'd to put the Corpse of the Gentleman, together with the two wounded Men, into the Chaise; and as they said there was a Village within three Quarters of a League, he was resolved to follow the Chaise thither, and enquire into the Bottom of this tragical Adventure. The Servants who were not hurt went after the strav Horses and the Chaife, took the Road of the Village, where by good Fortune the Curate's Brother, who was a Surgeon, happen'd to be with him. He probed him who was most dangerously wounded, and was

‘ was of Opinion he might recover: After he had dress'd him, he set the other Servant's Leg, and order'd 'em to be kept quiet. In the Space of a couple of Hours the Men who went after the Horses, came in with 'em, with another Surgeon fetch'd by a Lackey, who rode away as soon as he saw his Master wounded, and the Enemy withdrawn. The Chevalier address'd himself to one of these Men, who seem'd to be a head Servant, and ask'd him how this bloody Accident happen'd. Sir, said he, if you will permit me, I will wait on you in your Chamber, and satisfy your Curiosity. Grandis answering he shou'd think himself obliged, went into a Room with him, and in a Manner forcing the Man to sit down, he began his Account in the following Manner :

The Count DE BARCHON.

‘ You have seen in my dead Master an Example of the Almighty Justice : He was a young Nobleman of a very considerable not to say great Estate, of great Vivacity, an excellent Genius, and of good Learning, as his Works prove; for certainly few wrote with equal Strength of Fancy, Justness of Thought, solid Wit, and more exact Method; but these Productions were on Subjects so very loose and profane, that instead of pleasing with all these Advantages, they cou'd not be read without Horror, if not by Men vicious as himself, which Number cannot possibly be great; but it's not in my Power to give you a just Idea of the Count *de Barchon*, (for so was he called) and you will make a truer Judgment of him by

Some Circumstances of his Life, which I shall
 not on to you, than by any other way I can
 take to give you his Character. He was edu-
 cated in his Father's House, where, under an
 able Tutor, before he had attained the Age of
 twelve Years, he, by constantly speaking *Latin*,
 was as ready, and delivered himself with as
 much Ease in that, as in his Mother-tongue;
 and I have heard those who were Judge, say,
 that few Men of adult Years understand so well
 the Elegance of the Language, or cou'd give
 so good an Account of the *Roman* Authors.
 He was not ignorant of the *Greek*; and of so
 retentive and happy a Memory was he, so sus-
 ceptible, that I have heard his Tutor say, he
 seldom had Occasion to explain the greatest
 Difficulties more than once; and that he often
 solved many, without his Help: At thirteen he
 was thoroughly Master of the *Greek* Tongue;
 but the Pleasure, the Brightness of his Genius
 administer'd to the Count his Father, was very
 much allay'd by the Viciousness of his Nature,
 which began to shew itself in this Dawn of
 Life; for he had endeavour'd to force several
 Girls of the Village, Daughters to his Father's
 Tenants. The Count hoping to nip this
 Vice in the Bud, order'd him to be confined,
 which he took so heinously ill, that he refused
 all Nourishment; and had certainly starved
 himself, had he not been releas'd: For his Fa-
 ther imagining this Humour wou'd soon be
 over, tried him till he grew so low, that a Phy-
 sician thought him in very great Danger; and
 even then it was by Force of Presents, Entrea-
 ties and Promises, that he was prevailed upon
 to

to take any thing. The Doctor order'd him
 some very light Nourishment, but he immedi-
 ately threw it up again, and it was with the
 greatest Care, and some length of Time, that
 he was recover'd. This Obstinacy of his was
 a Dagger to the Heart of his Father, who re-
 solved to follow the Advice of his Friends,
 and send him abroad to prosecute his Studies;
 and accordingly he was sent to the University
 of *Lovain*, under the Care of the same Tutor.
 As he had an Aptitude for, and a Thirst after
 Letters, he studied here his Philosophy; and
 his Tutor, the only Man he was ever known
 to value, keeping him constantly under his
 Eye, he had great Hopes when his Reason grew
 a little stronger, it wou'd get the Mastery of
 his vicious Inclinations, which he left him nei-
 ther Time nor Opportunity to follow. He
 was greedy of Praise, which made him indefa-
 tigable in his Studies; and he was looked upon
 an Honour to the University. He stay'd here
 two Years without any sinner Accident, thro'
 the Vigilance of his Tutor. At the Expira-
 tion of this Term, his Father thought of send-
 ing him to travel, and accordingly remitted
 him Money and Bills, with Orders to visit the
 Court of *Vienna*, accompanied with Letters of
 Recommendation to several Persons of distin-
 guished Quality. At the same time the Count
Woldehaugen, a German Nobleman, was upon
 his Return home, having finisht his Studies;
 and as they were acquainted in the University,
 they agreed to set out together, which made
Barchon defer his Journey a few Days, that he
 might have his Company. *Woldehaagen's* Mo-
 ther was an *English* Lady, and she had a Niece
 among

among the *English Nuns* at *Lovain*, which occasion'd his going sometimes to visit the Religious of that Monastery ; and when he went to take leave of them, *Barchon* being by chance with him, offer'd to keep him Company : They went together, and our *French Gentleman* at first sight fell in Love with a young Lady who was a Pensioner in the House, whose Name was ----- After they had taken their Leave of the Ladies, *Barchon* told the Count he had some Acquaintance among the *Irish Dominicans*, which is very near the *Brussels Gate*. The Count having none, and unwilling to walk so far, they parted at the Door of the Monastery, which was what *Barchon* wanted. No sooner was the Count out of sight, but the other return'd, and desired to speak to the Lady *Abbess* at the Grate. When she came, he asked her if the young Lady who was with the Count's Relation, and herself at the Grate, was design'd for a religious Life ? He took the Libert , he said, to make her this Question, because his Happiness depended upon the Knowledge of what her Parents had design'd her for ; if for a Recuse, that he might endeavour by his Father's Interest to make 'em alter that Resolution, since they cou'd not persist in it without making him miserable, which he flatter'd himself his Father's Indulgence wou'd leave nothing uneslay'd to prevent, if she stay'd in the World. He begg'd her Ladyship wou'd give him Leave to make his Addresses to the young Lady, a Privilege both his Birth and Fortune gave him some Pretensions to ask ; though he shou'd take it as the greatest Obligation if she wou'd be so charitable to permit him to

' entertain her at the Gate. He added, that
 ' he was well known in the Town, and he was
 ' Son to the Count *Barchon*. The Lady *Abbes*
 ' replied, the young *L*ady was only a Pensioner
 ' in their House; what her Parents design'd her
 ' for, whether the Convent or the World, she
 ' cou'd not tell; that she shou'd be glad to oblige
 ' a Gentleman of his Rank where it was con-
 ' sistent with her Character, but begg'd to be ex-
 ' cused if she did not think his Request so; that
 ' she was no Stranger to his Family, and thought
 ' he did the young Lady Honour, if his Views
 ' were justifiable, and wou'd contribute so far to
 ' his Satisfaction, as to write to her Parents, and
 ' let 'em know his Request, when she was satis-
 ' fied his Father's Will was not repugnant to his
 ' Desires, which was all she cou'd do to serve
 ' him. Madam, said he, I beg you will allow
 ' me to speak to the young Lady while you are
 ' present. Sir, replied the Lady *Abbes*, I am not
 ' sure she is not design'd to take the Veil; your
 ' entertaining her can be of no Advantage, and
 ' will give you little Satisfaction; but as young
 ' People are susceptible, it may be of ill Conse-
 ' quence to her, and may be give her Aversion
 ' to that Life it's possible her Parents detine her
 ' to. I don't say this will be the Consequence,
 ' but it's possible, and therefore it is prudent not
 ' to run the least Hazard. He was going to re-
 ' ply, when she stopp'd him by saying that no-
 ' thing was so disagreeable to her, as to be oblig'd
 ' to ceny, and therefore she begg'd he wou'd
 ' not force her, by insisting on what she cou'd
 ' not comply with, to continue a Language
 ' which seem'd to speak ill nature, and making a
 ' Bow, told him the Time of Devotion drew

' near

' near, she hoped he wou'd excuse her taking
 ' Leave abruptly, and withdrew from the Grate.
 ' *Barchon* was nettled at this Refusal, and left
 ' the Convent in a very ill Humour. He had
 ' not gone ten Steps from the Grate, when he
 ' saw a Lay Sister coming in with Provisions;
 ' she was a *Walloon*. He immediately thought of
 ' employing this Woman. He stopp'd her, and
 ' clapping a Ducate in her Hand, desired she
 ' wou'd dispose of that in Charity for him, and
 ' be so good as to meet him in the Evening at
 ' the Gate which leads to *Tirlemont*, having
 ' something of Consequence to communicate to
 ' her, and which might not only be of Service
 ' to herself, but an Act of Charity done to others,
 ' which latter was, he durst aver, a sufficient
 ' Motive to engage her Compliance; but till he
 ' had made her acquainted with the Affair, he
 ' entreated, if her Charity engaged her to meet
 ' him, she wou'd keep it a Secret. He appoint-
 ' ed the Hour at five. The old Woman, who
 ' fear'd no Designs on her own Virtue, and was
 ' moved both by the Charity *Barchon* gave, and
 ' that she hoped to do, readily promised to meet
 ' him, and was punctual to the Appointment.
 ' *Barchon* at meeting asked if she did not know
 ' some Friend where he might have an Opportu-
 ' nity of conversing with her half an Hour in
 ' private. She answer'd, a Relation of hers li-
 ' ved not far off, and carried him thither. As
 ' soon as they were alone, he told her, he had
 ' been that Day with Count *Woldeha gen* at their
 ' Monastery, to take leave of a Relation of his,
 ' and by Accident saw Miss-----at the Grate.
 ' Good luck, cried the old Woman, did ye, did
 ' ye? Ay, and a sweet Creature she is, but a

' little wild ; if she has any Nun's Flesh about
 ' her, I never was mistaken in my Life : She
 ' makes all the old Nuns mad, and all the young
 ' ones merry. Do you think Sir, but the other
 ' Day she put Cowitch and Horsehair into the
 ' Lady *Abbess*'s Bed ? Nay, the Lord knows where
 ' she got it. And another time she sew'd the
 ' Lady *Abbess* and another Nun together, and
 ' then pinn'd with a great hugeous Pin, one of
 ' 'em to the Ornaments of a little Altar, as she
 ' was kneling by 'em, and when they got up
 ' from Prayers, they pull'd away the Cloth, and
 ' threw down a great Crucifix, which fell on
 ' the Nun's Foot, and almost lame her. O, I
 ' cou'd tell you a Hundred of her Tricks ; but
 ' she is a sweet Creature to look at, as ever was
 ' molded out of Flesh and Blood. *Barchon* had
 ' hardly Patience with the old Woman's Imper-
 ' tinence. When she had done, he told her
 ' what Discourse pass'd between the Lady *Abbess*
 ' and him. Ay, ay, cried the old Sister, it's ex-
 ' actly like her. No, no, they don't love Miss
 ' so well to part with her ; no, no, O' my Con-
 ' science she has play'd 'em too many Pranks,
 ' and they'll keep her to humble her ; she'll kneel
 ' many an Hour for her Wildness. Good Jack,
 ' good lack, and so Sir as you were a saying, you
 ' fell in Love with Miss-----Nay, I don't won-
 ' der at it ; she's a sweet Creature, and neither
 ' is a Nun, nor deligns to be one, and so there's
 ' no Harm. But what wou'd you have with me,
 ' Sir ? you told me I might be instrumental in
 ' some charitable Action. My dear Sister, re-
 ' plied *Barchon*, can there be a greater than to
 ' save the Life of one who must infallibly perish
 ' without you Assistance, and to release a poor
 ' Lady

• Lady from her Confinement? Oh dear Sir,
 • said she, don't mention it again, that wou'd be
 • Sacrilege; no, no, Sir, I must not think on't:
 • Poor sweet Creature, I pity her with all my
 • Heart, and I am sure she wou'd be glad with all
 • her's to get out, bu: I'll have no Hand in Sa-
 • crilege. No, no, I won't damn my Soul.
 • Far be it from me answer'd the Gentleman, to
 • entertain even the Thought of so great a Sin.
 • I shall desire nothing criminal of you, my dear
 • Sister, I only beg your Charity will deliver a
 • Letter for me; you may be sensible that I have
 • no ill Design by my addressing myself to the
 • Lady *Abbeys*. I have here a Ducate for the
 • Postage, which you will dispose of to such Ob-
 • jects as you think fit; and I have two more,
 • which on the Receipt of an Answer I will give
 • you to distribute among the Poor. Well, (said
 • the Sister) I don't see any Harm in that, and
 • your Charity engages me to serve you; I'll see
 • what I can do for you. He gave her the Du-
 • cate and Letter, which he then wrote, and part-
 • ed; the old Woman promising by that Time
 • next Day, if possible, to bring him an Answer
 • to the same Place. She had an Opportunity
 • the Morning following to give Miss-----the
 • Letter, who opening it, read as follows:

• IF to see and love you must necessarily be the
 • Effects of one and the same Moment, how
 • easily, if you will be just to your own Charms,
 • may you judge of my Passion, who have had
 • time not only to admire the surprising Beauty
 • of your Person, (of which a transient View is
 • more than sufficient to make me forego my Li-
 • berty)

erty) but that of list'ning to the most lively
 and entertaining Conversation. Cou'd I have
 been Proof against the Power of your Eyes, I
 must have acknowledg'd that of your Wit, and
 have fallen a Victim to your Tongue: Had I
 been blind, I shou'd have succ'd in the Venom
 at my Ears; and were I deaf, the fatal Poison
 wou'd thro' my Eyes have reach'd my Heart.
 How then cou'd I withstand their united Force,
 or avoid those Chains which Beauty, Wit and
 Eloquence conspired to give me? Oh may I
 find your Pity equal to your Charms; which
 are beyond all Comparison, but with the Passion
 you have inspired in your

Devoted Adorer,

Your eternal Slave,

BARCHON.

The young Gentleman had adapted his Letter to the Character he had just received of the Girl, for she was but fourteen Years old. She read it with a sensible Pleasure, and return'd this Answer:

I Have not the Vanity to attribute to myself
 the many Charms you say you have disco-
 ver'd in me, tho' I have so much, as to think
 I am not disagreeable. If you are sincere, I
 am not displeas'd that a Man of Sense thinks
 me worth his Thoughts, and shall be glad to
 keep a Correspondence with you; tho' what
 you said to the Lady *Abbeſſ* makes it impossible

B b

otherwise

' otherwise than by Letters. Why did you say
 ' any thing to her? If you had held your Tongue
 ' till you had found an Opportunity of speaking
 ' to me, I had not, as I now am, been denied
 ' the Liberty of going to the Grate. Pray give
 ' Sister *Lætitia* a Caution how she delivers your
 ' Letters; for shou'd it be found out that I re-
 ' ceive 'em, I'll warrant our godly old Women
 ' wou'd impose me a Penance of a Hundred *Pater*
 ' *nostras*. I have one thing more to tell you;
 ' they say Sister *Lætitia* loves Wine, and it's the
 ' only Fault they tax her with; for she is very
 ' religious, and very just in what she lays out for
 ' our Monastery; so take care not to send a Let-
 ' ter, it you shou'd happen to see her any thing
 ' flush'd, for she may give it me before some en-
 'vious Nun, and then I shall be had up *coram*
 ' *nobis*, and shall never have the Pleasure of hear-
 ' ing from you again; for as sure as can be, the
 ' Lady *Abbes* will turn off Sister *Lætitia*. I am

Your obliged

humble Servant,

' You may suppose this Letter, which was
 ' delivered him at the set time, gave Monsieur
 ' *Barchon* no Grounds for Despair. He gave
 ' Sister *Lætitia* the two Ducats, and promis'd
 ' to give her one to employ in Charity for
 ' every Letter she brought him from his charit-
 ' ing Mills-----to whom he wrote the follow-
 ' ing:

‘ Health

' **H**ealth to the Sick, and a Reprieve to the
 ' Condemn'd cou'd not give a joy equal
 ' to that I experienced from the Letter my char-
 ' ming Miss--- was so good to bless me with ;
 ' and I am so sensible of the Obligation that I
 ' shall not think my Life laid out in your Ser-
 ' vice, can sufficiently speak the Gratitude of my
 ' Heart. But why, my charming Angel, wou'd
 ' you be so cruel to blend Poison with the Cor-
 ' dial ? How cou'd you suspect the Sincerity of
 ' a Man who wou'd prefer the Happiness of dy-
 ' ing at your Feet, to a long Lite tree from the
 ' Anxieties with which it's embitter'd ? As your
 ' Charms are uncommon, so are they incapable
 ' of producing a common Passion ; that you have
 ' inspired, is as sincere as you are beautiful, and
 ' as inexpressible as the radiant Brightness of
 ' your irresistible Eyes. But why, my Goddess,
 ' will you consent to continue under your pre-
 ' sent Restraint and Apprehensions ? Give me
 ' Leave to endeavour the freeing you from the
 ' Tyranny of Envy, and with the Title of a
 ' Husband, (Heavens ! the very Thoughts of that
 ' happy, that glorious Epithet, to the most ado-
 ' rable of her Sex, fills my Breast with raptural
 ' Joys too great for Words to paint) place you
 ' above its Resentment, and beyond its Reach.
 ' You know, or may soon be inform'd of my
 ' Birth and Fortune, both too mean to plead a
 ' Merit, which I can allow only to the Purity
 ' of my unalterable Affection, but sufficient to
 ' justify the leaving of your Prison. As you have

‘ begun

begin to bleſs, make me thoroughly happy, and
 give me Leave to contrive the Means of your
 Escape to

Your faithful Slave,

and passionate Adorer,

BARCHON.

The Day following he had this Answer, and
 Sister *Lætitia* her Ducate for Postage.

I Own to you I am extremely tired with the
 ill Nature and Confinement of a Monastery,
 and wou'd be glad to leave it on almost any
 Terms: Since you say your Passion is sincere
 and pure, and that you shou'd think yourself
 happy to be my Husband; I confess I shou'd
 be as glad to get out of this House to be your
 Wife. But before I consent to leave
 the Monastery, you shall swear to *Læ-
 titia*, that you will make me so; and you
 shall swear it to me in your next Letter, by all
 the Oaths you can think of, when you write:
 And this Sister *Lætitia* shall swear you have
 done; for tho' I wou'd be glad of my Liberty,
 and you are not Indifferent to me, I had rather
 be a Prisoner than be betray'd and abandon'd.

Your humble Servant

He

He sent an Answer in these Terms, having first acquainted Sister *Lætitia* with the Contents of his Lady's Letter; and with ten Ducates which he gave her, and the Proofs he brought of his honourable Designs, won her to favour Miss -----'s Escape, and be a Witness to the required Ceremony.

Figure to yourself the Joy of a Soul who having long wept it's Crimes sees it's Guardian Angel stretch forth a Hand for it's Deliverance, and you may then have some Idea of my Tranports, which the last Letter with which my dear, my charming Guardian Angel sent me, gave birth to. Don't expect from me any Acknowledgements, for the Treasure you best value is above all Returns, though the whole Study of my future Life shall be to convince you that I esteem it as I ought. *Lætitia* has been a Witness to the Extasies with which I have have obey'd your Commands; and I attest that I will not only make you my Wite, but look upon the Title of Husband to the charming-----more desirable, and fraught with more solid Happiness, than that of universal Monarch. I shall be on the Rack till I find some Method to draw you out of your present Confinement, and have received you into the Arms of your

Faithful passionately fond

(as you permit me the enchanting Character)

Husband and Adorer,

BARCH. N.

B b 2

My

' My Master having these Hopes of succeeding
 ' in his Amour, began to think of getting rid of
 ' his Tutor; and as he cou'd find readily no
 ' Stratagem to put him off, and had the Bills of
 ' Exchange drawn in his own Name, and in his
 ' own Hands, he thought the best Method was
 ' to tell him plainly he esteem'd himself of an
 ' Age to be Master of his own Actions, and no
 ' longer needed the Inspection of a Tutor: But
 ' then again he fear'd his Father's Resentment,
 ' not from any Principle of Duty or any Fund
 ' of Affection, but from a Regard to his own
 ' Interest. He therefore went to a Scrivener,
 ' who he knew cou'd counterfeit Hands, and
 ' shewing a Letter of his Father's, for a Trifle
 ' he engaged the Man to write one in the same
 ' Character, to recal his Tutor in all haste, as
 ' having an Opportunity by providing for him
 ' in the general Farms, to make him Amends
 ' for the Care he had taften of his Son's Educa-
 ' tion; who was by the same Letter order'd to
 ' continue at *Lovain* till the Arrival of a Gentle-
 ' man designed to travel with him. The Post
 ' Mark was as artfully counterfeited as the Hand,
 ' and it was left on the Tutor's Table. This
 ' had the desired Effect: His Tutor shew'd him
 ' the Letter, and told him it was with Regret
 ' he parted from him; and after having given
 ' him wholesome Advice, he prepared for his
 ' Journey. Monsieur *Barchon* seem'd very much
 ' concern'd to part with him, which he said he
 ' cou'd never agree to, were it not greatly for
 ' his Tutor's Advantage. That Night he went
 ' to the Rendezvous, and met with *Lætitia*, who
 ' told him the Lady wou'd the nex^t Even, while
 ' the Nuns were at Vespers, get out of the
 ' Wicket

Wicket of the Grate ; that she had already tried, and found as she cou'd get her Head and Shoulders through, it wou'd not be difficult with the Help of any one on the Outside, which she promis'd to take care of, since she was convinced by the Oath he had made before *Lætitia*, that his Designs were justifiable, and bid him wait near the Convent-Gate with a spare Cloak to wrap her in, that she might not be seen to go along the Streets. He was in real Transports at this News, and clapping five Ducates into the Sister's Hand, he begg'd she wou'd continue her Friendship. The next Morning his Tutor left *Lovain*, but he wou'd see him as far as *Brussels*, tho' he underhand spread the Report that he design'd to go with him to *Lisle*, and this to prevent his being suspected for the Author of the young Lady's breaking from the Convent. He accordingly set out with the poor Gentleman, whom he sent on a sleeveless Errand ; tho' he never discover'd the Deceit, for the Count his Father died the Morning he reach'd his Seat, about three Hours before his Arrival, of an apoplectic Fit. Monsieur *Barchon* return'd that Even, as privately as possible, and as he went in the Morning with the *Diligence* and came back on a hied Horse, none but his Servant, whom he charged to keep his being in Town secret, knew of his Return. He took his Stand muffled in a Cloak at the Place and Time appointed, and did not wait long before he saw his Lady appear at the Gate. He threw the spare Cloak about her, and made all possible haste to his Lodgings with his *l'ze* ; as he had the Ground Floor, and that over it, with

a Pair of Stairs which his Tutor had at their
 first coming caus'd to be made, to the end he
 might not be obliged to go up those, which
 were common to the other Students, who lodg'd
 in the House, and that Monsieur *Barchon's*
 Chamb'rs might be at all Hours open to him,
 he was as private as if he had the entire House.
 Soon after, Sister *Lætitia* joined 'em with her
 Cloatins, which she had before Miss made her
 Escape convey'd to her Relations. Here *Bar-
 chon* reiterated his Vow the Lay-sister and his
 Servant being Witnesses; and after this Ce-
 remony, he took Possession of his beautiful
 Miss----- whom *Lætitia* as a Bride
 put to Bed. When Miss was not to be
 found in the Convent, the House was in an
 Uproar, and they procured an Order to search
 every House in the Town: This was what
Barchon foresaw, which made him return so
 privately from *Brussels*. He kept his Window-
 shutters close, and when the Officers came to
 search his Lodgings, the Students of the House
 told 'em (as they really believed) that he was
 gone to *Lille*, as they might be informed by
 his Servant, who lay at the Inn where he kept
 his Horses, and possibly had the Key of his
 Apartment. They went thither, and both the
 Servant and the Maiter of the House, who saw
 him take Coach, averring that he went the
 Morning before, and the Servant offering to
 go with 'em and give 'em the Satisfaction of
 searching the Rooms; they thought it needless
 to take the Trouble. Three or four Days
 after the Search was over, his Servant, as he
 was order'd, went publickly through the Town
 with his Horses, and gave out that he was go-
 ing

ing to meet his Master at *Brussels*, who with
 his adorable *Hariote*, for I will give her
 this Name, (that of her Family being con-
 ceal'd,) just before the shutting of the Gates,
 had the good Luck to get out of the Town
 unperceived. He mounted her behind him,
 and that Night they lay in the Suburbs of
Brussels. The next Morning by Day-break,
 as the Gates were open'd for the *Maastricht*
Diligence, they got into the Town, and to an
 Inn, where they hired a Coach and tour, and
 at the Gates opening, drove for *Namur*, where
 they got, (as he by Money engaged the Coach-
 man to make hatté) pretty early; and as they
 staid to bait only and to get a Chaite, they
 reach'd *Huy* that Night; the next Day they
 got *Aix la Chapelle*, where they thought them-
 selves out of Danger of Pursuit. His Man,
 who cou'd not keep up with fresh Horses, he
 left near *Namur*, and ordered him to turn off
 to *Chatelet* or *Charleville*, to rest there two or
 three Days, (lest being seen on the Road that
 they took they might be betray'd,) and then
 to follow him by easy Journeys to *Frankford*,
 whither he directed his Course, losing no more
 Time on the Road than what was absolutely
 necessary. He had Bills on a Merchant of
 this Town, which being paid, he went for-
 wards for *Vienna*, leaving Orders for his Ser-
 vant to follow. Here he took up Money again
 on Bills of Exchange, and after repousing his
 Lady, who was very much fatigued both with
 the Length of, and the Expedition used in the
 Journey, he resolved to go for *Venice*. But
 let us look back to the Monastery, where the
 Nuns finding the Search made altogether vain,
 they

they wrote to *Hariote's* Parents, and gave 'em an Account of their Misfortune. They also sent to all the neighbouring Places twenty Leagues round, and by this Means, they got Information of a young Lady lying in the Suburbs of *Brussells*; for the Man sent in her Search, happened, returning from *Ostend*, (for they also sent so far, imagining she might go for *England*) to drink at the House where she and *Barchon* had lain but two Nights before; and as he was an Acquaintance of the Master's, told him what a Loss the Monastery had had of a young Lady of good Family. The Man reflecting on the Youth, and Diligence of his late Guests, told him he had a strong Notion he had entertained 'em two Nights before, but as they went into the Town on Foot, he cou'd not tell what became of them. On this, he who was employ'd by the Nuns, went into the Town, resolved to enquire at every Inn till he found that they had taken into, and by good Fortune had Tidings of them at the second, where he made his Enquiry, for they had there hired their Coach. He spoke to the Coachman, who told him they did not sto. at *Namur*; and that the Servant who had such a Livery (describing *Barchon's*) and led a spare Horse, took the Road of *Chatelet*. The Enquirer wanted no more, for he was satisfied this was the Lady he was in search of, and by the Livery, which he knew he was convinced *Barchon* was the Person who carried her off. He gave this Account to the Ladies, who sent to *Maastricht*, *Liege*, *Huy*, *Namur*, and *Aix*, to stop 'em, but they were gone: His Servant was however taken at *Liege*, and sent to *Lovain*, where

where he was put in Goal, as an assistant in the Rape. He swore his Master was married to the young Lady, and he thought hid the worst of the Bargain, since he took her without a Fortune. *Lætitia* went to him, and he promised whatever became of him, not to betray her. The News of her Marriage was some Consolation to the afflicted Nuns, who were under the greatest Apprehensions for the Character of their House. They immediately sent a second Letter to *England* with this Account, and gave one, of Monsieur *Barchon*'s Quality and Fortune which dried the Tears of that Family. Her Brother prepared a handsome Equi-page, and took Leave of his Father and Mother to felicitate his Sister on her Marriage, and to assure her Spouse of a Fortune answerable to her Birth; and that had he made a publick Declaration of his Passion, he might have been satisfied her Family wou'd have made no Objections to what they ought to esteem as an Honour done 'em. This and an Invitation to *England*, was the Commission he was charged with by his Parents, who, alas! were pronouncing the Sentence of his Death. But to return to *Vienna*: *Barchon* and his Lady, whom he publickly own'd, and of whom he was dotingly fond, preparing for their intended Journey to *Venice*, were obliged to take another Road. Letters directed for him to *Lovain* (and which for that Reason had lain some time) forwarded by the Merchant who paid his Pension at the University, (it being publickly known that he was at *Vienna*,) brought him the News of his Father's Death, and that which served for a Cover from the Merchant, gave him an Account

count of his Servant's Imprisonment. The Merchant did not know the Contents of those he enclosed, which were from his Mother, Tutor, and Steward; or possibly Mr. Hariote's Brother might have been prevented from going Vienna; for he arrived at Lovain in a few Days, ordered the Servant to be released, took him into his Retinue, and went forward. *Barchon* and *Hariote*, on the Receipt of these Letters, took the Road for *Paris*: He hired handsome Lodgings for her, a Coach and Servants, and as he told her it might be of ill Consequence, having a Dependance on his Mother, to own his Marriage (which by several Pretences he had avoided ratifying, by the Ceremonies of the Church) till he had by Degrees broke it to her, he thought it proper for her to stay his Return, which she might assure herself wou'd be with all possible Expedition, since nothing cou'd be a greater Misery to him than Absence. *Hariote's Eyes* were fill'd with Tears when he mention'd the going Home without her, and taxed him with wanting much of the Affection she had for him, since no Interest wou'd prevail on her to consent to parting with him, and letting so great a Tract of Land between 'em. Your Mother, said she, can have no Reason either to be angry with you, or ashamed of me; for my Birth, and the Fortune my Father can give me, set me upon a Foot, to be condemn'd, or thought a Disgrace."

But I think it's time to break off.

Am Nox humida Cælo

Præcipitat, suadentque cadentia sil era Somnos.

Virgil.

• I don't

I don't question your sleeping well to-night, for no doubt I have heartily fatigued you, and have made you pay dear for your Curiosity.

Friendly. You have very much obliged, and very agreeably entertained me; for which I return you hearty Thanks, and beg Leave to wait on you again, when your Leisure will permit you to continue your Narration, which I have found as instructive as diverting.

Proteus. You know, Sir, you command me, and that you can't any way oblige me so much as in an Opportunity to shew by the Readiness of my Obedience the just Esteem I have for Mr. *Friendly*.

Friendly. I beg you will believe I am no way behind-hand with you, and as I hope it's needless to assure you of my Friendship, I will leave you to your Repose, for it is now late.

Proteus. Sir, I kiss your Hands, and am your very humble Servant.

Friendly. *Sans fac'n*, you shall not stir a Foot further-----Adieu.



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